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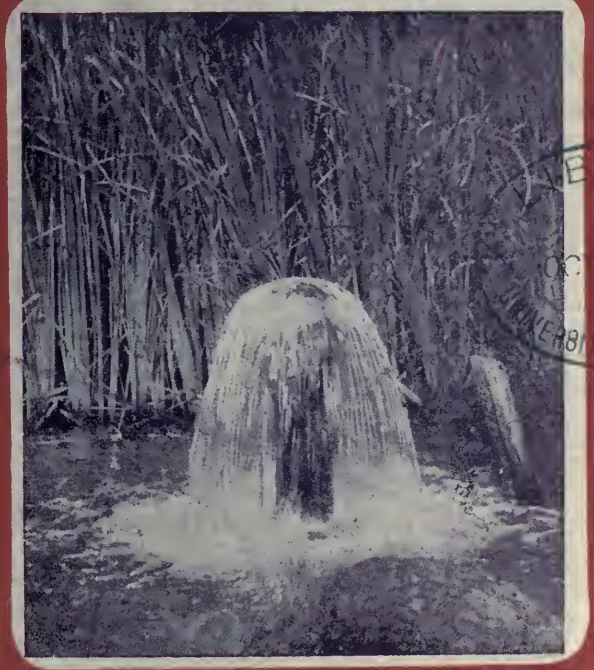

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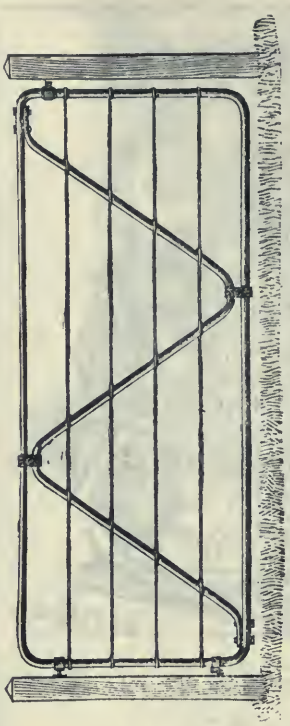

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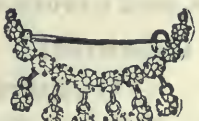

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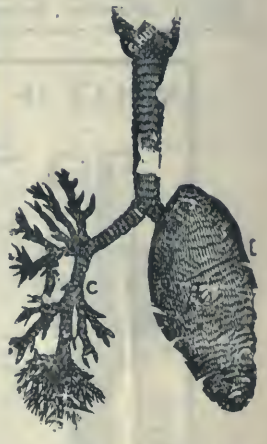

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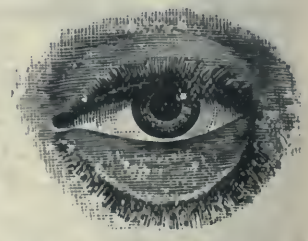

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VOL. XXVI., No. 3. MARCH 20, 1905.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS FOR AUSTRALASIA.

EQUITABLE BUILDING, MELBOURNE.

It is now just sixteen months since I landed in Australia to reassume full control of the "Review of Reviews for Australasia" on behalf of Mr. W. T. Stead. When I left England I expected to remain here for two or three months only. There was, however, so much to do that I found it necessary to stay for at least a year, during which time I have edited the magazine. Now that the work I came out to perform is finished, I am returning to England, bidding farewell to Australia with much sorrow and regret. Parting is never pleasant; it is doubly difficult when one has come to love the country whose shores one is quitting. I must most heartily thank our numerous readers for the cordial support they have extended to the magazine during the past year—a support which I am certain will be continued in the future. More personally I have to thank the writers of the many encouraging letters I have received, and the numerous readers from whom I have experienced so cordial a reception all over Australia.

I am leaving the "Review" in most capable hands. Mr. W. H. Judkins, who will edit it in future, has been associated with me in producing the magazine since January, 1904. Being an Australian, who has resided in New Zealand, New South Wales and Victoria, he was naturally more competent than I to deal with purely Australasian matters, and he has been writing the major portion of the History of the Month. Although having a thorough grasp of Australasian politics, hitherto Mr. Judkins has devoted himself chiefly to social reform.

The present policy of the "Review" will be continued under his editorship. In contents and appearance the magazine will continue at the same high level it has now attained.

"The Review of Reviews," more than any other magazine published, enables its readers to get a grasp of whatever is going on all over the earth. It is this world survey which is the most important feature of the magazine, and for this reason I have endeavoured to bring its cosmopolitan character into still greater prominence during the past year. Mr. W. T. Stead will be as heretofore the editor-in-chief, and his trenchant articles and criticisms will appear in its pages from month to month.

HENRY STEAD.

THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH.

MELBOURNE, March 10, 1905.

The Conference of Premiers.

A better understanding. Although that is, as far as immediate results go, possibly the net result of the Hobart Conference of Premiers, yet that is a result which fully justifies it. Much more was accomplished than was expected. The danger that loomed so largely before the Conference, of the State Premiers forming a solid phalanx to oppose all and sundry of the Federal Premier's proposals, vanished like a mist, and the Conference fulfilled the ideal in that it was carried through with mutual good feeling and a commendable desire to meet the difficulties discussed with the aim of finding mutually satisfactory settlements. Although no one is bound by the Conference, it will, seeing the spirit in which it was carried out, do much in the State and Federal Parliaments' discussions to remove

antagonisms and go far towards eliminating from debates rancour and ill-feeling. So far, then, the Conference was highly satisfactory. A better feeling must prevail in consequence of it. And it should be so. Federation was accomplished with a knowledge of its wide area of authority, and general progress is more likely to be the settled order of things if the way is opened for the fulfilment of its designs with as little friction as possible. "A reasonable spirit of compromise" (to use the words of one of the Premiers) which has so far been absent from Federal and State conflicting interests, is likely to arise from the deliberations of the Conference.

Some of the Points Debated.

The transference of States' debts question did not, unfortunately, gain complete assent. New South Wales and Queensland held out, the former holding that the interest on the transferred properties should not be paid out of the three-fourths Customs revenue returnable to the States, and the latter desiring as a condition the perpetuation of the Braddon Clause. Seeing that the Federal Government has the power to take over debts incurred to the date of the establishment of Federation without the consent of the States, it is a pity that some plan was not unanimously accepted as a basis for the State Parliaments' discussions. A very determined attitude was assumed by the State Premiers against the idea of establishing a Federal Department of Agricultural Industries, and of bonuses. In one way that is not to be wondered at. There are innumerable ways of developing State industries along natural lines, without loading the people with the burdens of artificial ones, but for all that, it will be a good thing when the advertising and development of the Continent can be dealt with, as far as the presentation of our possibilities and attractions in settlement to outsiders is concerned, in a homogeneous way. The States showed a strong disinclination to give up their Agents-General, even though a High Commissioner were appointed, but the intention to convert them into commercial agents may, with the doing away with the high-sounding and misleading title, prepare the way for a general scheme in the near future. But the feeling of the States is against a High Commissioner for the present. If the office were to have some reliable guarantee of a more business-like than an ornamental aspect, it would probably facilitate a common agreement upon a uniform, concerted plan. The States are coming more to realise the necessity for their London offices being business concerns pure and simple. Upon the appointment of State Governors, the Premiers favoured no change. It is curious to notice how the States cling to the frills and ceremonial attaching to State Governorships. They are not intending to relinquish yet their ornamental figureheads. This is to be regretted, as the office might just as satisfactorily be filled by the appointment of Lieutenant-Governor and a lot of money would be saved.

The Braddon Clause.

The Braddon Clause in the Commonwealth Constitution, so universally execrated in the formation of the Federation as to be branded as a blot, is found to be a blessing. The State Premiers regard it as their financial bulwark, and look forward with dread to the day when the Commonwealth shall not be compelled to hand back to them three-fourths of its Customs revenue. Mr Reid has stated in forcible terms that an old-age pension scheme for the Commonwealth is impracticable while this provision remains. Of course the question of such a Federal scheme is not yet settled, but this statement may be taken as a fair indication of the fact that the Federal Parliament looks forward to the gaining of a larger revenue to carry out the big works that lie before it. That is the principle underlying Federal opposition to the retention of the clause beyond the present time limit. The old-age pension scheme is merely a peg to hang an illustration on. Federal defence, the construction of a railway to West Australia, and other large items loom before Federal politicians' eyes. Money must be got for them, and Customs duties are already high enough in all conscience, even for revenue purposes. It is probable that the State Governments will have to face the probability of losing their share of the revenue at the time fixed and raise their revenues internally. Some severe retrenchments will have to follow, and indeed these are possible without a loss of efficiency. It may take some time to recognise the necessity of using the pruning knife, but the sooner it is done, the better for all parties concerned, and the less will the strain be felt when at last it comes.

The Immigration Restriction Act Again.

Another instance of Immigration Restriction Act administration which savours of injustice has happened. Two young Maori shearers were sent back to New Zealand as belonging to the undesir

able class. The Collector of Customs at Sydney states that he put the men to the regulation test, to write out a passage of fifty words in English, and they failed. Now it would very probably be possible to put many white-skinned Australians through the same test, and they would pass as badly as the Maoris. But the ridiculousness of the proceeding is evident when it is remembered that in New Zealand there are only some 50,000 Maoris, all home lovers. The Maori is not a wanderer. The New Zealand white population is proud of its native brother. He is a high type. New Zealand has given a lesson to the world in its treatment of the Maoris. The Government, after an honourable peace had been concluded, preserved the lands to him, looked after him, educated him (over 5000 Maori children now attend the State schools), honoured him, accorded him respect and cared for his health, with the result that the last census disclosed the fact that within the previous five years his number has increased by over three thousand, a notable increase in a race of about 50,000. In the New Zealand Parliament there are several Maori members, in the New Zealand Cabinet there is a half-caste, while the Maori King has a seat in it also. Indeed, the educated Maori is anywhere and everywhere regarded as the equal of the Pakeha. There is surely no one who can be other than delighted at the determination of the Prime Minister that, as far as Maoris are concerned, the provisions of the Immigration Restriction Act will not be enforced. The Maori is a loyal British subject, amenable to and responsive to British law, rapidly conforming to European standards of civilisation, and as worthy of entry into the Commonwealth as any white-skinned man. This incident will certainly bring into relief the folly of applying the principle of exclusion to all and sundry. Mr. Reid's decision will probably lead to a more common-sense interpretation of the law in other respects.

A State Bonus.

The action of the New South Wales Government in ordering the construction of locomotives outside the State is giving rise to a good deal of criticism. The difference between the cost of manufacturing them in the State, and getting them outside, may be put down at about £148,000, which practically means that if the locomotives were manufactured locally, a bonus of that amount would be paid to local manufacturers. Now, it is most desirable that, where it is possible, goods of any kind should be manufactured locally, but an amount like this would be far too much to ask the local community to bear. Benefits would not be commensurate. From one point of view, it would be better business to pay a large amount as simple gratuity without any return whatever, and get the locomotives manufactured elsewhere. It would be the gainer by such an action. but no gratuity amounting

The Wreck of the "Orizaba" off the West Coast of Western Australia.

Hon. Joseph Vardon,
Chief Secretary.

Hon. R. Butler,
Premier.

Hon. J. R. Anderson,
Attorney-General and Minister of Education.

THE NEW SOUTH AUSTRALIAN MINISTRY.

to £148,000 would ever be recognised by a State. No one is opposed to paying a little more for local manufacture if the local market would benefit, but no Government would be justified in loading the local taxpayer to this huge extent for that purpose. The Government has got common-sense on its side, and will receive general commendation.

The Murray Waters.

The question of the use of the Murray waters is one in which the future of at any rate three of the States of the Commonwealth is bound up, to an extent that comparatively few people realise. The area affected is so great that it exceeds that of several of the European States put together. But, under the progressive policy of Mr. Swinburne, the Victorian Minister for Water Supply, and the determination of New South Wales to push forward her schemes, the vexed question is likely, by sheer force of circumstances, to come to a settlement. It was discussed at the Hobart Conference, and South Australia, which has for so long adopted an aggressive attitude towards the other States concerned, agreed to the use of the waters by Victoria and New South Wales, provided a complete system of locking ensured permanent navigation, and to pay her share of the cost of the works. Although the proposal is somewhat indefinite, it yet marked progress, and the South Australian Government has been asked to state exactly what it means, with a view to a settlement. If it means continuous navigation throughout the year, that will be a condition of affairs that hitherto has been almost unknown, and cannot, with reason, be demanded. If it means that navigation is to be maintained at the expense of irrigation, the proposal is also useless. While it is desirable that navigation should be maintained, it would be subversive of national benefit to let production be neglected at its expense. It would be far better to have the millions of acres in the droughty regions of New South Wales and Victoria covered with waving corn, and to have no Murray River navigation, than to have a full river and dry acres, for the latter would make the former unnecessary. Railway facilities are now so great that there would be no transport difficulties. But the process of marking time is now at an end, and decided progress may be looked for soon. So long as the Victorian Minister of Water Supply holds the reins in his department, he may be depended upon to keep the question very much alive.

The South Australian Cabinet.

An almost complete change of personnel in the members of the South Australian Government has taken place without any stir whatever. The Premier, Mr. Jenkins, resigned on the 1st inst., and Mr. Butler, formerly Treasurer in his Government was entrusted with the task of forming a new Administration. The Cabinet will be made up as follows:—Premier, Treasurer, and Commissioner of Crown Lands—Mr. R. Butler. Chief Secretary—Mr. J. Vardon. Attorney-General and Minister of Education—Mr. J. R. Anderson. Commissioner of Public Works—Mr. R. W. Foster. The former members of the Cabinet have no reason to complain of the share of public offices which fall to them. The late Premier becomes Agent-General, and Mr. R. Homburg, late Attorney-General, fills the vacancy on the Supreme Court bench, created by the retirement on a pension of Sir James Penn Boucat, senior puisne judge. Mr. Herbert, former Government Whip, has been appointed Government Resident and Judge of the Northern Territory. Mr. Anderson, the new Attorney-General, is not a member of the State Parliament, but the South Australian constitution permits the Attorney-Generalship to be held for six months by a barrister, without his being a member of the Legislature.

Queensland Leading the Way.

In a very practical way, Queensland is grappling with her land settlement problem. Some time ago, the Government received a communication from an Austrian association, asking for information regarding the prospects and probable treatment of Austrians going to Queensland to engage in sugar-planting, and they replied that they would welcome to the State any desirable Europeans who might choose to throw in their lot with them, and to make land available for them when they arrived. All this is very business-like and up-to-date. Every facility should be given to desirable European immigrants to come to our shores, but Queensland will be wise if she first ascertains whether the Federal Government will interpret the provisions of the Immigration Restriction Act so harshly as to prevent the Austrians landing, and adopt some test that will result in disappointment to the immigrants, and make the Commonwealth a laughing-stock in the eyes of the world.

West Australia's Wisdom.

West Australia is responsible for one of the most practical of attempts to solve the problem of attracting population. True, it is somewhat limited in its application, but it is on right lines.

Mr. Justice Homburg,
Late Attorney-General in South Australia.

Hon. R. W. Foster,
Commissioner of Public Works in the new South Australian Ministry.

Oscar Larsen,
The sole survivor of the "Brier Holme."
(See page 224.)

Mr. Justice Herbert,
Government Resident of the Northern Territory.

The Lands Department there employs a lecturer, who moves about in the other States, and by means of illustrated lectures places before audiences the possibilities of agricultural settlement in his own State, and the facilities afforded by the Department to those willing to try their fortunes there. After spending a good deal of time in New South Wales and Victoria, he has gone on to Sydney, and is able to report very good success. Now if all the States would fall into line with progressive land laws, and make settlement as easy as possible, establish a central office in London under a High Commissioner, as we have already suggested, and send capable lecturers through Great Britain and also to the Continent, a great deal would be done towards peopling Australia with a white population. This is the surest way of avoiding the difficulties certain to follow the rigid observance of the policy adopted with regard to coloured races, if so vast a continent as ours, capable of supporting millions of people, and in such close proximity to the teeming multitudes of the East, is left almost uninhabited by only four or five millions of people. *Verb sap.*

Following a Good Example.

Queensland is reported to be projecting a similar scheme, and far from it being a reprehensible one, as some of the other States are regarding it, it has a great deal to commend it. If the exodus of farmers to South Africa and Canada from the Southern States could be turned towards other parts of the Commonwealth, a vast deal of benefit would result. Mr. Morgan holds that he can give as good inducements to land-seeking settlers as any country in the world. If that be so, and his word should be accepted, it is a pity that the good news is not proclaimed throughout the length and breadth of the Continent, for in some of the other States the circumlocution of the Lands Department is so great that weary settlers seek suitable resting places and find none, and grow grey-headed in the process. Every scrap of knowledge that will lead to easy settlement anywhere in the Commonwealth should be scattered broadcast.

A Faulty Arbitration Act.

Unless New South Wales does something to make her Arbitration laws effective, they are likely to fall into general disrepute. This would be a serious step backwards. The prosecution of the Newcastle wheelers fell through, as it was not held to be proved that there had been a strike, and the inoperativeness of the Act to fulfil its intended purpose was demonstrated afresh later in the month by another decision of the Court. In this case the Newcastle trimmers, working by the hour, demanded increased pay for a public holiday, and, being refused, they left work at an hour's notice. The Court ruled that a strike had not taken place, as there had been no contract of service between employers and employees, and consequently no violation of contract by the cessation of work. The man in the street would of course call this a strike, whether the law dignified it by that name or not. Furthermore, contracts of service are intrinsically outside the operations of an Arbitration Act. They carry their own penalties. There is no necessity for all the machinery of a special Act of Parliament to make them effective.

A Strong Public Opinion.

On the face of it, work not under contract is the only kind that can form the subject of industrial disputes. But the very thing that the Act was designed to accomplish, it cannot do for lack of proper machinery. The basis of principle underlying the Act is this, that continuity of work shall be secured until the dispute shall be dealt with, and that the decision shall, in the public interest, be loyally adhered to by both sides. But in the case of the wheelers, even had the prosecutions succeeded, it would have been morally impossible to imprison 150 or 200 men. In these days that

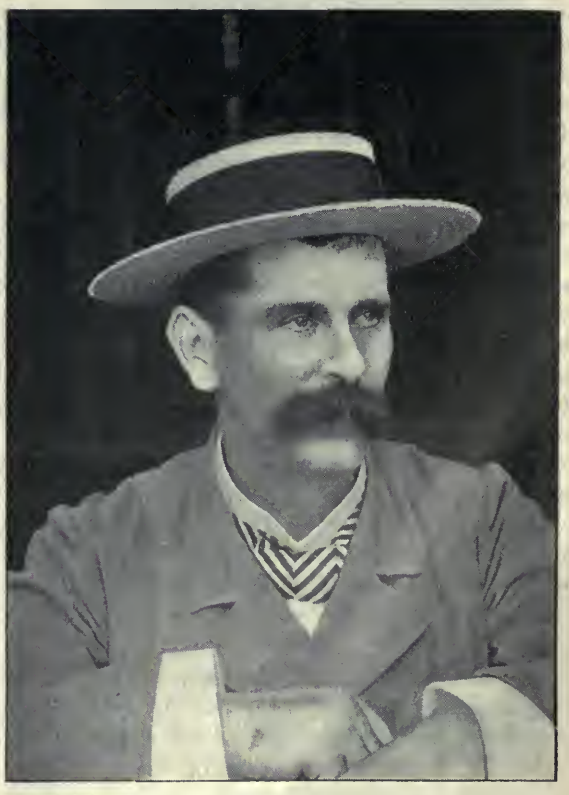
course would be unthinkable. In the case of trimmers also, it would be impossible to compel their returning to work were they otherwise inclined. In both cases fines would be ineffective, as the men would have nothing to pay. Clearly fresh machinery is necessary to enforce, in some way, the conditions of the Act, and to render the community secure. On the other hand, a country that is ready to pass a humane and proper Act like the Arbitration Act, should be ready, for the sake of honour and justice, to abide by the decisions of the Act, apart from penalties. The very principle that makes Arbitration possible should make a violation of an agreement, which a decision of the Court necessarily becomes, impossible. To their honour, be it said, the coal companies loyally obeyed an adverse order of the Court some time ago. The same spirit animating all classes will lift the Act on to the higher plane of modern social progress, but, until it comes, Arbitration procedure will be a farce. One of the first duties of labour leaders is clearly to emphasise the sacredness of a Court's decision, and to insist, as far as they can, on its observance on the part of workmen. An enlightened public opinion should make disobedience to a Court's awards an impossibility.

Courts for Juvenile Offenders.

If there be one thing more than another that needs remedy in connection with our legal processes, it is the practice of haling children of tender years before the ordinary criminal courts. In several of the States ineffectual attempts have been made to have a separate court for children, one from which the public should be excluded, and which should be conducted with as little formality as possible. As it is, the very surroundings of a police court are sufficient to turn a first offender into a criminal, either from a spirit of bravado and importance, or one of shame, while to an innocent child, the disgrace of public pillory will stick as an everlasting dishonour. Those interested in the reform will therefore note with very special interest the protest of Judge Backhouse, of Sydney, against the present condition of things. The occasion was the presentment of a girl of fourteen years on a charge of theft. From every point of view the present method is unnecessary. From many points it is brutal and inhuman, and the State has in many instances to thank itself for a youthful criminal taking a farther plunge into crime in consequence of the effects of a public trial, when a judiciously conducted, semi-private, unconventional legal process would have checked a career of vice. It is a matter which social reformers may well take up with renewed vigour in prospect of the early meeting of State Parliaments.

West Australia and the Aborigines.

Everyone, but probably those immediately concerned, is delighted with the determination of the West Australian Government to make a thorough investigation into the damaging facts disclosed by the report of Dr. Roth. It is not in any way minimising the value of its good intention to say that it could not very well do other than heartily support the findings of its own Commissioner, but it has taken up the matter with a readiness and heartiness that are commendable. In the ordinary interests of humanity, any Government will be vastly the gainer for treating fairly and humanely its native charge, but the claims of an aboriginal race form a heavy obligation upon the superior and stronger one that is occupying its territory. Westralia is to be congratulated upon the intended removal of the reproach from its borders.



Dr. W. S. Roth,

Who was commissioned by the West Australian Government to inquire into the condition of the aborigines.

The Mail Muddle.

A week without English mails is an inconvenience which Australians have not known for over twenty years, and last week gave us such a taste of what it means that business people will devoutly hope it may never recur. The "Orontes" brought practically no mails. Only those that were shipped on the boat in England arrived, and they were necessarily only a casual lot. A few experiences like this would disorganise trade to such an extent that a solution of the difficulty would be vociferously demanded. The Postmaster-General received an offer to carry out a service for £103,000, but it only made provision to take the mails to Colombo or Bombay, whence they would have to be shipped by whatever home boat happened to be available. The £103,000, however, included the amount that would have to be paid in poundage rates for the India to England section. The offer did not contain any promise as to speed and was therefore not accepted. A modification of the offer is, however, expected. Meanwhile the department waits, Micawber-like, for something to turn up. As no better offer than that of the Orient Company has been received, it indicates pretty clearly that the money they ask is not so exorbitant. It is very certain that the keenness of competition would bring offers along if a lower price were likely to pay. When comparing with the present contract for £80,000 with the P. and O. Co., it must be remembered that this company has a heavy mail subsidy for a weekly service to the East, and that the £80,000 is practically a subsidy for the section from Colombo to Australia only. If regularity by the Suez route is impracticable for £100,000, the limit the Government will accept, it would be well if attention were directed to the Canadian route, to which we referred in our January number. The advantages of this route are manifest, and it is probable that a better bargain could be made than seems to be possible in the Suez. Certain it is that if ducks and drakes be played with the public interest, as is being done now, the hands of the Government will be forced by popular feeling.

The "Orizaba" Wreck.

Universal sympathy has been expressed with the Orient Company over the loss of the "Orizaba," off the west coast of West Australia. Within the last twelve months, two magnificent steamships have been piled up almost within sight of port, the other being the wreck of the P. and O. Company's "Australia," at the Port Phillip Heads. Fortunately there was no loss of life in either case. The chief cause of the occurrence is said to have been the haziness of the atmosphere caused by bush fires. Probably one of the features of the situation which will most affect Australians will be the fact that the Orient Company is relieved from the necessity of keeping up their late fleet standard, which will more than ever complicate the position over the mail question. The projected time table of the company is of course interfered with, and the present irregularity in the despatch of mails is likely to be still more accentuated.

Map showing the position of the "Orizaba."

Commonwealth Fruit Trains.

Already we are beginning to outgrow State boundaries, and to think continentally. It is well that it is so. Federation has to be thanked for this. Its latest manifestation is evident in the proposal of the Queensland Government to run fruit trains right through from the Northern

State to Melbourne. At present it is a tedious job to get Queensland fruit South on account of distance and unequal temperatures, and a plan such as is suggested would mean wealth to each State affected, and also a vast increase of comfort. Carried out, it would mean that for two months at least, New South Wales, Victoria, Tasmania, and South Australia could enjoy Queensland's tropical fruits. As the summer crept South, New South Wales would distribute her fruits both North and South, and later on Victoria and then Tasmania would pour their wealth of fruitage into the dry and thirsty Northern States. The plan of bringing together extremes of climate has succeeded in America, and ought to pay handsomely here. The decision lies with the Railway Commissioners, and it is so fraught with possibilities of comfort, of land development, and of national revenue, that it is to be hoped they will do all in their power to bring it about, and that the disinclinaton on the part of one of the States concerned may give place to a hearty co-operation.

An Up-to-date Department.

An immense stride is being made in telephonic communication in some parts of the Commonwealth. It has been found that by applying what is termed "the condenser system" to telegraph wires, they may also be used as telephone wires. The result is that the Government has already been able to bring many country towns into telephonic communication at a nominal cost, whereas under the former necessity of employing a separate wire a heavy guarantee was demanded from the residents. The move is an up-to-date one, and the Postmaster-General is to be congratulated upon it. We are so accustomed to long and unnecessary red-tape delays that the briskness of this change comes as a pleasant surprise. The system is one of the advantages which arise from a Government monopoly of electrical methods of communication. In some other countries it would be impossible to combine telegraphic and telephonic systems, because the latter is held by private companies. Even Sydney and Melbourne are now connected by telephone, and the line will shortly be made available for public use.

Charity Reform.

No Australian State has yet evolved a satisfactory scheme of charitable aid. In this respect we are sadly behind some very satisfactory methods adopted in the older countries of the world. As far as public institutions are concerned, a vast amount of organisation requires to be made before funds are satisfactorily administered, and a complete system of relief given. With regard to what may be termed outdoor relief, or what will describe it better, the assistance of the needy in their own homes, a vast deal also requires to be accomplished. Charitable relief is, of necessity, under present conditions, in Australia, very haphazard. In some cases overlapping by charities is extensive, while, in others, deserving cases pass without assistance. The problem, too, of how to assist the needy before they fall to almost irremediable conditions of poverty is unsolved here. A movement is, however, being made in Melbourne to create such a system of charitable aid as will bring about a unification of effort and render relief truly effective. A public meeting lately convened for the discussion of the question, appointed a committee to investigate the matter. This committee having discussed the question from every available point of view, will shortly present its report to another public meeting. If accepted by it, and subsequently by the Government, it will prove to be a huge advance upon anything yet practised in the States.

Mr. G. P. Unwin,
New Deputy Postmaster-General of New South Wales.

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General Kuroopatkin Inspecting Part of the Fourth Army Corps.
(A scene at the village of Bantsichi between Mukden and the Sha-ho.)

The State and Care of the Teeth.

The two points, the State and the care of the teeth of its children, may seem to some social economists a long, long way apart, but New South Wales has successfully brought them together. Very sensibly she has decided to look after these private crushing mills, so as to help to develop a healthy, sturdy race of citizens. During the month a start was made with this really important departure from old-time neglect and conservatism. A small army of dentists visit the Sydney State schools, and subject each child to a dental examination, recording the results on a card, with the treatment necessary, for the information of parents. If parents are too poor to get the necessary work done, the State will perform the kindly offices gratis. What a heritage of health and wealth this may mean to the State in years to come can hardly be foreshadowed, seeing that so much sickness and feebleness are due to impaired digestion resulting from faulty teeth. This paternal interest may well be the precursor of many necessary reforms calculated to increase the physical well-being of the community. Seeing that this step is taken, one which a few years ago would have been ridiculed as grandmotherly and unnecessary, it is not hard to imagine a State tackling in real earnest some of the great social problems that are sapping the physical vigour, to say nothing of the moral strength, of the people.

The Wreck of the "Brier Holme."

On November 5th last year the sailing barque, "Brier Holme," went ashore on the North West Coast of Tasmania. Considerable anxiety was felt at the time, and two expeditions were sent out to search for the wreck and any possible survivors. Neither succeeded in discovering any trace of the wreck. Last month some fishermen brought in the sole survivor, Oscar Larsen. According to his account, he had lived alone in the vicinity of the wreck, subsisting upon Neave's food and herrings which formed part of its cargo. He saw the camp fires of the search parties, but thought it was a bush fire, which he did not dare to approach, although he had to exist without a fire himself. The cargo of the "Brier Holme" had almost totally disappeared.

The Russo-Japanese War.

The disaster which has overtaken the Russian army is almost without parallel in the records of history. Probably the most enthusiastic supporter of the Japanese never conceived of such a brilliant feat of arms. It was evident for some time that Kuropatkin's only hope lay in piercing the northern line of the Japanese triangle; but this last chance seems likely to fail. The strategical movements of the Japanese army were on a mighty scale, and one reads of forty mile marches in thirty hours with amazement. The Russians were out-generalled. What must happen now appears to be that Tie-ling and Harbin will fall, the Vladivostok railway be seized, and that port captured. Compared with what the Japanese have already accomplished, this is child's play. A remnant of an army is all that the Russian general has left, and unless that can be reinforced very speedily, it will be annihilated by superior numbers. The Baltic fleet still hovers in indecision about Madagascar, and in face of the terrible loss of the army, will hardly proceed. The whole thing makes sorry reading. All war is terrible, but the carnage in this last battle is sickening. Vague rumours of a peace are in the air, but it is, unfortunately, hardly likely yet to materialise. The Japanese will not be disposed to leave off with such brilliant prospects, while if the latest report that the Tsar is determined to reinforce heavily and push on to the bitter end be correct, the prolongation will be indefinite. In the meantime the whole civilised world watches the death struggle with bated breath, longing for its cessation.

London, February 1st, 1905.
(By W. T. Stead.)

The Last Session.

On the 14th of this month reassembled the last Session of the Parliament elected in 1900. As it was elected under the assurance of Ministers that the South African War was over, and that Liberals could vote for Ministerialists without prejudice to their own principles, since the only issue at stake was the war and the garnering of its results, it may be said to have been born in sin and conceived in iniquity, and that the majority came into being with a lie in its right hand. If there were such things as criminal actions for obtaining Parliamentary majorities on false pretences, Ministers would find themselves in the dock, nor could any grand jury find other than a true bill against them. For the war was not over—it was only beginning in 1901—and instead of using the majority the country gave them to confer full colonial rights upon the conquered territories, they have used it to establish absolute despotism, the first-fruit of which has been the importation of the Chinese labour without any reference to the wishes of the people of the colony into which it is being imported.

Three Typical By-Elections.

Last month the electors in three different constituencies were empanelled as a jury to try the Government for its high crimes and misdemeanours. In by-elections verdicts go by majorities, and often the rise and fall of the votes registered for or against the Government is far more significant than the fate of the seat. In January by-elections took place in Stalybridge, in the heart of the great cotton industry of the north; in the Mile End Road, an East London constituency, supposed to be in fierce revolt against foreign aliens; and in North Dorset, a typical rural district of south-western England. In every case the seat had been held by a Ministerialist in 1900. Now two—those for Stalybridge and North Dorset—are held by the Liberals, and the other was only retained by the Unionists by the skin of their teeth. The figures are very significant:—

	1905.		1900.		Percentage of Party Loss or Gain.	
	L.	C.	L.	C.	L.	C.
Stalybridge ...	4,029	3,078	3,240	3,321	+28½	— 7½
Mile End ...	2,060	2,138	1,280	2,440	+61	— 10
North Dorset ...	3,165	3,705	4,239	3,330	+34	— 10

From these figures it is clear that the set of opinion against the Government was more marked in Mile End, where they kept the seat, than it was in either of the other constituencies where they were defeated. The most significant thing about the figures of the January Elections is that they show that the Ministerialists are no longer able to keep up their total poll. Until this month they had not fallen below 2 per cent. Last month the falling off rose from 7½ to 10 per cent.

John Bull's Record Year.

As if to confound the luckless inventor of Tariff Reform, the statistics of our foreign trade in 1904, which the Board of Trade published last month, show that never before in our history have we done so much business over-sea. Notwithstanding that prices have fallen, we imported goods to the value of £550,000,000, and paid for them by exporting (including re-exports) goods to the value of £370,000,000, the balance in our favour being no less a sum than £180,000,000. It is true that the Chamberlainites imagine that this surplus is a

Collier's Weekly.] [*J. H. Hare.*

Japanese Staff Officers Watching Operations on the Shaho.

balance against us, but that is palpable fudge. Even Mr. Chamberlain, if he were asked to exchange say screws, made in Birmingham, of the value of £374 for orchids imported from abroad of the value of £550, would recognise which party had the balance of trade in his favour. The total imports and exports amount to £922,500,000, a rise of nearly twenty millions upon the figures of 1903, and 110 millions upon the figures of 1899. Note also that the increased imports are almost entirely in food and raw material, while the increase in our exports is largely in manufactured goods. Our home trade is not as good as it ought to be, but as for our foreign trade, it has never been so large as in the year in which Mr. Chamberlain chose to pretend that we were losing all our foreign markets.

The Aliens Bill.

The only legislative business to which the Government is pledged is the Bill for limiting the right of asylum, which has been one of the glories of England, by what they call the Aliens Bill. They have dawdled over this subject for years. Last year they were parties to its extinction by referring it to a Committee, and then dropping the Bill rather than consent to the Committee's conclusions. When they thought they could make party capital out of it, and use it as a set-off to the Chinese labour cry, they vamped up a prodigious amount of enthusiasm about it, and they stand pledged to pass it into law this Session. The fiasco at Mile End election may have damped their zeal. The agitation against the admission of aliens is a put-up job. Fewer aliens come to settle in this country than in any other great European or American State. Between 1891 and 1901 the average addition of aliens to our population was only 6740 per annum. The agitators unscrupulously circulate lying statements to the effect that the number of alien invaders is nearly 100,000 per annum, and on the strength of these falsehoods ask the Government to close the hospitable door of Great Britain for the first time in our history against those who seek to earn an honest livelihood in these

islands. The subject of migration is one which might be dealt with by an International Conference. It is much too complex and international a question to be dealt with merely to create an electoral cry for a moribund government.

Responsible Government for the New Colonies.

What is to be the policy of the Liberal party when it comes into office in relation to the future government of the conquered Republics? The answer is obvious. The Liberal party will honourably and loyally fulfil the public pledges given by the present Government to all the world, and more specifically given by Lord Kitchener to the Boer leaders, that the Transvaal and the Orange Free State should have the same kind of responsible government as the Cape Colony. Lord Milner, following the evil and fatal example of Sir W. Lanyon, instead of setting up responsible government, kept the new Colonies without even a semblance of representative institutions. The Boers, following the lead of the Progressive Britishers of Johannesburg, have authoritatively and decisively refused to have anything to do with Lord Milner's sham. They were promised responsible government, and responsible government they must have. They have waited for it patiently. Their conduct has been irreproachable. But they naturally refused to be humbugged by any counterfeit which, experience might show to be as worthless as those British officers' receipts which Mr. Chamberlain declared were as good as Bank notes, but which to this day have never been paid. The Liberal Government will pay the debts of its predecessor and keep the promises which it has broken. Honesty and good faith will be its watchwords, but it cannot entrust the execution of such a policy to any High Commissioner except one of its own choosing.

The Fall of M. Combes.

For two years and a half M. Combes has kept up, in his own phrase, "an ardent and unflinching struggle against clericalism." But last month his majority dwindled down to eight, and finally to six votes. Then he resigned, declaring that after having been harassed for eighteen months by a coalition of impatient ambitions and of Clerical and National hatreds, his enemies had at last disintegrated the party which placed him in power, and had finally destroyed his majority. M. Rouvier, his Minister of Finance, was asked to form a Cabinet. This he did with surprising alacrity. M. Delcassé, the indispensable, remains at the Foreign Office, and the newly-appointed civilian, M. Berteaux, at the Ministry of War. The most important new Minister, M. Etienne, who might have gone to the Colonies, is Minister of the Interior. The composition of the Cabinet curiously illustrates the composite nature of the conglomerate known as le Bloc. Seven of the new Ministers now hold portfolios for the first time. Three of them are Radical Socialists, two are members of the Radical Left. The other groups represented are the Union Démocratique (3), the Union

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The Veteran Field-Marshal Oyama.

Républicaine (2), the Gauche Démocratique (1). It is expected the new Cabinet will be as anti-clerical as the old, but it will go a trifle slower, and it will steer clear of the system of espionage in the Army which gave the death blow to its predecessor.

The Hungarian General Election.

The sensational policy of smashing the chairs in the Parliament House of Hungary has achieved a remarkable although not a decisive success. The chair-breakers who made hay of the

President Loubet's Mother, Recently Deceased.

interior of the Hungarian legislature as a protest against the alterations made in Parliamentary procedure by the Liberal Ministry, headed by M. Tisza, precipitated a general election, and that general election has made short work of M. Tisza. The Liberal premier kept his own seat, but his majority disappeared. Neither of the two groups of the Opposition is strong enough to command a majority. Buda Pesth went Liberal, but the Magyars in the country sent to the rightabout the Liberals who were accused of tampering with the established rights of the Maygar Parliament in the interests of Austria. The party of Kossuth will be the largest in the new Assembly. Count Apponyi and Count Julius Andrassy will probably work with him. By this means a coalition Ministry would come into power, hostile in its essence to the existing dual system, and determined to convert Hungarian Home Rule into Hungarian independence, limited only by the golden circlet of the Crown, and possibly the currency. The Emperor-King has his work cut out before he can reconcile these irreconcilables. But he will do it some way or other. Just wait and see.

Central Asia. HYDSON

Two rather important items of news have come to hand last month from India. The first is that the Ameer of Afghanistan, of all men in the world, has announced to the Indian Government, which has been entertaining his son at Calcutta, that he wants a railway to the sea! He would give up his subsidy if they will procure him a seaport and a right-of-way through Beluchistan to the blue water. The second, which comes from the India Office rather than from India, is the somewhat unexpected intimation that Lord Lansdowne in June last found it necessary to assure the Russian Ambassador that so long as no other Power endeavours to intervene in the affairs of Tibet "they will not attempt either to annex it, to establish a Protectorate over it, or in any way to control its internal administration." Considering the way we bound the Tibetans hand and foot by the indemnity which they will never pay, by the occupation of the Chambi Valley which places Tibet at our mercy, and by the stipulations and provisos as to our exclusive rights and privileges, it will not be surprising if Russian critics should write the same things about the slippery nature of British pledges that some of our journalists are in the habit of writing about Russian assurances.

King Alphonso of Spain Taking a Camel Ride.

The Cost of Colonisation.

When the Germans began to colonise and civilise South-West Africa their total available police force down to the outbreak of the Hereros numbered exactly 100 men. Since then they have been sending out more and ever more troops, until now there are 10,400 soldiers in the colony and 2730 more on the way out. They have lost fifty-four officers and 533 men, about half by typhoid and the other half from wounds received in battle, 374 men are still down with typhoid. What a pity it was for the Germans that Downing Street so obstinately refused to allow the Cape Colony to take over this wilderness. It would have delivered the Germans from the temptation of trying to colonise it.

Admiral Fournier. At last the Dutch Parliament has agreed to allow Mr. Carnegie's Temple of Peace to be built upon a fitting site. It will stand upon the field used for drilling the troops, where at the close of the Hague Conference a review was held for the edification of the members of the Parliament of Peace. I congratulate Dr. Kuyper and Professor Martens upon this tardy but satisfactory solution of a serious problem. Mr. Carnegie will be glad to know that his Temple of Peace will have a worthy site. It is reported, I hope not correctly, that it is to be an exact replica of the Courts of Justice, the noble building which crowns the summit of the hill in Brussels. Some curious particulars were published last month as to the extent of Mr. Carnegie's gifts to libraries. He has promised to give to 1290

M. Combes.
The Ex-Premier of France.

M. Rouvier.
The New French Premier.

Rev. W. Carlile.
Leader of the Church Army.

The Progress of Arbitration.

The United States Senators are boggling over the ratification of the Arbitration treaties on the pretext that, as they are framed, claims might be brought for the recovery of debts due by the States to their creditors. President Roosevelt says this is impossible, but the Senate wants to make sure. The Arbitration treaty between England and Austria-Hungary was signed last month. The proceedings before the Admiral's Commission of Inquiry into the Dogger Bank incident are concluded. All the English fishermen examined swore with one consent there were no Japanese or Japanese craft among the fishing fleet. Everyone commends the tact and good manners of the French

libraries the sum of eight millions sterling. Of this sum the United States receives about six millions and England one. The rest is divided as follows:—Scotland, £400,000; Canada, £300,000; Ireland, £120,000; Porto Rico, £20,000; New Zealand, £18,000; Tasmania, £7000; and the West Indies, £4400. Why is Australia left out in the cold?

The Revival.

The Revival in South Wales continues to attract to the Principality pious pilgrims from all parts of the land, who on returning spread the "fire" in their own districts. Whatever else this strange religious awakening has done, it has quick-

ened to an extraordinary degree the somewhat sluggish faith of the Church in the reality of the supernatural. There is a spirit of expectancy abroad amongst our people, curiously not unmixed with awe, as to what this Revival may do next. Messrs. Torrey and Alexander, missionaries of the familiar Moody and Sankey type, have somewhat impressed London by taking the Albert Hall for two months' religious services, and there is much speculation as to whether their views as to inspiration and the future state of the finally impenitent will stand in the way of the hearty co-operation of all the Churches in a great effort to awake the dormant soul of the sensual and apathetic man. Mr. Lloyd Jones, who converted a

France—Admiral Fournie

Russia—Admiral Dubassoff

Austria—Baron Von Spaun.

Sir E. Fry (English Counsel).

America—Rear-Admiral Davis.

Britain—Admiral Beaumont.

THE BALTIC FLEET COMMISSION.—PORTRAITS OF MEMBERS.

political demonstration in Wales into a Revival meeting, reported that he found all over the Continent a general spirit of curiosity about the Revival which gives ground for hoping that it may become international. Our own King's cordial reception of the Church Army chief may be taken as a sign pointing in the same direction. Already we hear from across the Atlantic that one of the most prosperous cities in America, Schenectady, the electric city, is now "in the grasp of a genuine old-fashioned religious revival," the like of which has not been seen in America since 1857. Its leader is the pastor of a Dutch Reformed Church. If the Revival became international it might effect such a change in the mood of nations towards each other as would afford mankind a hope at last of realising the longing for the reduction of military and naval armaments which was so far from being fulfilled at the Hague Conference.

The Shrinkage of the World.

The possibility of a real International Revival is greater in our time because of the shrinkage of the world beneath the grasp of electricity and steam. And last month the ablest living naval architect, Sir W. White, speaking at the Motor Show at the Crystal Palace, held out the hope that by combining the principle of the turbine and the motor engine, we may be able to run our ocean liners at the speed of express trains. The steam engine, with its accessories, takes up six times the space needed by the explosion engine. Turbine boats even now can be driven at forty miles an hour. Imagine a monster liner dashing across the Atlantic at the rate of a mile a minute! We shall be spending our week-ends in New York before very long. Revivals are as contagious as the plague. The shorter the distance between two points measured by time, the more likely is the "fire" to spread. So the motor explosion engine, like the roads built by the Roman legionary, may become a useful agent for the spread of the Gospel.

The Crisis in Russia.

As I begin to write of the crisis in Russia, I seem to hear the Tsar's melancholy words, uttered long before the development of the present troubles—"I would not wish my worst enemy to have to bear my burden." It is easy to criticise, not less easy to censure, but when all is said and done, how appallingly difficult is the question as to what can be done by Nicholas II. or any man who may be so unfortunate as to be called to fill his throne! To us at a distance it seems as plain as a pikestaff that the burden is too heavy for the shoulders of any mortal, and that the instinct of self-preservation should lead the Tsar to insist upon laying some of it upon the shoulders of the chosen representatives of his people. For more than a quarter of a century I have never lost an opportunity of urging the rulers of Russia to summon to their aid the old national institution of the Zemski-Sobor, or consultative assembly of notables, but I have pleaded in vain. To-day, when everyone who is anybody in the Russian Empire, from M. Witte down to the artisans of St. Petersburg, is clamouring for the summoning of a representative assembly, it seems incomprehensible that there should be any further hesitation. The tragically terrible affray between the soldiers and the people in the capital and other great towns, however dramatic and sensational it may have been, is nothing compared with the real difficulties that confront the Tsar. Russia is like a patient whose right leg is rotten with gangrene, and whose anæmic body is suffering from a subtle malady attacking all her vital organs. That in a paroxysm of delirium the patient has been roughly handled to compel her to remain in bed, strikes the imagination of those who see the struggle, but it is a mere trifle compared with the gangrene of the war and the universal discontent.

Can the War be Stopped?

The Tsar, it is said, could stop the war with a word. But put him out of the question—give Russia a freely elected assembly. Would it stop the war? Remember what happened on the fall of the second Empire in France. The men of September 4th who proclaimed the Republic declared that the Republic was for peace, but when they found that the Germans wanted Alsace and Lorraine they went on fighting more fiercely than the Empire had ever fought. The Russian nation might be willing to make peace, but if anyone imagines that any conceivable government which could be formed in Russia would consent to the Japanese terms—the evacuation of Manchuria, the cession of Saghalien, the dismantling of Vladivostok, and £100,000,000 indemnity—he does not know the Russian character. The French are neither so tough nor so stubborn as the Russians, but remember how they fought when all Europe attempted to crush them. Have we so soon forgotten the fierce scorn with which our Stop-the-War movement was assailed, even by Liberals, who hated the invasion of the Republics, and thought the war should never

have been begun? Of course, if Russia were to break up, and no supplies in men or food or munitions of war could be sent to Kuropatkin, that would be another matter. But Russia is tough. She has seen Moscow in flames too many times, and her territory overrun by Tartars and Poles and Frenchmen too often, to lose heart to-day. She may pass through the bloodiest welter of modern times, the Tsar may disappear, but a nation of 120 millions, with whom obedience is the instinct of a thousand years, is not going to descend into the rank of a second-class Power because of the reverses of a single year.

Must we then Despair?

It would seem, to judge from much that is said and written in our Press, that everything would be put right if the Tsar were to disappear, or, in plain English, to be assassinated. That is the gist of the talk most prevalent just now. But will Messieurs les Assassins tell us what is to follow their crime? Another Tsar, a Regency, a Dictatorship, a Republic, or is the anarchic instinct of the Slav to reduce Eastern Europe to chaos? No one knows. No one seems even to think it worth while to ask. Yet it is tolerably certain that the blood spilt in last month's riots would be but as a teacupful to an ocean compared with that which would be shed before the inevitable strong man appeared who could establish that modicum of order which is indispensable if the millions are to be fed. Bread riots, hunger riots, Jewish massacres, horrible jacqueries in the provinces, a new and more awful Terror, all these are inevitable if our arm-chair agitators could have their way. I say nothing about the financial crash which would convulse Europe if Russia stopped payment, excepting that in that case bread riots, the shooting down of unarmed crowds of hungry unemployed might occur nearer home than on the banks of the Neva. All this is possible, nay, probable enough if the Tsar goes down in some great catastrophe. To avert such a world-wide disaster it seems to me is the duty of everyone who cares for his fellow-men. Reforms are necessary, no doubt, but the first thing necessary is that the heart must not cease to beat.

The Only Gleam of Hope.

If the Tsar can weather this storm, then it is possible something might be done. What it ought to be it is not for foreigners to say, but it is very difficult to see how the situation can be saved if the counsels of the Zemstvoes are not heeded. The Zemstvoes are not revolutionary committees. They are composed of men with a stake in the country. They are supported in their demands by all the educated classes. Whether it be the barristers of St. Petersburg or the millionaires of Moscow, the *maréchals de noblesse*, the professional classes, or the country squires, they appear to be all of one opinion. The letter of the President of the Moscow Zemstvo and the address of the Zemstvo of Kharkoff are most significant. The existing system has broken down. It is impossible to carry on any further. In peace the collapse might have been postponed. The war has brought about a breaking strain. The complexity of modern society demands a different system from that which sufficed in the past. The old stage-coach driver cannot, without skilled assistance, manage a modern railway. The Russian nation is bursting its swaddling clothes. The Tsar may lead the movement. He may perish in the attempt. But it is tolerably clear that he will perish if he does not lead it. Disorder, of course, must be repressed, otherwise the people will perish of starvation. But the repression of disorder will only drive the distemper further into the vitals of the State if it is not accompanied by a bold and generous recognition that the strength of Russia must depend in the future, as in the past, on the cordial union of Tsar and people. And to secure that union the Tsar must pay the price.

CHARACTER SKETCH.

TWO HIGH CHURCHMEN.*

CANON LIDDON AND REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES.

THE simultaneous appearance of the lives of Canon Liddon and Hugh Price Hughes reminds me that I have never yet made either of my deceased friends the subject of a character sketch in these pages. For they were both my friends—very good friends and fellow-workers with me in some of the most stirring episodes in my public life. And the appearance of these portly volumes stimulates grateful reminiscences of both men, and urges me to put down in print, before the impression grows fainter, some memorials of men who each in his own way played a leading part in the religious and political life of the nation in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. That was their period. Liddon died in 1890. Hughes, less happy than his Anglican brother, lived to see the war against the South African Republics. The effective part of their life work, so far as the greater public was concerned, lay between 1875 and 1900 They were the foremost High Churchmen of that time.

I.—THE SACRAMENTARIANISM OF MR. HUGHES.

It may astonish some people to hear Hugh Price Hughes classed as a High Churchman along with Liddon. Those who knew him, and those who read the account of his religious convictions, to be found in his daughter's biography, will recognise the justice of the classification. Hugh Price Hughes was as ardent a High Churchman as Canon Liddon, and, if possible, more of an ecclesiastic, and much more of a Pope. The only difference between them was that one was an Anglican High Churchman, the other a High Churchman of the Methodist brand. But there was no difference between them on fundamentals. Both believed implicitly in what are called sacramentarian doctrines. Both believed with a whole heart in the Divine institution of the Church, of which the sacraments were the binding links, without which no Church could be imagined. Both believed in the Episcopate, both believed in the Real Presence of the Body and Blood of our Lord in Holy Communion, both believed and practised Retreats, both believed in semi-monastic Sisterhoods, both believed in Confession—the one practising it through the inquiry-room, the other approving of it in the Confessional. Both believed in choral services, and both detested the baldness of the conventicle. Both were in more or less violent opposition to the Pope of Rome. But both invoked the authority of the Church with the same absolute confidence in their right to speak on her behalf as if they themselves wore the triple crown. Contrasted with such men, for instance, as Dean Stanley, to whom the Church was a society for doing good, or Professor Seeley, who found the modern club dinner the nearest approximation to the Lord's Supper as it was originally instituted, the differences between the beliefs of Liddon and Price Hughes are almost imperceptible to the naked eye. One was a member of an Established Church, the other was a member of a Free Church; but that was about all. They both believed equally with a full heart fervently that they were the ordained ministers of Christ, in direct apostolical succession appointed to teach a mystical doctrine involving the direct personal grafting of the life of the individual soul upon the living body of Christ, whose union with the believer was miraculously sustained by the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. As such ministers they belonged to a sacred order, clerical, not lay, with an authority not given to any layman to administer the affairs and interpret the doctrine of the supernatural body of the Church. Often as I used to hear them talk—separately, for they never met—I used to feel that Price Hughes was "higher" than Liddon. The one based his authority upon the Word of God interpreted by tradition and the usages of the Eastern and Western Churches. The other rested also upon the written Word, but he interpreted it by the witness of the Spirit whose testimony was to be found in the life of the Christian Churches of the English-speaking world—and notably of the Methodist Churches, whose adherents vastly outnumber the numerically insignificant minority of Anglicans. But whether they justified their oracular decisions by appeals to tradition or to count of heads, their note was the same.

And as I wish to silence any cavillers before proceeding further with these reminiscences, I will quote two or three passages from the biography of Price Hughes. There is no more pronounced High Church Sacramentarian than Lord Halifax. After meeting Lord Halifax Mr. Hughes told his family, "We agree, you know, in essentials" (page 390). How far that agreement went appears in frequent passages. His daughter says:—"Ever since Oxford days, when he had felt the strength and attractiveness of much

* "The Life and Letters of Henry Parry Liddon, D.D." By the Rev. J. O. Johnston, M.A. (Longmans and Co. 424 pp.)
* "The Life of Hugh Price Hughes." By his Daughter. (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 679 pp.)

that belonged to the High Church ideal, he had been led to criticise not only the attitude of Methodism, but the other Protestant communities."—(Page 387.)

At Grindelwald Dr. Berry and Mr. Hughes were delighted to discover that each was a High Churchman.—(Page 396.)

The Episcopacy he recognised as having existed as a fact, not as a doctrine, since the days of St. John (page 391). He admitted that the Episcopate was useful for aggressive purposes (page 390), and he was quite willing to have accepted a reunion of Christendom on an Episcopal basis (footnote, page 391). Although the great line of demarcation was the Anglican interpretation of the apostolical succession, he was as stout a defender of the validity of his own orders and the reality of his successorship to the Apostles as any Anglican (page 390). He was willing to accept Confirmation. Confirmation, or something corresponding to it, he held, was necessary in all Churches but the Baptist. He was willing to accept the Apostles' and the Nicene Creed. His daughter notes that when I lunched with him at Grindelwald I always called him Bishop—not without cause. He himself occasionally used an even higher title in sport. When he wrote to the late Bishop Temple, adjuring him to come and preside over a meeting in St. James's Hall in support of Mr. (now Sir John) McDougall's work for the purification of the music halls, he began his epistle thus: "One Primate in Christ's Church did most heartily implore his brother of London, in remembrance of their ever-victorious Head," etc. (page 343). His daughter, speaking of his action on the Committee of the Free Church Federation, says, "He might really have been a bishop himself by the way he went on. . . . In the intervals there was a distinct suggestion of mitre and crosier" (page 437).

Photograph by [*E. H. Mills.*

Mrs. Price Hughes.

I came into sharp collision with him on the question whether the Free Church Federation should allow Unitarian Churches to affiliate themselves to its local councils. I was for the open door; Price Hughes closed it with a slam. His daughter, defending his action, says, "My father was most passionately a Catholic Churchman, and would have felt quite at home with Anselm and Augustine in some ways" (page 458). He raged against my idea of a Civic Church as wide as the Church invisible, composed of all men and women of every creed and of none, who were willing to co-operate in achieving certain definite social and moral benefits for mankind involved in Christ's Gospel, without exacting from them any other subscription beyond that of a willingness to do something to achieve the Christian ideal. "The idea was beautiful," he said, "but it was not a Church." No doubt, not in his sense. But neither is the Free Church Federation a Church in Canon Liddon's sense. Nor is the Anglican Church a Church in the Pope's sense. Hughes was as absolute in insisting upon subscription to his conception of the relation between God and Man through his conception of the Atonement as any Hildebrand or Loyola.

On the subject of the Real Presence, while Hughes would have repudiated the phrase, he affirmed the doctrine. In the Catechism, which he was largely instrumental in drawing up, he repudiated again and

again what is called the Zwinglian view of the Lord's Supper. The Sacraments convey the grace of God to our hearts. At the Lord's Supper we "feed spiritually upon Christ as the nourishment of the soul." The Salvation Army, in his opinion, was doomed. "They do not even make proper provision for the sacraments specially ordained by our Lord, and that is fatal" (page 630). He held that the Holy Communion offered "a special blessing to the communicant" (page 631). "The partaking of the bread and wine into the physical system was the specially ordained symbol of that mystic participation in His life, which was the secret of Christianity" (page 630). "What is needed for us Nonconformists," he would continually say in the latter part of his life, "is a proper definition and understanding of the Holy Catholic Church and her sacraments." His daughter speaks of his "strong sacramentarian instincts." Dr. Berry accepted his teachings, "but it was my father who was the sacramentarian, and who recognised, in a way that was almost unique among men of his own thinking the peculiar significance and import of Holy Communion."—(Page 633.)

As he believed in the Mass—"the materialisation of a great truth, the perpetual presence of our Lord in His Church"—so he believed in Confession. Compulsory confession he abhorred, but so did Canon Liddon. Voluntary confession was a legitimate human need, which he thought might be satisfied by "pouring out confession of sin, weakness and spiritual need to some trusted and experienced spiritual adviser," as, for instance, "the really efficient, discreet, well-instructed class leader."—(Page 635.)

To him the Reformation was essentially an upper-middle-class movement, and did not affect the people.—(Page 630.)

Photograph by] [*E. H. Mills.*

Rev. H. Price Hughes.

(From a photograph taken when he appeared at Court as President of the Wesleyan Conference.)

One of his last efforts in the reform of Methodism was to introduce Episcopacy in fact, although not at first in name. They were to be called "Separated Chairmen," but Price Hughes disdained the disguise, and boldly declared that "Methodist Bishops would advance the cause of God and man, and that, for purposes of aggression, they were not only desirable, but an absolute necessity" (page 531). His belief in clericalism was quite as strong and much more defiantly proclaimed than Canon Liddon's. Preaching before the Methodist Conference, July 31st, 1899, he declared that Christian ministers were separated from the laity by a Divine call. "They had at least, in an extraordinary degree, three supernatural gifts, which were not given in the same way to the laity. The first was a supernatural insight into Scripture for the instruction and conversion of others. He believed, also, that God gave them a supernatural passion for souls when they had made a whole-hearted surrender to Christ. The third was a supernatural power of persuasion." The ordinary layman, especially if he had the good fortune of knowing Mr. Price Hughes intimately, will find it difficult to repress the exclamation, "Supernatural fiddlesticks." But the curious thing about Price Hughes was that he firmly believed it—at least, so far as he was concerned. It may legitimately he questioned

whether his faith in these three supernatural graces extended to all his brethren.

And as he was a High Churchman in all these matters, so he was a thorough-paced State Churchman in relation to education. He was as much opposed to secular education in the public elementary schools as Canon Liddon or Lord Hugh Cecil. With curious lack of logic in one who prided himself so much upon his logic, he was even more passionately opposed to confining the province of the State to the imparting of secular instruction than he was to the State support of Anglican and Roman doctrine. If he had had to choose between his two aversions, the true High Churchman would have showed itself in his answer.

The direct question was put to him :—

"If you had to choose between banishing distinctly religious and biblical teaching from the schools, and what is called a clerical and Anglican monopoly, which alternative would you choose?"

"I should," he said, "choose the Anglican monopoly."

What more need have we of witnesses?

II.—HOW I KNEW THEM.

Is it not, then, a marvel that two such men as Dr. Liddon, whose sacramentarianism needs no demonstration, and Hugh Price Hughes, whose sacramentarianism can no longer be disputed, should have been living and preaching in the cause of their common Master in the same cities without ever having been on speaking terms with each other? Liddon in St. Paul's was the most widely heard preacher of Christianity in the Establishment. Hugh Price Hughes at St. James's Hall was the most widely heard preacher of Christianity in the Free Churches. The two men were both holy men, earnest ministers of the Word, and, as we have seen, in far more substantial agreement than Liddon, for example, was with Dean Stanley. Yet these two eminent preachers never appear to have exchanged even "Good morning," or to have sent each other a postcard. To the lay mind this is passing strange. The absence of fraternal intercourse between two such conspicuous representatives of English religious faith is, to my thinking, a far worse flaw in the evidence of the genuine Christianity of their respective Churches than theories as to the precise definition of the difference between transubstantiation, consubstantiation, and Hugh Price Hughesantiation. Here were these two excellent good men, both essentially human men, both High Churchmen, both great preachers, and both keen politicians in their way, both also possessing a keen and kindly sense of humour. Mr Hughes had lived three years at Oxford while Canon Liddon was living at Christ Church. Afterwards, when Mr. Hughes came to London, Canon Liddon occupied the pulpit of St. Paul's three months every year. But neither in London nor in Oxford did these doughty warriors against the forces of evil show any disposition to meet each other for mutual counsel and encouragement. Not even so much as to shake hands. Whether this is due to the excessive insularity of the English character, or to the middle wall of partition which the Establishment builds up between State Churchmen and Nonconformists, who can say? Whatever was the cause, they never met. I was constantly meeting both, but neither, to the best of my remembrance, ever manifested any desire to come into personal contact.

I first became acquainted with Dr. Liddon in 1876 by correspondence. I was then at Darlington, running the Atrocity Agitation in favour of Bulgaria and her Servian and Russian friends for all I was worth. Canon Liddon came within the range of my excessive propagandist activities, because of the splendid service which he rendered to the cause of human freedom in the Balkans. The Radical Nonconformist editor of the *Northern Echo* found a common ground of sympathy and co-operation with the High Church Anglican of St. Paul's. The badge of the Crusade against the unspeakable Turk made us comrades-in-arms, and each rejoiced in the assistance and support of the other. It is a curious coincidence that it was the same movement in favour of Bulgaria that brought me first into contact with Hugh Price Hughes. I did not know this until I read it in his biography. He and I both attended the famous Blackheath meeting in which Mr. Gladstone shattered the Anglo-Turkish Alliance, and both apparently sat within a few feet of each other. It was not, however, for some years afterwards that I had any personal communication with Mr. Hughes.

I first saw Canon Liddon on the platform of St. James's Hall at the famous Conference on the Eastern Question in the autumn of 1876. I did not meet him personally until the summer of 1878, when I had the good fortune to come across him in the Highlands. We were in a common misfortune : the coach for Dalmally having no vacant seats. Dr. Liddon and his friend, with my wife and myself, had to hire a carriage, and drove together over the well-known track now largely superseded by the railway, which was then in course of construction. From Dalmally Dr. Liddon travelled by train as far as Dunblane, standing for the most of the time on the observation car. A more dusty divine I never saw than Dr. Liddon as he bade us good-bye on the platform at Dunblane Station. From hat to boots he was so covered with dust that I can hardly help smiling, even now, at the figure which he cut. I did not see him again, although we occasionally corresponded, until 1880, when I came up to town to consult him as to whether or not I should accept the assistant editorship of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He strongly urged me to come up to town, and afterwards was good enough to say that results had fully justified his advice. When I came up to London Dean Church, who was a very kind friend of mine in these days, asked me if I would undertake the duty of taking Canon Liddon out for a walk along the Embankment every Monday he was in residence. He said that on Mondays Liddon was

somewhat done up after preaching. He had promised always to take a walk on the Embankment in the afternoon, but unless there was someone to hold him to it, the good Dean evidently feared the temptation to forget or waive the obligation would be too much for Dr. Liddon. "Besides," he said, "he is so absent-minded and short-sighted that I am in constant dread that he will be run over when crossing the end of Blackfriars Bridge. So if you will undertake to see that he takes his Monday's walk, and will escort him safely there and back, it will be a great relief to us all." Need I say how delighted I was to accept such a commission. Thus began the Monday afternoons with Canon Liddon, which continued, with occasional intermission due to ill health and other causes, from 1880 to 1890. I used to call at 3, Amen Corner at about 2.0 or 2.15. After a few minutes Dr. Liddon would appear, and we would sally out for our walk. Crossing Ludgate Hill, we usually followed the narrow and winding lane that leads past Printing House Square, then crossing the main thoroughfare leading to Blackfriars Bridge, we took the river side of the Embankment, and walked to Westminster. If we were in good time we crossed Westminster Bridge and walked along the river-side of St. Thomas's Hospital to Lambeth. Then we returned the same way, and usually reached Amen Corner about a quarter to four. For an hour to an hour and a half, therefore, on twelve Mondays in the year for nine years we talked incessantly upon every conceivable subject under Heaven. These were the times when I got to know Liddon "down to the ground," and, as a natural and necessary consequence, to love him with a warm affection. He came down to visit us at Wimbledon, and I drove him round the Common one fine summer evening. Of the talk that night every trace has perished from my memory, save one characteristic remark. As a cyclist sped past our phaeton, Dr. Liddon said with a laugh, "The bicycle is the only thing that makes me wish I had not been born so early in the century. If I had been born ten or twenty years later I should have been able to enjoy the delight of cycling. As it is, I have to go without."

I never had such constantly renewed opportunities for talking to Mr. Hughes. I first corresponded with him in the early eighties; when he wrote for the *Pall Mall Gazette* an article on "The Wesleyan Methodist Church as a Centre of Spiritual Activity." I soon afterwards met him in the street in Oxford, and exchanged a few words. It was not, however, until I published the first number of "The Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon" that I was thrown into close intimacy with the leader of the Forward Movement in the Methodist Church. All London—and not London only—was ablaze with excitement over the Revelations of our Secret Commission, when Price Hughes came down to Northumberland Street to ascertain at first hand what foundation there was for our narrative, and to discover what manner of man might be the editor, then unknown even by name to the great world into which he had flung this lighted bomb. It was in July, 1885. I had no difficulty in satisfying him, and from that moment he fought in the van. It was only natural that he should do so. For both of us were in that but obeying the inspiration that had come to both of us from Mrs. Josephine Butler. From that moment, as his daughter says, "he did not hesitate. Every trenchant word and adjective that his tongue could frame or his pen could write, every chord of his great heart, he brought with him into the field that day." St. James's Hall, Exeter Hall, and Hyde Park rang with his impassioned eloquence. When the law was amended and the baffled enemy sought a belated revenge in prosecuting Bramwell Booth, Mussabini, Madame Combe, and myself for our share in one of the earliest episodes in the history of our investigations, Price Hughes, with Benjamin Waugh, Dr. Clifford, and Mr. Coote, joined me in what was then known as the Team, for the purpose of rousing the country. We travelled the length and breadth of the land together, and in these months I saw much of Hughes as you see much of a comrade in the campaign. After I was sent to prison, Mr. Hughes arraigned "the justice of Mr. Justice Lopes" in the *Methodist Times*, and kept up a storm of protest until my sentence was served. He was one of the first to meet me after I left Holloway Gaol. He was one of the most eloquent and impassioned of the speakers at the great meeting which welcomed my release from imprisonment. It was to him also that I addressed the letter from Holloway Gaol on True Christianity, which since then has been translated into other tongues and circulated far and wide in distant continents. Small wonder is it, then, that I ever regarded Mr. Hughes as that friend in need who is a friend indeed.

III.—TWO PARALLEL CAREERS.

Canon Liddon and Hugh Price Hughes had both the advantage of pious mothers. Mrs. Liddon was an ardent Evangelical, and it was she who first impressed upon her son the strong pious tendency which ultimately made him a pillar of the High Church party. Shortly before she died, when he was still under twenty years of age, she said to him, "You may be a good scholar, a good Churchman, and yet not a good Christian. You must conquer self" (page 11). Mrs. Hughes was a Christian Jewess. "Every day of my life since Hugh was born I have prayed that he might do a good and great work, and be aided in the doing of it" (page 13). Both boys were delicate. Both were apt scholars. Liddon was a splendid swimmer, and once saved Bishop Stubbs from drowning. Hughes was a famous cricketer, and captain of his school eleven. They both began very early to train for the ministry. Hughes preached his first sermon when fourteen; Liddon began to compose

sermons at the same age. Hughes decided to become a minister when he was sixteen; and Liddon refused a cadetship in the East India service before he left school, which he did when he was seventeen. Hughes spent four years, from eighteen to twenty-two, at Richmond College. Liddon spent the same four years at Christ Church, Oxford. Liddon was born eighteen years before Hughes.

Liddon was a celibate, and his biographer is silent as to whether any woman ever attracted him. Hughes fell in love with the principal's daughter when he was twenty-one and she was fifteen. They married in 1873. Instead of marrying, Liddon went abroad, and remained proof against a very pressing courtship conducted by Monsignor Talbot on behalf of the Scarlet Lady of the Seven Hills. It was a regular attempt to surprise the young man into a union with Rome, conducted in much the same impetuous fashion that match-making mothers endeavour to overcome the reluctance of unwilling swains :—

> Monsignor Talbot took me into his oratory, which was beautifully lighted up, and begged me to be admitted into the Roman Catholic Church. I felt that all this was an appeal to my imagination and feeling, rather than to conviction, and accordingly declined.—(Page 23.)

It is a very vivid picture which is given in his diary of the blandishments of the Scarlet Woman. Liddon escaped rom her wiles, but by the skin of his teeth. When he came home he was ordained priest on December 18th, 1853, when he was twenty-six years old. Hughes had been appointed to the Dover Circuit when he was two years younger. Liddon started with a word of advice from Dr. Pusey, which it would have been well if he could have passed on to Mr. Hughes :—

> Say nothing about which you doubt—nothing rashly.
> Labour for accurate thought altogether, that you may not overstate anything.—(Page 29.)

Liddon was hardly ordained before Bishop Wilberforce made him Vice-Principal of Cuddesdon College, which aimed at teaching candidates for the ministry that a clergyman was or ought to be more than a respectable country gentleman—a truth which many candidates for Orders do not seem to have grasped. After five years he left Cuddesdon, and he noted—"I do not see any future whatever. My first great attempt at work in life has failed. This is, no doubt, good for my character."—(Page 47.)

Price Hughes never had that discipline of failure. After his first sermon in the Dover Circuit eighteen came out as penitents. He went on triumphing everywhere. The best thing he ever did for himself was when he married, which he lost no time in doing. He was as successful at Brighton as at Dover. Pearsall Smith introduced him to the doctrine of Entire Sanctification, after which he went to Tottenham, and from Tottenham to Dulwich. There, while in full pastoral duty, he studied for his M.A. In 1881, when he was thirty-four, he was appointed as Superintendent of the Oxford Circuit, and for the next three years he "made things hum—some" in the City of the Dreaming Spires and the rural districts thereto adjoining.

Photograph by [*E. H. Mills.*

Mr. and Mrs. Price Hughes at Home.

When Liddon was cut adrift from Cuddesdon, in his thirtieth year, he first thought of going to India as a missionary. His doctor vetoed that. He settled at Oxford as Vice-Principal of St. Edmund Hall. His passion for saving souls led him to emulate the extremes of Evangelical enthusiasm. He talked to messenger boys about their souls, gave sermons and tracts to railway porters, and notes in his diary that he had a long talk in the train with a Particular Baptist, who seemed to be sincerely in earnest about his salvation. Before he was forty he had made himself a commanding personal position in Oxford. Dean Milman declared him to be the finest preacher in England. Dean Stanley said—"He raised his hearers from earth to heaven and kept them there for more than an hour." He was appointed Bampton Lecturer, and chose as his theme "The Divinity of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

It is not needful to go through the subsequent careers of the two men. One came to St. Paul's, the other to St. James's Hall; each made his mark as

the most conspicuous preacher of their respective Churches.

IV.—WHAT THEY THOUGHT OF THE THEATRE.

It is very interesting, in view of the new departure which I have taken this last year in the matter of theatre-going, to compare the views of these two High Churchmen on the subject of the stage. It was the Anglican who was the strongest in his censure of the theatre. The question came before him in 1879 when the Church and Stage Guild was formed. Dr Liddon wrote to the Rev. J. Oakley saying that while all must agree that it would be an immense gain to the Church of Christ and to mankind at large if the stage could be even influenced so as not to oppose the cause of Religion and Morality, he must avow his belief that "this happy result is quite impossible," for "the Stage is and will be against us. It may be," he said, "that the conditions of dramatic representation make this inevitable—human nature being upon the average what it actually is." He continued: "Speaking for myself, there is no form of entertainment which I should so entirely enjoy as good acting. But I have never been inside a theatre since I took Orders in 1852, and I do not mean to go into one, please God, while I live."—(Page 282.)

Writing to another correspondent, he thus defined his attitude and the reasons by which he justified it. He says:—

> I am convinced that the influence of the theatre, in the case of the average human nature and character, lies in the direction of sin. . . . Here I cannot but think that the experience of generations and centuries is too plain to be mistaken. The Church, at any rate, has never had much doubt upon the matter . . . . In a practical matter like this the instincts of the Church are likely to be right; especially as she has every reason for enlisting the sympathies of so powerful an agent as the drama if, morally and spiritually, she can afford to do so . . . . Practically the theatre maintains its popularity by trifling with subjects which are on the other side of the line; and it is urged to do so by the instinct of self-preservation—average human tastes being what they are. This tendency on the part of the theatre would appear to me to be too radical and imperious for the Church to hope to resist or even modify successfully. She can only save her children by warning them against that which she is powerless to prevent. And it is surely much better that young people should not go even to Mr. Irving than that they should gradually acquire a taste for performances which would be as unwelcome to Mr. Irving as they are to themselves.—(Page 285.)

He first imbibed this feeling against the theatre from Dr. Pusey, and he held that from Tertullian to Bossuet, the testimony of the Church had never varied. He particularly resented the belief that hostility to the theatre was the special note of the Evangelical School. The only glory of that school was its antagonism to worldliness, of which theatre-going was undoubtedly a part. But the note of opposition to the world is not the monopoly of the Puritan or the Evangelical, it is of the essence of the Christian faith. So far the Anglican High Churchman. The Methodist High Churchman was much of the same opinion. He longed to go to the theatre, but he never went to a theatre in London, deeming it incompatible with his position, and with what was to him the very intricate question of what is called the stage problem. He abstained from the theatre as he abstained from wine, lest his example might lead weak brethren into sin. He bemoaned the sacrifice:—

> What a pity it is that I cannot witness plays such as those performed by Irving and Tree. They would divert and instruct my mind, and be such a real recreation to me. A busy person like myself is just the one who would greatly profit, and be diverted by such plays—greatly.—(P. 340.)

His final conclusion was that, "The London stage is one. We cannot differentiate." To his disciples he used to say, "If you find theatre-going a hindrance to your communion with Christ, you ought not to indulge in it." "The worst account I have ever heard of the stage is from people on it." Again he would say, "The theatre wants altogether putting on a new basis: the State ought to take it in hand."

He enjoyed the Passion Play at Ober Ammergau, although he complained that the disciples, Peter in particular, were made to appear much too old. He was an enthusiastic admirer of Ibsen for the message to womanhood of "The Doll's House," with which he entirely concurred. In 1892 he went to Bayreuth, where he saw "Tannhäuser," "The Meistersingers," "Tristan and Isolde," and "Parsifal." Of these, he thoroughly enjoyed the first. He did not like "Tristan and Isolde," the needed moral was absent. "The Meistersingers" pleased him. Although "Parsifal" impressed him greatly, he disliked it because it seemed a caricature of the Gospel. But "Tannhäuser" filled him with such rapture that "for the first and only time in my experience," his sister reported, "he was perfectly still":—

> As I had foreseen, here was dramatic art that satisfied him, for with strong artistic instincts and a great love for the æsthetic side of life, he always needed what children called a moral. He was Hebraic to the backbone. "Tannhäuser" satisfied him. In it he saw life as he ever viewed it, not on the surface, but in its depths, good and evil in deadly conflict, the evil terribly fascinating, terribly strong, but yet (he never doubted that) the good stronger, the good triumphant.—(P. 409.)

I do not know whether Canon Liddon even went to Bayreuth. He went to Ober Ammergau, and thus reported his impressions:—

> The Play quite exceeded my expectations: there was nothing throughout the whole that was not edifying, and the dramatic power, reverence, absence of self-consciousness—in fact, downright reality of the whole thing—were quite wonderful.—(P. 138.)

V.—REMINISCENCES OF CANON LIDDON.

From the mass of memories and the collection of letters it is impossible for me to select more than a very few things which will illustrate the manner of man Liddon was, as well as reams of extracts from his discourses. He was an extremely lovable man, with soft, warm hands that seemed to be the outward and tangible expression of his affectionate heart. He had a way with him of folding your hand in both of his when taking leave

of you which I do not remember in any other human being. He observed the old world courtesy, of which Mr. Gladstone was so conspicuous an example, which did not prevent his conversation being sharp and pungent. There was a subtle sarcasm about his references to those from whom he differed, a sardonic humour which was all the more mordant because it was uttered in a voice of silky suavity. I always felt when I was talking to him that I was in the cell of a cloistered monk, whose window commanded an outlook into regions lying far beyond my ken. The window of the cell was narrow, but the cell was high up in an observatory tower, from which, if he did not survey all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory thereof, he was able to see many regions hidden from the eyes of most mortal editors.

It is very odd, now I come to look back upon it, how familiarly the dear Canon would condescend—without appearing to condescend—to discuss every conceivable subject under the sun, and even over it, with a Radical Nonconformist editor who was twenty years his junior. I enjoyed the talk so much at the time that I fear I never realised, in the zest of my delight, the extent of the privilege which he accorded me. For it was a characteristic of the man that he conferred a boon as if he were receiving it, and always spoke of these Monday afternoon talks as if I were wonderfully generous in sparing him so much time. Good heavens! how gladly would I have devoted many more hours to intercourse with so stimulating a mind. We had, it is true, several points in common. We both believed in the Christian religion, in Mr. Gladstone, in Russia, in Dean Church, and Madame Novikoff. And we most emphatically disbelieved in Lord Beaconsfield and in the Turk. It is true that the nature of our faith and unfaith differed, and perhaps in nothing so much as in our conception of the Christian religion. To him it was a wonderful thing of magic and of mystery, an elaborate apparatus where God was to be worshipped in due form and with proper usage. To me it was primarily a great instrument of human service. "I begin to believe," he said to me once, after a long discussion about the nature of religion and its essentials, "that the phrenologist was right who told you that owing to the hole in the top of your head, where there ought to have been the bump of veneration, you are quite incapable of realising the worship of God, except as the Service of Man." But, although he deplored this deficiency on my part, it never caused the least abatement in the good-humoured tolerance with which he used to discuss things with me; nor do I think it ever occasioned the slightest jar in our friendship. There was something delightfully attractive about Canon Liddon. He was like an illuminated missal or a wonderful icon—a thing not of this world, and yet, nevertheless, a living, loving man all the same.

Never can I forget the night when I took him down to a Salvation Army Service in Whitechapel. "You won't mind," he said, half apologetically, as he took off his white collar and wound a scarf round his throat, "that I should endeavour to avoid recognition." "I don't mind," he went on; "but if anyone sees me there and it gets into the papers, I shall be troubled with numbers of letters from good people who must be answered, and it wastes time." I laughed heartily, for I would gladly have taken him in his dressing-gown, and we started off on our excursion with the delightful sense of being schoolboys out of bounds. I stowed the good Canon away in a distant corner of the hall, and waited developments. We had hardly been there five minutes before a man scrambled over the forms and exclaimed, "Oh, Dr. Liddon, how glad I am to see you here." Poor Dr. Liddon! The service was of the ordinary Salvationist type. It intensely interested Dr. Liddon. The earnestness, the fervour of the prayers, the heartiness of the singing, the constant adoring reference to our Saviour, and, above all, the grimy face of a stoker who had come in his working clothes from the stokehold to the meeting, filled him with delight. How he envied the Salvationists the power to attract that black-visaged stoker. He was scandalised at women taking part in the service. "I'm old-fashioned, you know," he said, "but you must admit that I am supported in this point by the Apostle Paul." Thereupon ensued a battle-royal as to woman's ministry in the Church of Corinth and the Church Universal. Then, as we drove home, the whole subject came up, as it always did—What was the Christian faith? Of course, the Salvationists were out of it. They had no orders, no sacraments, etc., etc. "But," I said, "you must at least admit that they have got the essential element of the Christian religion." "Essential element," said Canon Liddon, "of the Christian faith. I do not understand you. You might as well cut off a horse's hind-legs, and present me with the remains as containing the essential element of a horse. The Christian faith is as organic a whole as a horse." We stood arguing outside Amen Corner a long time under the stars that frosty night, and my conscience pricked me sore next day when I heard that the eloquent Canon had lost his voice and was hoarse with cold. He was always very entertaining when discoursing upon Dean Stanley and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and most of all upon the Queen. "The dear lady," as he always called her, was in his eyes an exemplary mother and a model Sovereign, but as the ruler and chief patron of the Church—— "An altogether excellent person is our dear lady the Queen, but her ideas of Church patronage are quite Hanoverian. She never can quite get it out of her head that the highest posts of the Church are a species of Royal perquisite to be distributed on any and every consideration, rather than the welfare of the Church as a spiritual institution. Indeed, of the essentially spiritual character of the Church the dear lady has no idea. What she really appreciates with her strong maternal instincts is the large family

The fact that an excellent but needy clergyman has his quiverful of children always seemed to her the best of reasons for preferment. It is odd," he would say, his eyes twinkling, "this conception of Deaneries and Bishoprics as merely an eleemosynary system for the relief of clerical poverty occasioned by large families."

There was no malice in this, much less was there any grudge against the Queen because she had not made him a Bishop. He dreaded the episcopal office. Repeatedly it was tentatively offered him—once it was definitely thrust upon him, but he always fled from it. He was not fitted for it, he said. Besides, the daily labour of serving tables made a Bishopric the grave of the scholar. Auckland Castle had swallowed up, first, Lightfoot, and then Westcott. So Liddon remained a plain Canon to the end of his days.

Among his many kindly acts I remember with gratitude this day, none delighted me more than the sympathy, the affection, and the appreciation which he showed to Mrs. Crawford in the course of her toilsome pilgrimage from the witness box of the Divorce Court to the Roman Catholic Church. Price Hughes also was helpful in an earlier stage. Canon Liddon came later, and after Canon Liddon came the Cardinal. It was a curious experience for one whose record in the Court had created such profound public scandal, to impress most favourably by her modesty and her intelligence the leading representatives of Methodism, Anglicanism, and Catholicism. Canon Liddon's kindness was like that of an affectionate father. He took no end of pains with the religious instruction of Mrs. Crawford, and although he lamented she had not found rest in her own Church, he gladly recognised that in the great and important things which they had discussed together, Anglican and Roman were as one.

Canon Liddon never really understood the English Nonconformists. To his mind they were unconsciously used as the stalking horses of infidelity. He recognised cordially the lofty spirituality of the faith of men like Dr. Dale, of Birmingham, of whose writings he had a high opinion, and whose prayers he asked for as he lay dying. But he looked at Nonconformity through the eyes of a jealous defender of the Anglican character of the Universities, and the repeal of tests, which he vehemently opposed, seemed to him not the admission of Nonconformists to fellowship, but the handing over the teaching of the University to infidelity. But in his correspondence with Dale he was cordiality itself:—

> It is a true delight to me to know that—as I ventured to hope—they (his own "Easter Sermons") express the vital truths which we hold in common in terms which in the main you approve. As you say, our Lord's *present* life is the life of His servants; and the daily, hourly realisation of this is at once our safety and our joy. . . . To me the great protection against a false subjectivity is the thought, "What is our Lord doing now?"—(Page 336.)

He used sometimes to discuss with me the topic on which he intended to preach. Notably was this the case with his famous sermon on Darwin, "preached in St. Paul's, April 22nd," as he notes in his diary, "with discomfort and misgiving." It was a sermon which had an interesting sequel that might have changed the course of my life and vitally affected a good many other people's lives. He was wonderfully sympathetic and appreciative at that time, and I do not think that either of us ever forgot it.

In political matters he was primarily anti-Turk, secondarily pro-Gladstonian, and thirdly, devoted to Lord Salisbury. I used to hear through him a great deal about the Lord of Hatfield, and never anything but what was to his credit as a man and a Christian. It is true that, with Dean Church, Canon Liddon was utterly at a loss to understand the astounding, and to their thinking the appalling, backsliding of Lord Salisbury when he secured the succession to the Conservative leadership by doing the will of Lord Beaconsfield in the Balkans. Their charitable conclusion was that Lord Salisbury had been hypnotised by the Jew, and under his malign influence he had re-enslaved Macedonia. A year after the Treaty of Berlin Canon Liddon wrote to a correspondent who had vehemently denounced Lord Salisbury:—

> You would have judged Lord Salisbury differently if you had known him personally, and for a long term of years. For you would have known that he is quite incapable of knowingly saying what is untrue, or doing what is dishonourable . . . . If Lord Salisbury has been controlled by the subtle genius and imperious will of Lord Beaconsfield, I deplore the thraldom in which he is held; but I do not, therefore, think him a bad man.—(Page 288.)

We used to have long talks about all questions of social reform, and I particularly remember the hopelessly impossible attitude which he—and in this respect Price Hughes shared his views—took upon the subject of the limitation of families.

I used to pose such a problem as this. Suppose that the wife of a drunken and diseased costermonger who has already had half a dozen rickety, alcoholised children, decides that it would be a damnable sin to bring into the world another soul cursed from the womb with a diseased and vicious body, what is she to do?

To which he would reply: "Under such circumstances the married couple must live together as brother and sister, abstaining from all conjugal intercourse."

"Canon Liddon," I replied, "these people have only one room, nay, only one bed. In the heyday of monastic enthusiasm, when the Church was dealing with the moral *élite* of mankind, it did not dare to expect that a vow of chastity would be kept if it had put both monk and nun in one cell. How can we expect higher self-restraint from a drunken costermonger and his wife."

To this Canon Liddon would reply that any conjugal intercourse which was by the act of either freed from the possibility of the conception of a new life, was murder if it were deliberate, suicide if it were involuntary.

Cardinal Manning held the same view. Any exercise of the will in restraint of unwanted offspring was, he said, the sin of the Cities of the Plain. It had been so decided by Councils, and that ended the matter.

Canon Liddon was always keenly interested in hearing about men and things that lay outside the purview of his windows in Christ Church or the pulpit in St. Paul's. He brought the atmosphere of the Oxford Common Room into Northumberland Street, and on my side I did my best to enable him to realise the rush and roar of the busy life which surged through the editorial office of the *Pall Mall Gazette.*

Like Price Hughes, Canon Liddon had a great weakness for cats. If he could catch a cat upon a window-sill—he used to find one at a post-office near Westminster—he always stopped to stroke it, talking tenderly to it as if it were a mistress, and exulting when he made it purr. Price Hughes used to cherish a great love for a beautiful blue Persian called Chin, which used to sit on his shoulder in his study. But he was not a general lover of Puss, but only of that one particular Persian. Canon Liddon loved the whole feline race.

In the biography written by the Rev. J. O. Johnstone, the most valuable section consists of the diary and letters of Dr. Liddon. Mr. Johnstone shows much reserve in his description of Canon Liddon's life and conversation. In this it is in marked contrast to Miss Dorothea Hughes's life of her father. Since James Boswell chronicled the small talk of Dr. Johnson, there has seldom been a biography so intimate and so interesting as a pen-and-ink delineation of a real man in the fashion in which he lived and spoke, and ate and slept. It is quite unique in its way. People who are not Methodists and who do not appreciate affectionate prolixity will sneer. But those who are Methodists, and those who, not being Methodists, love authentic human documents, will revel in his daughter's description of Hugh Price Hughes.

VI —THE LATTER-DAY PROPHET OF METHODISM.

Hugh Price Hughes had not a drop of English blood in his body. He was, on his father's side, pure Welsh; on his mother's, pure Jew. This cross between Celt and Semite is, no doubt, largely responsible for the curious composite character of Price Hughes. Sometimes Welshman and sometimes Jew, he was never, even for a moment, a snub-nosed Saxon. At school, as in after life, he was masterful, and, in the opinion of his critics, conceited. "I admit to you," said Hughes when at school, "that I have a just appreciation of my own abilities. I am not conceited. I only know what I can do"—(page 47). He was undoubtedly an extremely capable man, who went to the top because it was his rightful place. He had no need to pray the Scotchman's prayer, "Lord gie us a gude conceit of oorsels." It was his heritage by birth. It is a characteristic of his race and of his denomination. There is no race like the Celt except the Jew, and there is no people like the Methodists. Price Hughes seriously believed that there would ultimately be only two great Churches left in the world—the Roman and the Methodist; and of these two the Methodist was much the better. When he got up in the world, the complacency with which he contemplated himself as Celt, Jew, and Methodist was extended to himself as a citizen of the British Empire. No John Bull born was ever so superbly self-complacent in the contemplation of our Imperial Mission.

"I have seen many fair and wonderful sights," he wrote in 1900, after having witnessed all the classic glories and natural beauties of the Eastern Mediterranean; "but the fairest and most wonderful of all was a grinning Tommy Atkins at Alexandria. . . . Oh, my God, the wretched Egyptians have at last attained something approaching happiness in this world. Everywhere justice and the Pax Britannica."—(Page 550.)

Canon Liddon would have wished to have been born earlier than 1829, in order that he might have ridden a cycle. Price Hughes being born in 1847, rode a cycle and did not wish to be born any other time than just when he was born, in any other place than Carmarthen, and in any other environment than that of Wesleyan Methodism. He was supremely content with himself, with his wife, with his Church, with his newspaper. He was only sometimes impatient with His Creator.

He was above everything else a man of superlatives. Whatever he was engaged in for the time being came to seem in his eyes as if it were the pivot of the universe. As his daughter says in justification of his habitual use of hyperbole in describing everyone connected with him, it may be that his geese were all swans, but he got more work out of his geese than other people get out of their swans. But the constant use of exaggerated eulogy and quite as exagerated invective had its drawbacks. It is like printing a whole book in italics, or worse still in capital letters.

Never was any man so down-thump in his rhetoric. I once described him as "the Day of Judgment in breeches," and the phrase was not unjust. He had the courage of his convictions, and where he lacked confidence in himself he could draw *ad libitum* from the supernatural gifts of the Church. His daughter tells us many very pleasant things about his humility, his sensitiveness, his patience under reproof, and so forth. But he held the doctrine of entire sanctification as an article of faith, and he enunciated it with what was sometimes an astonishing emphasis. One of his hearers once solemnly assured me that he had heard Mr. Price Hughes, on the St. James's Hall platform, in the course of an impassioned appeal to Christians to consecrate their whole lives to God, declare that it was a damnable heresy to say that man could not live without sin. "Look at me," so the story ran. "I live without sin. If I can live without sin, why don't you also?" I suppose this

is an exaggeration; but his style lent itself to such mistakes.

There is one delightful story told about him at the time of the second County Council Election in London. Price Hughes had been much exercised about it. Polling day was waited as if it were a kind of miniature battle of Armageddon. As usual with him, after he had done his fighting, he waxed exceedingly low-spirited. On the eve of the voting he went about in most doleful dumps, refusing to be comforted. Saturday passed with terrible forebodings of the impending victory of the allied forces of the moderates and the Publicans, and the world, the flesh, and the devil. The day passed. After a restless night Mr. Hughes arose, and contrary to his wont, sent for the Sunday papers which contained the Election returns. As he opened the newspaper, he trembled as to what hideous story of defeat and catastrophe would meet his eye. But when he began to read down the columns of the polling, and came upon one Progressive victory after another, he heaved a great sigh of relief. When he had finished the list and saw that the Progressive majority in the Council was secure, he laid down the paper and remarked with the utmost innocence :—

"Dear me! I never knew that I was so strong in London before."

I remember telling the story to Mr. Balfour, who was immensely amused. He declared he would go and hear Price Hughes without fail. "For a man who could say that must have something in him."

Price Hughes had something in him, and no mistake. And he never had any difficulty in letting it out. He was a marvellously ready speaker, and never appeared to better advantage than when unruly persons in the audience endeavoured to interrupt him. Captain O'Shea told me that he took a military friend to St. James's Hall to hear Price Hughes's philippic against Mr. Parnell. "Clever chap that," said his friend as they left the hall. "A good speaker. But what I most admired was the wonderful cleverness with which he arranged for these interruptions at intervals all over the hall, in order to give him an opportunity of scoring off them." And nothing Captain O'Shea could say could convince his friend that rejoinders so pat and crushing could possibly have been impromptu. One of these retorts his daughter records :—

> In an appeal to the Irish people some voice shouted out defiance.
>
> "Is that the voice of Ireland?" he inquired oratorically.
>
> "Yes!" came the answer.
>
> "It isn't the right brogue," was his quiet response, and he returned so quickly to his theme that he had scarcely time to feel the convulsion of his audience.—(Page 353.)

He was an indomitable worker, but sometimes apt to undertake more than he could perform. If he did it was the non-Methodist work which suffered. In Committee he was splendid. He was one of the Committee which published a manifesto against the return of Sir Charles Dilke to public life, and he never relaxed his attitude of uncompromising antagonism. He denounced horse racing in a way that made Lord Rosebery furious. Like most Methodists, he was always somewhat overawed by the dignity of the occupant of John Wesley's Chair.

He was ever a faithful and true champion of the rights of women. Nothing is better told or better worth telling in his daughter's book than the way in which her father always encouraged women to do their best and to be themselves. No man probably ever more enthusiastically approved the moral of Ibsen's "Doll's House" than Mr. Price Hughes.

It is well that his life should have been told in this free and faithful fashion by his daughter. It somewhat lacks in precision. There is a total absence of any explanation of his sudden and violent conversion to Home Rule and his subsequent weakening on the Irish cause because the Nationalist party supported the Tories, the Publicans, and the Church party. And really Miss Hughes must annihilate Fidus Achates. Never since the days of pious Æneas has the unfortunate Achates been so mercilessly overworked. And not content with thrusting the faithful one into every chapter, and sometimes more than once into a single page, Miss Hughes must needs introduce his wife and his children and his grandfather and his mother-in-law and all the family to the ninth and tenth generation. "This is too much. Yea," as Artemus Ward says, "a darned sight too much." That, however, is but a slight blemish.

The book is open to much criticism if it is to be judged by what it does not pretend to be, a history of the dry-as-dust methodical order. It would have been well, however, if she had been a little more particular to give dates more exactly and frequently. Miss Hughes has carried the anti-dry-as-dust method to such an extreme that the footnotes to any edition published for the next generation would have to be almost as voluminous as the text. When she revises the book for the next edition she had better correct some slips as to date and fact, and make room, by the excision of the whole family of *fidus Achates*—the faithful Achates himself not being spared—for a little methodical historical explanatory information—for example, as to what the West London Mission really is. She also might spare a little more space for the index and add a footnote here and there explaining who is who and what is what.

W. T. Stead.

THE DOLGELLY ARTESIAN BORE, MOREE DISTRICT, NEW SOUTH WALES.
Depth, 4086 ft. Flow, 745,200 gals. per diem. Temperature, 130° Fahr.

Review of Reviews, 20/5/05.

ARTESIAN WATER SUPPLY IN AUSTRALIA.

By W. Gibbons Cox, C.E., late Assoc. Inst. C.E.'s, London.

In this great island continent of Australia the study of its water supply and the problem of an increase of that supply has been, since the recent disastrous drought, one of the deepest interest and concern.

The earliest explorations, whilst showing vast geographical proportions, did not hold out hopes of the prosperity the country has since attained. It appeared to be an arid, desert-like expanse, but when the great plains—the rolling downs of the interior—were discovered with their indigenous grasses of the most nutritious quality, the raising of cattle and sheep followed; the pastoral industry was developed into enormous proportions, and this, combined with the discovery of its mineral wealth, raised the country to a leading position among the component parts of the British Empire. With all its natural wealth and resources, the country has been, however, subject to one great drawback, that of occasional droughts of greater or less severity.

These droughts are due, mainly, to peculiar meteorological conditions, which are described by Hann, as follows:—"The sun's heat at the tropics causes a great ascentional movement of the moisture-laden air, and when this air has been largely drained of its moisture it again sinks to the earth within the ridge of high pressure in which Australia is situated. Again, we are situated mid-way between the great westerly movement of the air in the tropics, and the easterly movement in higher latitudes; for this reason east coasts in the tropics and west coasts in higher latitudes beyond 40 degrees south, receive a maximum rainfall. This fact explains why the extreme north portion of Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand, apart from their more insular position, should receive a more regular rainfall than the mainland of Australia, which occupies a neutral zone in atmospheric movement. Our rainfall is consequently more or less sporadic, and results from depressions, whether monsoonal or Antarctic in origin. Again, the flat nature of our inland country still further accentuates our liability to drought. We have no inland mountain system to help the formation of cyclones or to deflect monsoonal currents into cooler levels, and so give rise to rainfall. The moisture-laden air may stream in from the surrounding oceans, but the more than tropical heat of our island will drive it further and further from the dew-point, and so it passes round to more favoured regions. That is the normal experience of Australia, and, speaking generally, it may be said that only when adjacent anti-cyclones evolve sufficient energy do we get a really useful rainfall."

The monsoonal rainfalls have, however, when we did get them, been productive of all the prosperity, partial as it has hitherto been, of which the country can boast; and so far as artesian water is concerned, it will be shown that there is a great compensating principle at work in Nature's economy, in the natural conservation of a great part of that rainfall by its passage into the Cretaceous water-bearing rocks with their anti-evaporative covering, the crust of the earth. Geological researches show that a central sea existed in Mesozoic times, and was filled up, to a large extent, in Cretaceous times. These were subsequently, in Tertiary times, uplifted and formed, with the Palæozoic rocks, a united continent. Further depressions again submerged part of the coastal and central land, and these depressions were followed by a re-elevation. The climate during these periods of depression was doubtless much more moist and equable than at present. Before the deposition of the Cretaceous sediments there were mountain chains on the eastern side of Australia almost alpine in character, with which the ranges of the present time are insignificant in comparison. Those mountain chains induced great precipitation of the water held in suspension in the clouds, by which they were in all probability constantly surrounded. Before the beginning of the Cretaceous period of the deposit of the Cretaceous formation of thousands of feet in thickness, consisting of alluvial strata, including the artesian water-bearing rocks, the whole continent had subsided; but the strata lying above the Cretaceous, which has been proved in Queensland to be over 5000 feet in thickness, shows the great length of time which must have elapsed in the formation of the present surface—the great table-lands or rolling-downs of the interior.

SOURCES OF THE ARTESIAN WATER.

The artesian rocks form a part, as before stated, of the Cretaceous formation, and are composed, generally, of an open, porous sandstone highly favourable to the absorption of water. In Queensland (which State, on account of the greater extent of the utilisation of its artesian supplies, may be fairly taken as a representative Australian one), they have been proved vertically to 700 feet, but are, in all probability, of a much greater thickness. They lie at depths below the surface, varying from the outcrop level to over 5000 feet, and lie under nearly two-thirds of its total area, or 445,332 square miles. The rock outcrop, or water-intake, areas, have a combined length of over 1000 miles, with a minimum width of five miles, and one continuous outcrop in the northern part of the State has a length of 280 miles, with a maximum width of 90 miles. These

outcrops are situated on the declivities of the ranges in country more or less above the plains of the interior, thus fulfilling the conditions necessary for an artesian well, which is a shaft bored through impermeable strata until a water-bearing stratum is reached, when the water is forced upwards by means of the hydrostatic pressure due to the higher level at which the main, or supply, water was received. Over the intake areas there is a mean annual rainfall of about 25 inches.

The artesian rocks, with the whole of the Cretaceous formation have assumed, after great geological changes after upheavals and depressions of the earth's surface an undulating curvilinear form from their outcrop to their termination in the bed of the ocean. This is proved by borings to artesian water along a line of country of over 1000 miles in length, in which, with a comparatively level surface, the depth varies from 200 to over 5000 feet. The area of country underlain by artesian water-bearing beds in New South Wales is 83,000 square miles. They belong to the Triassic formation lying below the Lower Cretaceous which is the artesian formation of Queensland. The thickness of the beds intersected by the bores varies from 100 to 600 feet. The area of the intake beds is approximately 18,000 square miles. Besides the Triassic formation there is a large area of the Cainazoic formation in the south-west part of the State, which is supposed to be also water-bearing. Very successful bores have been made in the South Australian artesian areas over a very wide range of country, and right into the Northern Territory. In Western Australia valuable results have been obtained in Perth and district, and on the south and west coasts. A development of artesian rocks has not yet been proved, to any great extent, in Victoria, although it is not improbable that the well-known enterprise of Victoria may meet with more success in the search for artesian water than has hitherto been the case.

ESTIMATE OF QUANTITY OF ARTESIAN WATER AVAILABLE.

It is easy to arrive at an approximate estimate of the quantity of water which the artesian formation contains, but it is not so easy for a mind unaccustomed to the subject to grasp the results.

In New South Wales the artesian area is approximately 83,000 square miles. The thickness of the water-bearing beds is 600 feet on the east, to 100-200 feet on the western side. There are therefore about 471 cubic miles of water-bearing sandstones, and assuming that this sandstone will absorb 36 per cent. of water, these 471 cubic miles of porous stone will hold 169½ cubic miles of water.

Mr. E. F. Pittman, the Government Geologist of New South Wales, and Professor David, in a joint paper, give 12 per cent. of absorption. This appears to me a very low estimate. The chalk formation of the London-Paris artesian basin gives an absorption of three gallons per cubic foot, which is nearly 50 per cent; and certainly samples of the rock I have had brought up from bores near the outcrop in Australia, and weighed when fully saturated, and when thoroughly dry, have given very nearly that percentage—nearly half. The heavy sand-pump used in the pole system of boring frequently brings up a core, after being let down into the porous, wet rock, which, upon being exposed to the air, falls apart at once, into a mass of wet sand. It would surely require more than 12 per cent., or even 25 per cent. of water to produce such a result. I think, therefore, that 36 per cent. is a nearer estimate.

In Queensland the artesian area is approximately 445,000 square miles. The thickness of the beds is nearly the same as in New South Wales, giving 2524 cubic miles of water-bearing rocks. Allowing 36 per cent. for absorptive capacity, there results a volume of water stored up equal to 908 cubic miles.

ESTIMATED ANNUAL INFLOW OF WATER INTO THE ARTESIAN BEDS.

In New South Wales the area of the intake beds is, according to the Government Geological Report, approximately 18,000 square miles. The mean annual rainfall on this area is 25 inches; it follows that 1,045,000,000 cubic feet of water falls upon it annually. Assuming that only 20 per cent. of this rainfall is absorbed, a volume equal to 3,580,273,972 gallons per day would percolate through the porous beds. This is a low estimate on account of the additional water flowing down rivers from areas to the east of the intake, such as the Macquarie, which never reaches the Darling except in flood time, but the water of which is intercepted and absorbed by the outcropping rocks.

In Queensland the area of the intake beds is approximately 40,000 square miles. Taking the same rainfall and rate of absorption of water—there being little appreciable difference between them and those of New South Wales—a volume of water equal to 7,948,208,217 gallons per day would percolate through the porous beds. I think, therefore, that at least 25 per cent. should be added to the above estimate of 3,580,273,972 gallons. A volume of water equal to 4,475,342,465 gallons per diem would, on that basis, enter the porous water-bearing beds which is about 33 times the quantity flowing daily from the bores in July, 1903.

PRESENT OUTFLOW FROM BORES.

In New South Wales the total number of bores, Government and private, is 270. The total daily outflow is about 150,000,000 gallons.

In Queensland the last Government Report gives the following particulars for that State:—

Total number of bores, 960; total boring, 1,171,461 feet, equal 221.87 miles; average depth east and west of Dividing Range, 1220 feet; number

of flowing bores of which estimated, or measured, flow is known, 576; aggregate daily flow is now estimated at 385,504,854 gallons, equalling 61,779,624 cubic feet, or 1418.3 acre feet. The annual flow would therefore cover, say, 808.87 square miles—equal to 517,679½ acres—one foot deep. Average daily flow of each of the flowing bores is 669,279 gallons. The estimated value of the 960 borings, including casings, etc., is as follows:—1,171,461 feet at 25s., equals £7,464,326. Whitewood bore on Bimerah Run is still the deepest in Australia, and one of the deepest in the world. Its depth is 5045 feet, nearly a mile, and the daily flow is 70,000 gallons. The shallowest flowing bore is on Manfred Downs, depth 10 feet; flow, 2000 gallons per diem. Elderlie No. 2 gives the hottest water, 202 deg. Fah.; depth, 4523 feet; flow, 1,600,000 gallons per diem; being the greatest volume yet tapped at such a depth in Queensland. There are sixty flows of over 1,500,000 gallons per diem, ranging as high, as at Cunnamulla, of 4,500,000 gallons; and at Coongoola, 6,000,000 gallons per diem. The following facts will give a clearer idea of the value and potentialities of the artesian outflows. The estimated daily requirements of Brisbane, with a population supplied with water by reticulation, of about 100,000 is, in the summer season, 4,393,000 gallons. So that some of the single bores in the interior, discharging through a six-inch pipe, would meet the demand, and two-thirds of the total outflow in the State would supply the daily needs of London itself. Coolgardie and Kalgoorlie, Western Australia, are supplied by a pipe line from a reservoir near Perth, a distance of 352 miles, at a cost of over three millions sterling. The delivery is five million gallons daily. A few ordinary bores, costing a few thousands of pounds, would fill the Coolgardie reservoir daily; but then there is no artesian water in the Western Australian goldfields such as exists in such vast quantities in other parts of Australia.

The Gil Gil Bore, Moree District, New South Wales.
Depth, 3093 ft. Flow, 700,000 gals. per diem. Temperature, 112° Fahr.

The temperature of the water at Elderlie is, as stated, 202 deg. Fah.—nearly boiling point. Half a mile below the bore an egg may be boiled in the stream, and the water is perfectly fresh and good.

USES TO WHICH THE WATER MAY BE APPLIED.

The water flowing from the bores has been led in channelling, in many cases, as far as forty miles or more, through specially arranged paddocks, and has proved of the greatest value for watering stock,

The Boring Plant.

especially sheep, wool-washing, and for other purposes. At Woolerina bore, Queensland, the wool-washing is performed ten miles down the creek from the point at which the bore water enters it. The water is hot for nearly a mile and a-half from the bore. It forms a beautiful clear stream, and is splendid for drinking purposes. The utilisation of the bore water for the purpose of irrigating land, to raise fodder for stock in times of drought, is in the initiative stage generally, although a few station-holders have been very successful in their enterprise in this direction. There is an immense quantity of valuable water now flowing to actual waste which could, and should, be used for irrigating land for growing fodder for stock in times of drought, as the following statement will show:—

	Gallons per diem.	
The present outflow in New South Wales and Queensland combined .	535,500,000	
Allow for non-irrigable water, 10 per cent.; allow for seepage and evaporation, per diem, 10 per cent.—20 per cent.	107,100,000	
Water consumed per diem by sheep, on artesian areas, say 35,000,000 sheep at 2 gallons per head	70,000,000	
		177,100,000
Surplus		358,400,000

One inch of rainfall gives 22,622 gal. per acre; 20 in. per annum (allowing four waterings of 5 in. each), gives 452,440 gal. per acre; and 358,400,000 gal. per diem would irrigate 289,134 acres with 20 in. of bore water per annum, or would irrigate at the rate of nearly 342 acres at each of the 846 bores treated upon. The following is an estimate of the cost of a bore at the present contract prices and irrigation for 500 acres:—

Cost of bore, at 25s. per foot	£2000	
Laying out and irrigation	500	
	£2500	
£2500 at 6 per cent. per annum interest ...		£150
Interest on cost of irrigation plant		10
Wages		52
		£212

A bore giving 1,000,000 gallons per diem, plus natural rainfall, will irrigate at the rate of 1 cubic foot

per second, 500 acres, equalling 8s. 6d. per acre per annum.

The initiative in irrigation has, however, been very successfully undertaken at some of the Government bores in New South Wales, prominent among which is the Moore Irrigation Farm.

In Queensland the total area irrigated by bore water is 4500 acres, or 30 per cent. of the total area irrigated in the State. In two districts—viz., Cunnamulla, 2760 acres, and at Barcaldine, 855 acres, have been so treated successfully. Wheat, oats, maize, vegetables, as well as lucerne, and artificially-sown grasses are the principal crops. Many inland towns of the Down country are supplied by reticulation of the bore water under its natural high pressure. Single bores are there supplying more than an ample supply for domestic purposes, and also for vegetable and flower gardens ad libitum, and comparing the present condition to that ruling formerly, during droughts, one scarcely knows what to admire most, whether the fruit trees in bloom or the blanched linen on the laundry-women's lines.

As to the quality of the water, analyses have been made of most of it by the Government analysts. They show a variation in the chemical constituents dependent upon the difference in the strata through which the water passes. Some is good all-round potable water for man and beast, for wool-washing and for irrigation; other for stock and irrigation; but it may be fairly said that the water is, as a rule, of good quality and high value, the best proof of which is the amount of boring done, and that mostly by private capital, apart from Government assistance or control, and over an enormous extent of country.

MACHINERY.

Although in the treatment of artesian water supply by scientific circles in Australia, the machinery for obtaining both a knowledge of the strata and the water has met with slight consideration, I deem it, as an engineer, of great importance, and that it justifies appreciative notice in any treatise upon artesian supply.

The first borings for artesian water were made, there is every reason to believe, in China. They were made by the aid of a "trepan," or weight of iron provided with a set of cutting chisels at the bottom of it, suspended by a rope from a bamboo derrick, and worked by a lever by manual power. Recent reports show that this mode is still practised. It was so slow and laborious that it is recorded the bores took a lifetime of the workers, and, in some cases, unfinished ones were bequeathed as a legacy to their successors, who accomplished them, confirming the well-known plodding industry and persistence of the Mongolian.

The earliest European people who turned their attention to artesian water supply, some four centuries ago, were the French. The term artesian is derived from the Province of Artois, in which the first wells were made. One at the Carthusian Monastery at Sillers, made in the 12th century, has been flowing ever since it was put down. The apparatus used was much improved upon in their more recent undertakings—the great wells of Paris, made some seventy years ago, the success of which was followed by the equally renowned wells of London, bored through the same geological strata, the "London Chalk" underlying the Straits of Dover.

Two of the most important wells bored in France are those of Grenelle and Passy, both of which were made for the purpose of supplying Paris with water. That of Grenelle was bored to a depth of 1798 feet, of a minimum diameter of 8 inches. It discharges 800,000 gallons per diem, and the water is remarkably soft and pure. The one at Passy is 1913 feet in depth, 27½ inches in diameter, and discharges an uninterrupted supply of 5,500,000 gallons per diem. This enormous supply reached a height of nearly 60 feet above the surface. The boring was commenced in 1855 and completed in 1861, nearly six years being taken to complete it, and its cost was nearly £40,000.

After the brilliant success of the Paris wells, a great number were made in London, notably at the Houses of Parliament; the Fountains in Trafalgar Square; for water supply companies, and for private firms.

These great wells brought artesian water into note, and the system was soon adopted in the farming States of America, followed by an immense extent of deep drilling for petroleum in Pennsylvania and Ohio, and subsequently in Canada, the machinery used being identically the same for both water and petroleum. When it is considered that the machinery now in use in Australia is capable of making wells to thousands of feet in depth, as in the Bimerah Bore, Queensland, of 5045 feet, in as many months as it took years in the Paris bores, it will be seen how great has been the advance in the art of boring for water. The Bimerah bore cost about 30s. per foot, or £7000, and wells of moderate depth are now being made for 15s. per foot, including casing.

The plant required for making an artesian bore is as follows (see illustration):—

The Derrick.—This may be constructed of timber or of angle and flat iron. It stands over the bore, and, for a *full-sized rig* of timber, is 20 ft. square at the base and 72 ft. high, the four corners converging so as to form a square at the top 3 ft. in diameter, upon which rests a heavy framework for the reception of the crown pulley, over which the rope for lifting the drill and poles plays. There are six foundation posts, each 18 in. square, two derrick sills 21 ft. long and 10 in. square. On the top of these are laid floor sills 8 in. by 10 in., and 20 ft. long. Then follow floor sills and floor planks on top,

The Drill at Work.

The man in centre (the driller is giving the wire connected to the tool a half-turn between each stroke of the oscillating beam shown immediately above his head.

with a hole in centre for the drill to pass through. The derrick is then built up with planking of timber to the required height, with planking returned for the four corners, and diagonally and horizontally braced.

Samson Post.—This is made of timber 18 in. by 20 in. at the bottom, and 18 in. square at the top, and 13 ft. high, dovetailed into the main sill, held by fitted keys, and braced by braces.

Walking or Rocking Beam.—This is of hardwood, 26 ft. long, 12 in. by 26 in. at its middle, where it rests on the saddle or Samson post, and is bevelled on its lower side to 12 in. square at its ends. At its front end a slot is cut, in which the drilling hook is hung.

Band-wheel.—This is 9 ft. in diameter. It is connected with the pulley of the engine by a belt. It communicates power to all the movable parts of the apparatus. It is fastened upon a shaft, which has at one end a crank, or arm, with several holes, in either of which—according to the length of stroke of the walking beam desired—is inserted a wrist pin, to which is attached, when necessary, the "pitman," which is connected by a stirrup with the walking beam. The rotation of the band-wheel, therefore, causes a rocking motion of the walking beam. There is a knuckle joint, in which a sand-pump reel works.

Engine.—This is generally a portable one of not less than 15 horse-power, having a cylinder at least 9 in. by 12 in.; although smaller engines, in good hands, and under favourable circumstances, can be used. The engine is securely anchored on the ground, and by means of its driving pulley and belt motion is communicated to the band-wheel, and through it to all other parts of the machinery. The motion of the engine is under the control of the driller in the derrick, for the throttle valve of the engine has a large grooved wheel attached to it, and from this "grooved wheel" the endless cord—called the "telegraph"—extends to the derrick and passes round another grooved wheel which is fastened to a post convenient to the driller.

Drilling Tools.—These consist of a sinker-bar 12 ft. long, weighing 400 lb.; jars 6ft. long, weighing 300 lb.; auger-stem 32ft. long, weighing 1050 lb.; bit or chisel, 3 ft. 4 in. long, weighing 140 lb. These are screwed together, forming the "string" of drilling tools. There is also a rimer, 3 ft. 4 in. long, weighing 160 lbs., for making the hole round. The sinker-bar and auger-stem are made of $3\frac{1}{2}$-in. iron; the jars have a play of 9 in., and are $5\frac{1}{2}$ in. in diameter. A pair of wrenches $3\frac{1}{2}$ ft. long, and weighing 75 lb. each. A temper-screw, for paying-out the tools as the drilling gets deeper. The joints of the rods and tools are all made with a taper joint, which is very superior to the ordinary joint. Its pin and box being tapering, more than double the strength is added at the base of the pin, which is the place where strength is most required. As the pin enters half-way into the box before the threads engage, it takes but half the number of turns to screw a joint together than is required in the ordinary joint. As the bit must be unscrewed and replaced several hundred times in drilling each well, the saving of labour and time is very considerable.

The Sinker Bar.—This gives force to the blow upward when necessary to "jar," or loosen, the bit when fast.

The Jars.—These are made in two parts, and are like two long links of a chain. Both parts are slotted, and the cross-head of one passes through the slot of the other. When extended, the jars are 6 ft. long, and when closed, 5 ft. 3 in. The difference, 9 in., is the play of the jars. The function of the jars is to give a blow upward. If the drilling-bit attached to the auger-stem were attached directly to the sinker-bar, it might stick in the rock so that it could not be drawn out, but an upward blow will jar it loose, and this blow the jars give.

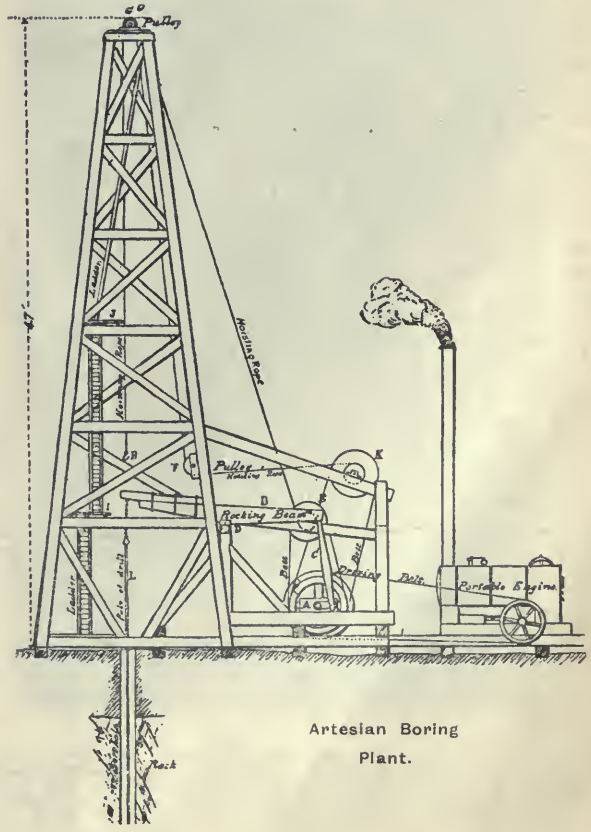
The Temper-Screw.—This screw connects the walking-beam and the cable, and it is gradually let out as the bit cuts into the rock. It is hung on the drilling hook attached to the well end of the walking-beam. The screw is $5\frac{1}{2}$ ft. long and $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. in diameter, with a square thread of two threads to the inch.

Bailers, or Sand-Pumps.—Of these there are several kinds. They are made of wrought iron, 20 ft. long. One has a bail at the top and a foot-valve at the bottom. The valve-stem projects downwards below the pump, so that the valve may be opened

and the contents of the pump discharged by resting the stem on the ground. Another is 5 ft. long; it has a suction valve on the end of a plunger. The sand-pump line is fastened in an eye at the top; when the pump stops at the bottom of the well the plunger descends to the bottom of the pump. The leather bucket is so constructed as to go down in the pump readily, but on pulling back it flattens and becomes a tight piston. When the line is pulled up, the valve and plunger are pulled through the pump, sucking in the debris from the bottom; the lower valve closes and retains the contents. If it should get fast in the well it can be "jarred" out.

THE POLES.—These are made of tough, light timber (preferably of Queensland Yellow-wood or Crow's Ash, which timbers have the peculiar property of not deteriorating from the constant jarring attendant upon the drilling operations) of a circular form, 3 in. or 4 in. in diameter, and in 16 ft. to 20 ft. lengths. They have wrought-iron, taper-screwed ends for coupling and uncoupling. By using the "jar" below these poles the chisel, or bit, alone strikes the rock, the poles above it falling a less distance than the play, or spaces, between the upper and lower links of the jar. Previous to the use of this arrangement the weight of the poles at great depths was an evil of serious importance, for when percussive motion was given to them they vibrated with great force, and, striking against the sides of the bore, detached portions of loose rock, which fell upon the top of the working chisel. As the bore is generally full of water from the upper springs, large, light, but strong, wooden poles lose a great deal of their weight in the water, which is a desirable point, and the vibration, owing to their volume, is reduced to a minimum. Another important advantage in the use of the poles is that, from their rigidity, they admit of certain and trustworthy turning of the chisel at its work in the bottom of the bore-hole, a most important matter in the quick and safe execution of the work. The height of the derrick admits of three lengths of rods being lifted at a time without unscrewing them.

COMMENCING THE WELL.—When the walking-beam is mounted the drilling hook is hung. If the earth is firm, a hole 12 in. in diameter is "spudded"; a wooden conductor, made in octagon form, is then inserted in the rock. If, however, the rock is at such a distance below the surface, or if the surface soil is of such a nature that it is not practicable to "spud" a hole for the conductor, the rock is reached by a drive-pipe of the diameter determined upon, armed at its lower end with a steel ring shoe. This is driven through the surface soil by means of a heavy maul made of a sound log of timber, 15 feet long, similar to the manner in which piles are driven by a pile-driver. The pipe, while being driven, has a heavy wrought iron cap to prevent injury from blows of the maul. The maul works through planks set up vertically and temporarily, and is lifted through the crank movement by the engine. In case a boulder or other large rock is encountered before the rock is reached, it is drilled through by the drilling tools, and the drive-pipe can be afterwards driven through the hole thus formed. By means of a special bit, or "under-cutting tool," the hole may be enlarged below the drive pipe. When the rock is reached, the hole is drilled into it a few inches, and the drive-pipe firmly driven in so as to form a tight union in order that no surface water can leak or dirt get into the well. As soon as the hole is deep enough to "bury" the "string of tools," they are let down, connection is made with the walking beam, the engine started and drilling commenced, the tools rising and falling with each rotation of the crank. When some 12 inches of rock have been cut the drill and rods are raised, swung out of the way, and the sand-pump is then let down. The bit is unscrewed and is dressed or sharpened carefully to the size of the gauge, and one is screwed on ready to drill again. This machinery, which is now almost exclusively used for deep drilling in America and Australia, will be best understood by reference to the illustration. A belt from the engine drives the pulley and shaft at A, with a crank for working the end of the rocking beam B, to which it is connected by the connecting rod C. The rocking beam



Artesian Boring Plant.

Letting Down the Drill.

The driller is shown locking one section of wire rope to another beneath. The tool at the time the photo was taken was 500 feet below. The sand pump is shown hanging from above in background.

B is pivoted and supported at the centre D, the end over the bore hole having the drilling poles attached to it. The winding drum is at E beside the rocking beam, and is driven by a belt from the first shaft at A. A wire rope from the winding drum passes over the pulley G at the top of the derrick ending in the hook H immediately over the bore-hole. The object of this arrangement is to raise and lower the different lengths of boring poles, also the tubing for lining the bore. The sand-pump, for removing the excavated material, is worked by means of another wire rope long enough to reach the bottom of the bore, however deep it may be. This rope is coiled upon drum K, and passes under pulley F and over pulley O, which is alongside G on top of the derrick.

Ladders and two stagings, I and J, are provided for the workmen to attach, and detach, the lengths of drill poles, or tubing, as they are hoisted up. The cost of a complete rig with set of blacksmiths' tools and poles to drill 2000 feet, is from £1250 to £1600, according to requirements. The whole rig takes to pieces for facility of transport. The men required for working it are one engine-driver, one driller, and one derrick man, if near a township; but if in the far-away bush a cook and blacksmith are also required, making in all five men. The drillers work twelve hours a day, and when a double set of men is employed the work goes on day and night. Working twenty-four hours a day, the rate of progress is from 5 feet to 100 feet per day, according to the class of rock and other strata passed through. The cost per foot increases, for great depths, to as much as £2 per foot. Bores of 1000 feet or so in depth are now being made in known country for 15s. per foot, including tubing.

The bore is lined with tubing to prevent the sides from falling in when the strata passed through consists of soft or loose material, and also to shut off brackish water sometimes found near the surface. The tubes, which are watertight, are also necessary to carry the water to the surface and prevent it escaping into the dry strata. They are made of steel screwed together, with "swelled joints" to admit of deeper screwing, and are "flush" inside; that is, free from any projections which would interfere with the free passage, down and up, of the working tools.

In the earliest American bores of moderate length —up to 600 or 800 feet—a cable was used in lieu of poles, the latter being used for drilling to greater depths, and at extraordinary depths the cable was again reverted to. The practice now in Australia also for such depths is to use both a cable and poles alternately in the same bore, each contractor exercising his own particular views upon this detail in the working of the main principle of the system, which is essentially the substitution of a balanced beam (as shown in the diagram) resting upon a middle bearing, to one end of which the cable or poles, with the chisel attached, are suspended, the other end being given an upward and downward movement by means of a crank movement worked by a steam engine in place of a rotary movement, as in the diamond drill and other rotary boring machines.

In conclusion, it will be seen by the particulars given in this article that Australia possesses a very valuable asset in its underground wealth of water, and although the actual quantity available cannot at present be accurately defined, there is every reason to believe that as long as rain falls there will be a wide margin to draw upon, and it is to be hoped that when further scientific examinations shall have a fixed limit of exploitation, and the safe maximum of outflow be reached, every drop of the surplus water will be utilised for irrigation, and thus neutralise, to a very great extent, the effects of the disastrous droughts to which the country is liable.

Review of Reviews, 20/3/05.

THE JAPANESE ART OF JIU-JITSU.*

By H. Irving Hancock, in the American "Review of Reviews."

(Author of "Japanese Physical Training," "Jiu-Jitsu Combat Tricks," etc.)

It would be difficult indeed to convey to an American any adequate notion of how essential a part of Japanese life and character jiu-jitsu is. Many students of Dai Nippon would feel inclined to state the case conversely—that the Japanese people, with their habits of thought and action, could hardly be expected to avoid discovering this strange and bewildering art of personal combat.

The question most commonly asked by the uninitiated is, "What is jiu-jitsu?" The reply is that it is the perfect art of self-defence in personal encounter. Boxing and wrestling, as we know them to-day, are vanquished by jiu-jitsu as easily as the wind sends the chaff on about its unimportant business. It is difficult for the Anglo-Saxon, proud of his strength and of his skill in boxing or wrestling, to believe that he is the most insignificant sort of an opponent as against what he regards as an "undersized" Japanese.

Much wonder was excited, recently, by the swift and utter defeat that my friend Higashi administered to "Ajax," the champion strong man of the New York Police Department. Higashi is twenty-three years of age, and weighs one hundred and ten pounds. "Ajax" is of powerful build, and can lift a piano without assistance. Higashi, on the other hand, makes no pretension to such strength as this. Each of the three bouts was won in an instant by the Japanese, and the metropolis marvelled for a day or two before it forgot the incident. The joke of it was that Higashi did not regard the herculean policeman as a capable opponent, and used against him only the simplest feats known to adepts.

Your jiu-jitsu man does not train for an encounter. He does not go through any form of practice that he may better fit himself for the meeting. When the event comes on, he is ready for it—that is all. After he has won his victory, he goes calmly about his other business. And herein one sees something of the vast influence that jiu-jitsu exerts upon the Japanese national character. Jiu-jitsu teaches the little brown man to be brave, because it convinces him that there is nothing of which to be afraid. He knows in advance that his opponent, no matter how strong, or how skilful in other methods of fighting, will be defeated. Hence, your Japanese is calmly confident in advance of the meeting with his opponent.

Jiu-jitsu is not taught to bullies; hence, your adept has learned to be patient and to bide his time. Many times, while he is learning the art, he is "killed" and is brought back to life by his teacher. Hence, it is schooled into him to be indifferent about such a petty detail as death. If a big fellow blusters at a little Japanese adept, the adept knows that he will be victor as soon as trouble really starts. It is amusing to him to hear the big fellow vaunt about what he is going to do. Hence the inscrutable "Japanese smile." When the Japanese finds himself racked with pain under the torments necessarily inflicted by his teacher, he knows only that he must suffer many more such agonies before he can hope to become really expert in jiu-jitsu. This makes for stoicism, and the Japanese soldier marvels when he hears the big wounded Russian prisoner groan under the surgeon's merciful implements. In a jiu-jitsu school, whether it be patience that is called for, or smiling endurance

A simple feat. Higashi's opponent has struck out with his left fist. Higashi, with his right hand, has struck assailant's left arm upward; at the same instant, Higashi has thrown his left arm around his assailant's neck. Higashi now darts behind his opponent, hoists him over his back, and so throws him.

* The illustrations in this article are from photographs posed and taken especially for the "Review of Reviews," in America.

Higashi's assailant has seized Higashi's lapel with right hand. In a twinkling Higashi has taken off the assaulting hand by the thumb-breaking trick. Holding the assailant's captured hand with both hands, Higashi forcibly flexes opponent's metacarpal bones over on wrist. Assailant finds it impossible to "reach" with his left. Higashi completes victory by planting his heel in his opponent's abdomen, his toe landing where it will give heart "knock-out." (A feat with which to kill an opponent.)

of agony, or the meeting again with death, the Japanese is taught unquestioning obedience to his teacher. This is grand training for unwavering loyalty to and utter self-abnegation before the Emperor, whom the subject is taught to regard as being of divine origin.

The significance of the introduction of jiu-jitsu into this country cannot be overestimated. It is meeting with favour everywhere that it has been taken up by young men of grit. There are several American women, already, who are very fair adepts —quite capable of defeating any uninitiated man. There is every indication that jiu-jitsu, after a year or two more, will be as widespread and as popular in this country as it is in the land of its birth. And the importance of this to the American nation cannot be stated in terms that will be excessive. Apart from mere skill in self-defence, it is worth much to a nation like ours to learn the thing that will bring with it the acme of discipline and self-restraint, and the spirit of courtesy even to a deadly enemy.

Jiu-jitsu has its most distinguished American exponent in President Roosevelt. And he has expressed his opinion that the art is worth more, in every way, than all of our athletic sports combined. He has emphasised his opinion by securing Yamashita as instructor in the art for the Naval Academy. After a while, the same work is to be taught at the Military Academy. The heads of several municipal police departments stand ready to introduce that work among the policemen under them. The present difficulty is the scarcity of qualified instructors in this country.

If anyone is to reap the utmost benefit from the introduction of jiu-jitsu, the start must be made in the right way. In Japan, there are many methods of jiu-jitsu. There is only one, however, that is recognised as official. That is the eclectic system devised in recent years by Prof. Jiguro Kano, principal of the High Normal School of Tokio. Jiu-jitsu, in Japan, is the art of the gentleman; it is not entrusted to the class of subjects who would correspond to our prize-fighters. Hence, it is appropriate that the recognised authority on jiu-jitsu is also one of the leading educators of his country.

It is the Kano system that President Roosevelt has mastered; it is this system which is to be taught at Annapolis and at West Point. The Kano is the official system of Japan, which is taught to every officer and enlisted man of the Japanese army, navy, and police departments. All of the other schools

Assailant has led with his left for Higashi's jaw. Higashi catches the wrist with his right hand and darts around sideways at assailant's left. Assailant follows with his right hand, but Higashi guards by striking assailant's captured left wrist under assailant's right wrist as it arrives. Now, seizing both fists, and with a dexterous twist of his body, Higashi throws his opponent over his shoulder. (It is at the jiu-jitsu man's option to break his opponent's neck in this feat.)

Assailant strikes with left fist and follows with right. The jiu-jitsu man catches assailant's left and right wrists as they are sent at him, and twists around the assailant's right, at the same time twisting assailant's right hand and arm back of assailant, and easily throws him backward.

of jiu-jitsu, while providing methods that seem clever to the uninitiated American, are helplessly inferior before the Kano methods. Some of these inferior systems contain as many as three hundred feats each; the Kano has but one hundred and sixty feats, yet the Kano provides a wholly adequate defence, not only against the Anglo-Saxon boxer or wrestler, but against the adept of any one of the inferior, old-style Japanese schools.

Included in the one hundred and sixty feats of the Kano system are the "serious tricks," by which death may be caused at the will of the adept. Included also in these one hundred and sixty feats are the processes of *kuatsu*, or revivification, by which an opponent who has been apparently killed is brought back to full possession of his functional powers. It would be out of the question to attempt a description of *kuatsu* in this paper. It can be said only that resuscitation is effected by means of prods, blows, or other shocks applied to various portions of the body, notably against certain vertebræ of the spine, and by a species of massage at the abdomen. It would be a revelation in anatomy to the American surgeon if he were initiated in *kuatsu*. This art of restoration is not widely taught, even in Japan, for the reason that the student must first of all become wholly proficient in the preliminary feats of the system.

Kuatsu is potent to restore many a victim of sunstroke who would be given up by our physicians. A Japanese policeman, who must be a master of the Kano methods, does not summon an ambulance surgeon when he has a drowning man to restore to life. He employs *kuatsu*, which is far more effective than the battery and other methods known to the medical fraternity.

The question has often been asked, "To what extent is jiu-jitsu understood in Japan?" It would be far from the truth to claim that every adult Japanese male is an adept. Nearly every Japanese understands more or less of jiu-jitsu, just as most boys pick up something of boxing. There are undoubtedly more real adepts at jiu-jitsu in Japan than there are thoroughly expert boxers in this country; the proportion of Japanese males who are reasonably proficient in jiu-jitsu is much

Assailant leads with left for jaw and follows with right for abdomen. Jiu-jitsu man guards by throwing his right arm up under his opponent's left in such position that assailant's face is exposed to attack. Then assailant's right is caught by both of Higashi's hands and twisted up over his shoulder preliminary to a throw backward.

When assailant leads with left, his wrist is caught by Higashi's left hand, and in the swift body-swing that follows, Higashi's right hand lands in a grip on assailant's left shoulder, and Higashi's right knee is pressing the back of assailant's left arm. (The arm may be broken in an instant with this feat.)

higher than the proportion of American males who are fairly well versed in boxing. Some of the simpler feats of *kuatsu* are almost common property in Japan. These statements, of course, refer to the industrial population, every man in the armed forces of the government being required to be an adept in the Kano, or official, jiu-jitsu.

In the American press, lately, much reference has been made to the fact that the Annapolis cadets are to be taught *jiudo*—something vastly superior to jiu-jitsu. It would be a trifle more accurate to refer to *jiudo* as highly scientific, or more advanced, jiu-jitsu. Professor Kano called his new system *jiudo* before its adoption by his government as the official system.

In America there are at present but three real adepts in the Kano jiu-jitsu, or *jiudo*. One is Yamashita, who taught the President; who afterward gave instruction to a limited class at Harvard University, and who is now instructor at Annapolis. The second is Higashi, of New York, who is the peer of the first named. Isogai, who spends much of his time in Washington, is the third.

In the illustrations which accompany this paper, Mr. Higashi has posed, at the writer's request, in feats which provide for the discomfiture of the boxer. Each defensive movement in a trick is performed with the utmost speed. No attempt is made to overcome the boxer's strength; he is allowed to use his full muscular powers. Jiu-jitsu has been defined as the art of conquering by yielding. It would be more exact to say that the jiu-jitsian on the defensive accommodates himself to the movements of his opponent. It is sought to divert a boxer's strength, speed and momentum so that he will employ them for his own defeat. Once the idea is grasped, this is such a simple thing to do that the jiu-jitsu defence seems almost elemental.

Never once does the boxer's blow land. Its direction is always diverted; the seizure of an assailant's wrist or arm is not made until the boxer's fist has all but landed. Often the boxer's momentum has been so great that when its direction is diverted he is easily sent off his balance. It is admitted, even among American boxers, that a defensive move can be made more rapidly than an assaulting one. With this initial advantage on his side, and with his wonderful art at command, the jiu-jitsian finds it child's-play to defeat the boxer signally and invariably. It is not always possible to stop a clever and hard-hitting boxer without knocking him out—"killing him," the Japanese say—yet it is much easier to defeat the boxer with jiu-jitsu than it is to overcome the clever wrestler. But the exponent of either boxing or wrestling meets with speedy defeat at the hands of his Japanese opponent.

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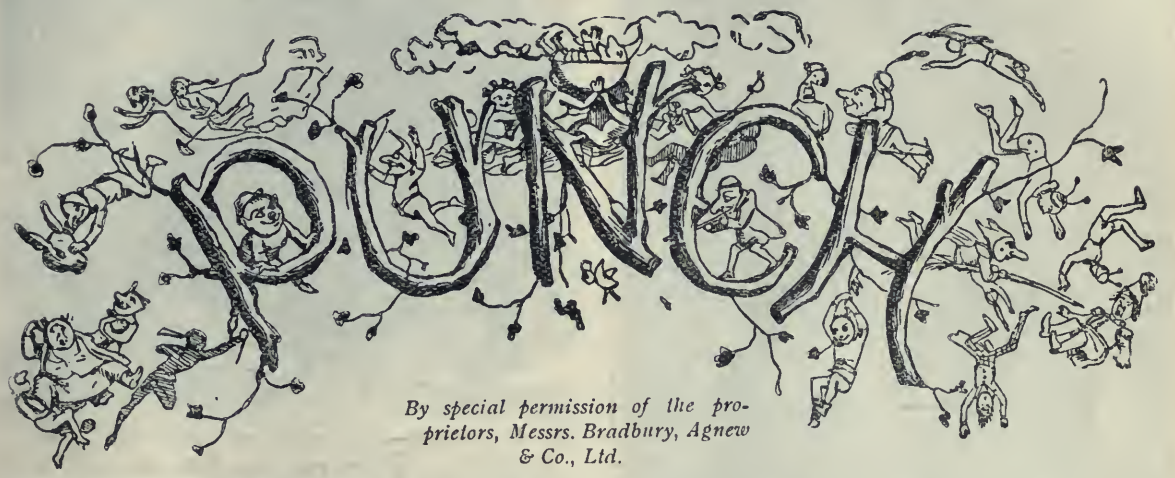

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WE have made arrangements with the Proprietors of the London *Punch* which enable us each month to give our readers the most interesting cartoons and articles from what is universally admitted to be the foremost humorous journal of the world.

Easier Said Than Done.

SIXTEEN-STONE SPORTSMAN (who has been nearly put down over a "rotten" landing, to Little Binks, 9 st. 2 lb.): "Do you mind putting me back in the saddle, sir?"

WHY NOT MAKE THE BIRTH-COLUMN INTERESTING?

A weekly paper has the following:—

"January —, at ——, to Mr. and Mrs. ——, another dear little girl."

No doubt this marks the beginning of a new departure in journalism. The birth-column has long been regarded as monotonous and prosaic. The stereotyped form is now likely to disappear, and in its place we may expect to see the spontaneous and untrammelled expression of parental joys. This is the style we anticipate:—

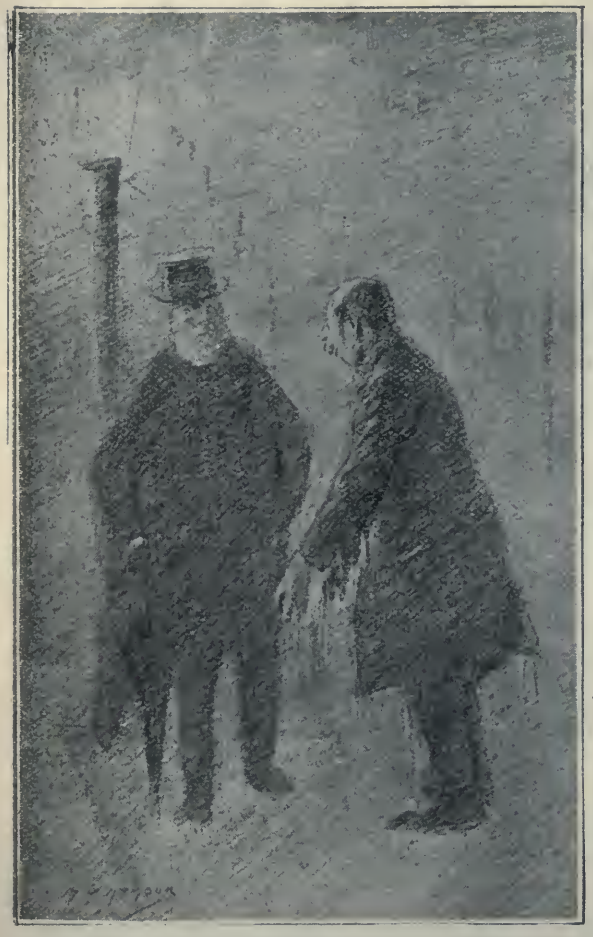
February 8th, at Cradley, to Mr. and Mrs. Smith, a bouncing boy this time (the very image of his pa).

February 10th, at Kidderminster, to Mr. and Mrs. Quiverful, twins again!

February 12th.—Mr. and Mrs. Girlington have the inexpressible delight of announcing to their numerous friends that they have now fourteen daughters, instead of thirteen, as formerly. Mr. and Mrs. G. are, however, rather sorry it wasn't a boy.

A Tight Fit.

"Come on, Grandpa, there's just room under here, I think!"



A Qualified Guide.

BEFOGGED PEDESTRIAN: "Could you direct me to the river, please?"
HATLESS AND DRIPPING STRANGER: "Straight ahead. I've just come from it!"

CHARIVARIA.

The Czar, it is stated, is contributing £10,000,000 towards the expenses of equipping a third Baltic Fleet for the Far East. This present to the Japanese is said to be in return for the chivalrous treatment of the defenders of Port Arthur.

Pierre Loti, in his *Escales au Japon*, expresses the view that the manners of the Japanese have been deteriorating, and, in the expressions of a crowd in Nagasaki, who mobbed two Frenchmen for kicking a dog, he fancied he could detect a hatred of all Europeans.

Germany's wish to be friends with England having been received with some scepticism in this country, a proof of the earnestness of her intentions was asked for, and a coal strike has been organised in Westphalia to England's great advantage.

According to the *Daily Chronicle*, the news that an Anglo-German Club is to be formed in London has created an excellent effect in Berlin. Some such association with similar objects is now contemplated there, and "its members," says our contemporary, "would embrace leading men in public life." This is, perhaps, needlessly effusive.

Some idea of the rigour of the winter in Germany may be gathered from the fact that one man in Munich has stolen forty-four overcoats.

We like to see a paper up to date. The *Express* published, last week, an article entitled "The Finest Falls in the World" on what was certainly the most slippery morning we have had this year.

What Our Artist Has to Endure.

COTTAGER: "Do you ever larn folks ter paint picters like that there, sir?"
ARTIST: "Oh, yes—sometimes. Why do you ask?"
COTTAGER: "Well, sir, this 'ere boy o' mine ain't fit for nuthin'. 'E be that there delicate 'e can't do no 'ard work, an' not bein' quite right in 'is 'ead, I thought as 'ow this 'ere 'ud be a nice light occupation for 'e."

After a Shoot in County Clare.

MASTER: "Well, Paddy, what sort of a bag?"
PADDY: "Well, yer Honour, countin' the Rabbits, there is nine distinct spaycies o' Birds!"

SURGEON (examining in the practical methods of reviving the apparently drowned): "Now, how long would you persevere in those motions of the arms?"
BLUE JACKET (from the Emerald Isle): "Until he was dead, sir!"

Shortly after leaving Jamaica on the steamer "Atrato," a second-class passenger was attacked by a snake measuring 5 ft. 8 in. The brute is supposed to have come on board with a consignment of rum.

Recent statistics show that London is becoming increasingly healthy, and it is regrettable that so many Englishmen should continue to patronise foreign health resorts. The exodus to the Riviera shows no signs of decreasing, and can only be explained by the pressure resulting from alien immigration.

We think that the high state of civilisation reached by "Coco," the marvellous monkey, has been exaggerated. It is true that when he attends a theatre, and is pleased, he claps his paws, but the beast cannot boo.

The Artillery, it is announced, will shortly be supplied with a new dress cap, having a peak and red band, which will make all the men look like officers. This clever device will, we suspect, attract to that branch of the service more men than officers.

Hints to Beginners.
Always let your horse see that you are his Master.

An Emergency Exit.

RUSSIAN BEAR: "I'm cutting rather a poor figure in this competition. I think I shall get outside on to the dangerous part, and then they'll have to rescue me. . . . I should rather like to be rescued."

OPEN LETTER.

TO A PAIR OF FOOTBALL BOOTS.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. C. B. Fry in the *Daily Express*.)

Dear Old Pals,—I want to speak to you seriously and as man to man, because you're not mere dead hide, are you? No, no, you are intelligent, sentient soles, and to be treated as such by every player.

Ah! booties, booties, you little beauties, what a lot you mean to us, don't you? and how hardly we use you.

I've known men to take you off after a game, hurl you—as Jove hurled his thunderbolts—into a corner of the pav. and there leave you till you are next required.

Ah! old men, that's not right, is it? How would we great machines of bone, muscle, and nerve-centre (ah! those nerve-centres, what tricky things they are!), how would we be for the next match if we were treated like that? Pretty stiff and stale, eh, old booties?

Now, look here, when we come in after a hard, slogging game, our bodies and the grey matter in our brains thoroughly exhausted, immediately we've had our bath, our rub-down, and our cup of steaming hot Hercubos (I find Hercubos the finest thing to keep fit on during a hard season) we must turn our attention to you, booties.

First, out from our little bag must come our piece of clean, sweet selvyt. With it all that nasty black slime that gets into your pores and makes you crack must be wiped off. Now, before a good blazing fire of coal—not coke, mind, the fumes of a coke fire pale

The Divining Rod

JOE THE "DOWSER": "Very awkward! I guaranteed a strong Protectionist current somewhere or other, but the silly rod won't work!"

and de-oxygenate the red corpuscles of our blood, you know—we must carefully warm you till you are ripe to receive a real good dousing of our Porpo (I find Porpo the finest thing for keeping boots soft and pliable).

Finally, with a white silk handkerchief we must give you a soft polishing, and there you are, sweet and trim against our next match. Every morning you may be sure we will, like Boreas, drive away the clouds of dust that collect on you.

And then there are the laces to attend to. Oh, yes, your laces are like our nerve-fibres, the little threads that keep the whole big body taut and sound. They, too, must have a good rubbing of Porpo and a rest if they need it.

Ah! and won't you repay our trouble, booties, when next we slip you on! How tightly you will clasp us just above the tubercles of our tibiæ, how firmly you will grip our pliant toes, how you will help us to send the ball swishing—low and swift—into the well-tarred net!

Good-night, booties.

Unnecessary Question.

ENTHUSIASTIC MOTORIST: "Well—how do you like it?"

Most Unfortunate.

MOTHER (who wants to be very nice to bachelor uncle, understood to have made his pile in Australia): "Now, Charlie, you've never seen Uncle before. Go and shake hands."

CHARLIE: "Oh, yes, mother, I have seen him before, I'm sure—at last year's pantomime."

Ingenuus Puer.

MAMMA: "I thought there was an apple on the sideboard, and I was going to give it to you, but I find it isn't there!"

FREDDY: "Well, will you give me something else, Mummy, 'cos it wasn't a very good one?"

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE THEATRE.

By William T. Stead.

EURIPIDES, BERNARD SHAW AND MAETERLINCK.

IV.—THE "HIPPOLYTUS" OF EURIPIDES (GILBERT MURRAY'S TRANSLATION).

"Before Mr. Stead sees 'Hippolytus' he ought to read the play," said Mr. Archer. But Mr. Gilbert Murray's translation did not reach me in time, and I entered the Court Theatre in a complete and disreputable state of ignorance as to the story of the play, or even as to the character of the leading personages. I know no Greek, and, therefore, never had read the play in the original. Thirty years ago I read, or tried to read, Euripides in a translation, but did not make much headway. So I had to pick everything up from what I saw and heard on the stage.

THE CHORUS.

And the first thing to be noted is that although every word spoken by the characters was distinctly audible, being clearly enunciated in a theatre not too large, about one quarter of the words recited or sung by the chorus were unintelligible. This was a great loss to the proper understanding and appreciation of the play. And yet the proportion of words missed was less than I have known it in any chorus to which I have listened. Usually when people sing the words are blurred. In "Hippolytus" three-fourths of the chorus was marvellously intelligible.

THE SCARLET CYPRIAN.

The play opened with something of a shock. Aphrodite, or Venus, the favourite subject of the sculptor, is familiar to everyone. The Aphrodite, the Cyprian Queen, whose shrine, bedecked with red roses, stood facing the pale-rose covered shrine of Artemis, bore no resemblance either to the Venus of Milo or the Venus of the Capitol. She was a demure little lady, habited almost as quietly as a Sister of Mercy, in long blue cloak, which covered her shoulders and reached almost to her feet. Hardly had you forced yourself to recognise the lady of the blue mantle as the radiant Queen of Love when, behold! another Aphrodite, in flesh and blood, stood forth on the stage and began a monologue. This Cyprian was a scarlet woman, with the painted face of a Jezebel, but her costume was more suggestive of Egypt than of the Apocalyptic Babylon. Everything, I suppose, was perfectly correct archæologically, but if either the Goddess of the Shrine in the blue mantle or her stately scarlet namesake were to have walked down the High Street, Oxford, I very much doubt whether a student in the University would have recognised either Goddess as Aphrodite re-visiting this earth.

THE APHRODITE OF EURIPIDES.

Mr. Gilbert Murray maintains that the Aphrodite of Euripides is "certainly not what we should call a goddess, but rather a Force of Nature, which once personified becomes certainly hateful, and perhaps definitely evil, though still far removed from the degraded, ultra-feminine goddess of Ovid and the handbooks of mythology." She is, I suppose, a sort of Olympian personification of Carnal Lust, the typical Scarlet Woman of the Universe. But the Venus of Milo was surely much more than that; and, despite the great authority of Mr. Gilbert Murray, I prefer the goddess whom Heine worshipped on his mattress-grave in the Louvre to the vindictive, ruthless deity who, while declaring "No grudge know I, nor hate," wreaked her vengeance upon Hippolytus, "who spurns my spell, and seeks no woman's kiss," by bringing an innocent woman to death in order that he might perish by his father's curse. If, as Aphrodite says—

> There is, even in a great God's mind,
> That hungereth for the praise of human kind.

she certainly took the worst way in the world to satisfy her hunger. Granting that the man, as a confirmed misogynist, merited chastisement, Phædra was innocent; she had loved and married and borne children. To sacrifice an innocent woman who had done homage at her altars, merely to avenge herself upon a man who refused to bow at her shrine, goes far to justify Hippolytus in holding the Cyprian "the least of spirits and most mean."

THE STORY OF THE PLAY.

The story of the play, briefly told, is this: Hippolytus, the bastard son of Theseus by an Amazon, had been educated by a saintly great-grandfather "in his own strait ways." Hippolytus grew up avoiding woman as "a gleaming snare," and spending all his emotional nature in the adoration of the chaste Goddess Artemis. For this the wrath of Aphrodite falls upon him. In order to effect his ruin she "sent her fire to run in Phædra's veins," so that she lusted after Hippolytus, her stepson. For a long time she strove against the magic spell, and when the play opens was still striving heroically against the malignant enchantment that blanched her brow and made her young life wither. For three days she had not eaten, meditating suicide as an escape from dishonour. Her nurse discovers her secret, and proposes to get some sign, or word, or raiment's

hem from Hippolytus to twine amid the charm, which would enable her to counterwork the magic of the Cyprian and restore peace to her distracted mistress.

Although bound to silence, the nurse finds it necessary to tell Hippolytus why she wants this sign, or word, or raiment's hem from him, and instantly the mischief is done. Phædra's secret, revealed against her solemn charge and under an oath of secrecy, is made known. Hippolytus flies into a fury, storms and curses first the nurse and then Phædra. That unhappy queen curses her nurse, and then hangs herself, after writing on her tablets a declaration that Hippolytus had outraged her. Theseus returning, finds the corpse of his wife with the accusing tablet in her hands. In his wrath he curses his son, refuses to listen to his protestations of innocence, and summonses the god of the sea, Poseidon, who had promised to grant three of his prayers, whatever they might be, to slay his son before night. He then drives Hippolytus into exile. Almost before the young man has well started, Poseidon, sending a horned horror from the deep, stampedes his horses. His chariot is overturned, and Hippolytus dashed to a bloody death upon the rocks of the seashore. He survives long enough to be brought into his father's presence. Artemis appears, reveals the truth to Theseus, takes a tender farewell of Hippolytus, and departs vowing vengeance on Aphrodite. Hippolytus dies in the arms of his father, whom he forgives with his latest breath.

THE ACTORS AND THE SCENERY.

The whole of the action is done in one place, in front of the royal castle of Trosên, nor is there any scene-shifting during the play. The chorus, composed of women for the most part, good-looking and all very prettily habited, occupy the right and left of the stage. Two or three of their number carry musical instruments, of which, however, they make the slightest possible use.

Saving for the defect of not being able to catch all the words, the effect of the chorus was wonderfully impressive—so impressive, indeed, as to make one marvel that so simple and obvious a device should have been abandoned by modern playwrights. Nothing could have been more thrilling than the chorus which immediately leads up to the suicide of Phædra.

> She will hie her alone to her bridal room
> And a rope swing slow in the rafter's gloom;
> And a fair white neck shall creep to the noose.
> A-shudder with dread, yet firm to choose
> The one strait way for fame, and lose
> The Love and the pain for ever.

Of the play, as it was played, it is difficult to speak too highly. Of the goddesses I say nothing, excepting that Artemis in the sky was somewhat wooden. But the mortals and the chorus girls—excepting their leader—were admirable.

ANOTHER "WIFE WITHOUT A SMILE."

Theseus, it is true, was somewhat stolid, not to say stodgy. But Phædra and her nurse, Hippolytus and his thralls, were perfect. The melody of the music, the charm of the poetry, the tragic pathos of the whole dread drama impressed me more than any play which I have yet seen. The impression was all the deeper because the last play I had seen was that latest product of a decadent society, "The Wife Without a Smile." Here, also, we had a "wife without a smile," but between this tragic figure of the spellbound Queen and the silly creature in the house-boat—how vast an abyss!

Humanity, after a pilgrimage of twenty-five centuries along the infinite ascending spiral which leads from matter up to God, has not made much progress, judging by the milestones labelled Euripides and Mr. Pinero.

The theory of the universe in the Greek play may be as incredible to-day as are any of the more modern theories of the universe. That is matterless. The supreme thing is that whether on account of or in spite of their theory of the universe, the storm blast of a tremendous ethical imperative roars through every scene of the play. Their theory of morality was not ours. But what their moral sense condemned as wrong, from that they recoiled with a horror so intense that they sacrificed life itself rather than commit sin. Phædra, not less than Hippolytus, had a conscience. The people in the house-boat had none. "I own no kindred with the spawn of sin," cries Hippolytus, as he flings away the Nurse. He would have felt rather lonely in the smart set of London society. The dread of having shamed her husband and the babes she bore appealed to this heathen woman of ancient Hellas. But then in those days the "maiden blest, proudest and holiest, the Bow maid Artemis," had not been dethroned by the Judge of the Divorce Court.

PHÆDRA A PURE WOMAN.

Their morality was not as ours. Phædra, excepting for her sudden savage vengeance on Hippolytus, was not immoral according to our ideas; she was a woman of exceptional morality. Judged by the Sermon on the Mount, it may be contended that she was a sinner, for is it not written, "He that looketh upon a woman to lust after her has committed adultery with her already in his heart"? But that she was not. There is, as St. Paul says, a law of sin and death which warreth in our members against the law of our mind. Sin, whether adultery or any other sin, does not lie in the fierce demands made by our carnal nature, but in the surrender of the will to their appeal. It is not sinful to be tempted. Sin lies in yielding to temptation. Phædra never yielded. What stung her to take her life was not that she had surrendered to the passion which consumed her like a raging flame, but the fact that it had become known that she had felt it. The story

of her struggle against the fatal contagion of unhallowed passion is sublime. Thomas Hardy described his Tess as a pure woman. Much more might Phædra be so described. For even while racked to the uttermost in throes of an overwhelming passion, she never yielded. When "To conquer by her own heart's purity" was denied her, her "best, best thought" was to die:—

> 'Tis written, one way is there, one to win
> This life's race, could man keep it from his birth
> A true clean spirit. And through all this earth
> To every false man, that hour comes apace
> When Time holds up a mirror to his face
> And, girl-like, marvelling, there he stares to see
> How foul his heart! Be it not so with me!

And it was not so with her, although she felt herself undone when the secret of her temptation became known.

THE OLD ANTINOMY.

It seems a far cry from Hippolytus and Phædra to the Lord Chancellor and Mr. Haldane, but the play recalled very vividly the great passage of arms between these two eminent theologians, learned in the law, on the antinomy between freewill and predestination. Phædra was no more responsible for her carnal passion for Hippolytus than she would have been responsible for small-pox. She was spell-bound by Aphrodite. Now, if

> This immutably
> Hath Zeus ordained in heaven: no God may thwart
> A God's fixed will

and if

> Man's way, when God sends error, needs must fall astray;

wherein does the responsibility of Phædra come in? The answer is that this antinomy is not confined to the Westminster Confession of Faith. But, despite the wiles of the implacable Cyprian, Phædra strove against her lawless love and fell not. Artemis, speaking from the cloud, implies that she fell

> by her nurse's craftiness
> Betrayed.

But it is clear (1) that the nurse disobeyed imperative orders, and (2) that when Phædra overheard the disclosure of her secret she never showed any symptom of yielding.

> I know not save one thing, to die right soon.
> For such as me God keeps no other boon.

THE ETHICS OF THE GREEKS.

Wherein, then, is her fall? According to our ideas, she never fell, but preserved the chastity of her soul heroically to the last. For it cannot be too constantly asserted that the supreme test of chastity is not to be without temptation, but when the stormy passions beat tumultuous at the gate, to sit within resolutely refusing to unlock the door. That, however, was not their idea. Nor can Phædra's act of vengeance be fairly judged from a Christian standpoint. Even the heaven-born maid Artemis exults in the thought that she will pay the Cyprian off for slaying Hippolytus. And, after all, it is difficult altogether to repress some sympathy with Phædra's determination that—

> "He shall stoop to share
> The life I live in, and learn mercy there."

For Hippolytus was too much of a misogynist, and just a little self-righteous in his way. When he lies dying he cries:—

> "Thou Zeus dost see me? Yea, it is I;
> The proud and pure, the server of God
> The white and shining in sanctity!
> To a visible death, to an open sod,
> I walk my ways;
> And all the labour of saintly days
> Lost, lost without meaning!"

There is no end to comments of this kind. For this play is an even more challenging thing than "The Tempest." For it challenges the foundations of faith, of the eternal principles of Divine justice, and dares us to justify the ways of God to man. And while doing this it touches and purifies the heart. No one can see "Hippolytus" without feeling that he is lifted to a loftier region, is breathing a freer air, and when he descends from these mountain tops, perchance he may walk our grimy streets and breathe our London fogs with a deeper sense of the Divine reality that is immanent in all mortal things.

V.—"JOHN BULL'S OTHER ISLAND," BY BERNARD SHAW.

I thoroughly enjoyed Mr. Bernard Shaw's satirical comedy at the Court Theatre. It is a bitter-sweet thing, the taste of which remains in the mouth long after the fall of the curtain. Mr. G. Bernard Shaw is an Irishman, a wit, and a genius. In "John Bull's Other Island" he takes liberties on which Englishmen would not dare to venture. We all laughed consumedly at the piece when it was played; but afterwards, when thinking it over, it seemed as if it touched the secret fount of tears. For it is a sad, bitter-sweet thing, this satire, as all satires are apt to be. If it is sad to the spectator, it must have been doubly sad to the author, for it is pre-eminently a satire upon himself. There is no hope in it, no joy in it. And the man who represents Mr. Shaw most truly, is by Mr. Shaw himself labelled mad. And rightly; for 'tis a mad world, my masters, and few of its inhabitants are madder than Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, as he very well knows, and makes public confession in this most interesting and suggestive play.

THE PLOT, IF PLOT IT MAY BE CALLED.

The story of the play is of the slightest. An English civil engineer, of Liberal politics, Broadbent by name, and his partner, Larry Doyle, descend upon Larry's native village of Roscullen. They find the old inhabitants, who have been converted from being revolutionary Nationalists into Conservatives by the Land Purchase Act, prepared to give short shrift to their impecunious Member of Parliament. The seat is first offered to Larry Doyle, who refuses it on Shawesque Conservative Socialist grounds. It is then eagerly grabbed at by Broadbent, the English Liberal Home Ruler, who declares that he is going to spend money in transforming the ancient romantic Vale of Roscullen into a fashionable week-end resort, with golf links, light railway, and a new hotel. Broadbent also annexes the heroine, who had mourned for Larry Doyle for eighteen years and at last consoled herself with his partner. One of the best characters is a suspended priest, Mr. Keegan, who claims the privilege of being a madman in order to express Mr. Shaw's sentiments, with pathetic and poetic eloquence. The whole interest in the play lies in the satirical character sketches of the various types of the inhabitants of "John Bull's Other Island," and the exceedingly clever presentation of the conventional type of a Liberal Home Ruler as Mr. Bernard Shaw conceives him.

BROADBENT THE GREAT.

Broadbent, in whom Mr. Shaw embodies and caricatures the leading features of the commonplace party Liberal politician, of the vulgar, pushing, hustling business type, is a creation of genius, which was admirably rendered by Mr. Louis Calvert. It was, perhaps, a little broad and farcical for satire; had more in it of caricature than of satire. But it was exquisite fooling. Poor Mr. Shaw, after ruthlessly dissecting his countrymen, from the Glasgow-born drunkard, Tim Haffigan, to the parish priest, Father Dempsey, must have turned with a sigh of relief to create this superb incarnation of the John Bull Englishman who, like Lord Rosebery, dilates on efficiency, and rejoices in the knowledge that we muddle through somehow. Broadbent's character, although exaggerated, is quite typical enough to be recognisable. He is almost revoltingly true to life—with one exception. Such a common-place Philistine as Broadbent could not have been a pro-Boer. Nor could he take an interest in Macedonia or Thibet. He may, of course, have adopted the party watchwords without thinking about them, but with that exception he is wonderfully consistent. He is the very genius of vulgar commonplace.

A TRUE TYPE.

I remember, many years ago, when my old friend W. S. Caine was a familiar figure in the House, Mr. John Dillon saying to me that if I ever wanted to know why Irishmen could never get on with Englishmen, I had only to look at Mr. Caine. He was a good fellow, a genial ruffian, as Mr. Labouchere described him, but he was, both in his qualities and his defects, a compost of everything that was most antipathetic to the Irish nature. Imagine Mr. Caine vulgarised and caricatured, converted from being a really sincere, earnest, religious, idealist, into a Philistine framer of syndicates, full of cant and humbug, and you have the germ idea of Mr. Shaw's Broadbent, with his imperturable good nature, his complacent assurance, his electioneering geniality, and his superb confidence in himself and the principles of the Liberal Party. Broadbent is a supreme humbug, but the beauty of it is that he is an unconscious humbug. "There was a time," said the mad priest, "in my ignorant youth when I should have called you a hypocrite"—an observation which rightly excites in Broadbent a pained surprise. "If there is a vice I detest it is the vice of hypocrisy. I would almost rather be considered inconsistent than insincere." And that was quite true. The man is no hypocrite. He is of cant, political cant, all compact, but before he tries to humbug others, he has first of all completely humbugged himself. And therein, also, he is true to life. His unconsciousness of the fool that he is making of himself is magnificent. He is the Englishman all over, with all his grotesque limitations and serene self-complacency brought into sharp relief by contrast with the Irish surroundings.

THE CASE FOR HOME RULE.

When you see Broadbent you begin to understand why the English have never been able to govern Ireland. He is a Home Ruler, but his arguments for Home Rule are as dust in the balance compared with the palpable, gross, unanswerable argument in favour of excluding him and his from meddling with Ireland, supplied by his own character, his own idiosyncrasy, his own inherent nature. There is something almost tragic in the closing scene, when he, the Philistine man of syndicates, declares that the poor priest's pathetic appeal improved his mind, raised his tone enormously, and made him feel a better man, distinctly better, and then as the result of it all he goes and does the very thing that was most opposed to the priest's teaching. How often have we not seen audiences made to feel that their moral tone was raised by eloquent pleas for peace who have incontinently gone off and howled for war! The Hague Conference—with the wars in South Africa and the Far East as its sequels—is the classic illustration in our time of this glib acquiescence in the nobility and beauty of a moral appeal, followed immediately after by the action which most runs counter to the teaching so loudly applauded. There is far more hope of the conversion of a sinner who defiantly denies, than of the gospel-hardened churchgoer who,

like Broadbent, thinks "these things cannot be said too often, they keep up the moral tone of the community." Larry Doyle, who in practice is with Broadbent, has at least the grace to oppose and deride the teaching which his English partner applauds, even while he sets it at naught.

IRELAND BY AN IRISH ARTIST.

Leaving the delectable Broadbent, we have all the typical Irishmen of the stage and of real life. The Glasgow-born Nationalist of Bermondsey, who regards whisky as the curse of his country, and never loses an opportunity of getting drunk; the peasant, to whom the memory of his sufferings by eviction has become a monomania; the parish priest, who reigns as sovereign among his flock; the village miller; the half-witted country lad; aunt Judy with her knitting needles; the ex-land agent and Nora—they are all there, a very interesting collection of Irishmen and Irishwomen painted by an Irish artist with Irish tints. Among these people Broadbent is like a country yokel among fairy folk. He is of a different world. The poor ex-priest Keegan is far nearer to them than the English civil engineer. He differs from them, but he lives in their world. Mr. Shaw chaffed me when I began going to the play for expecting to find actresses palpitating with passion. His Nora certainly does not so palpitate. Her love is a moonshiny abstraction that keeps up a ghostlike existence for eighteen years and then, suddenly, is transferred, almost against her will, to a beefy Englishman, who tells her it is an "absolute necessity of my nature that I must have someone to hug occasionally." He takes her over as an electioneering asset, and within an hour of his betrothal is exploiting her for all she is worth in securing "votes and interest" for the coming election. Poor Nora! Mrs. Tom Broadbent may be a person of very considerable consequence indeed, but there is nothing ahead of her but misery and heartache.

HAS MR. SHAW A MESSAGE—

What does Mr. Shaw think of Ireland? He gibes bitterly at the conventional English idea of Irishmen, but does he help us much? If there is one definite conception of the Irish character which he leaves upon the mind it is that of a nation bereft of responsibility and the training which responsibility brings, a nation which lives in a dream-world of its own imagining. The real world is quite different, but they don't think of setting it right. Larry Doyle sounds that key in the first act. He repeats it in the last. He says:—

An Irishman's imagination never lets him alone, never convinces him, never satisfies him, but it makes him that he cannot face reality, nor deal with it, nor handle it, nor conquer it, he can only sneer at them that do, and be agreeable to strangers, like a good-for-nothing woman on the streets.

If Larry Doyle describes this fatal national characteristic, Keegan exhibits it. To him "every dream is a prophecy, every jest is an earnest in the womb of Time." Keegan when a priest discovers the mystery of the world at the deathbed of an elderly Hindoo. "And what is the mystery of this world?" asks Larry, to whom Keegan replies:—

"This world, sir, is very clearly a place of torment and penance, a place where the fool flourishes and the good and wise are hated and persecuted: a place where men and women torture one another in the name of love. . . . It is a place where the worst toil is a welcome refuge from the horror and tedium of pleasure, and where charity and good works are done only for hire to ransom the souls of the spoiler and the sybarite. Now, sir, there is only one place of horror and torment known to my religion, and that place is hell. Therefore it is plain to me that this earth of ours must be hell, and that we are all here to expiate crimes committed by us in a former existence."

The world, which to Keegan is a Hell of Expiation, is to Broadbent "rather a jolly place," quite good enough for him. But the final scene is that in which the two types are brought into the sharpest contrast. Keegan turns from the dead heart and the blinded soul of the island of the saints to dream of Heaven. Then the irrepressible Broadbent bursts out:—

"Once, when I was a small kid, I dreamt I was in Heaven. It was a sort of pale blue satin place, with all the pious old ladies in our congregation sitting as if they were at a service, and there was some awful person in the study at the other side of the hall. I didn't enjoy it, you know. What is it like in your dreams?"

Keegan: "In my dreams it is a country where the State is the Church and the Church the People—three in one and one in three. It is a Commonwealth in which Work is Play and Play is Life—three in one and one in three. It is a Temple in which the Priest is the Worshipper, and the Worshipper the Worshipped—three in one and one in three. It is a Godhead in which all Life is human, and all Humanity divine—three in one and one in three. It is, in short, the dream of a madman."

The madman's definition of the three Trinities sounds very well on the stage, but if Broadbent had come upon it in cold print he would have dismissed it as mere sentimental moonshine.

—OR A PUBLIC?

Broadbent's valet is an excellent character, and the way in which he rounds upon the Irish peasant, who wearies him with talk of his grievances, is famously rendered. I wonder how the play would be taken by a popular audience! Possibly some of it would be too subtle for the multitude, and the more obvious parts might provoke resentment. But it is quite conceivable that such a play—democratised a bit—might have a great run if it were taken up by the Unionists and howled down by the Gladstonians.

VI.—MAETERLINCK'S "AGLAVAINE AND SELYSETTE."

After Bernard Shaw, Maeterlinck! So tragedy follows comedy, and a piece instinct with tears follows the merry mockery of the Irish play. Maeterlinck's play is full of beauty and of pathos. With the exception of a little girl and a paralysed grandmother, there are only three personages in the play —one man and two women.

Meleander, married for four years to a charming child-wife, Selysette, meets and loves an elder, riper, and more beautiful woman, Aglavaine, who comes to stay as their guest in his castle. They are all beautiful and all good, and the story of the play is the struggle between the two women as to which shall sacrifice herself to make happy the man whom they both love. The first part of the play is touching, and admirably true to life. The last part grates. The wife, believing that her husband would be happier with her rival, commits suicide by intentionally falling from a lofty tower. She is picked up living, in order that she may die on the stage, lying with her latest breath in order to free her husband and her rival from the remorse of knowing that they had driven her to take her life. It is strained and unnatural, and the spectacle of the fair young wife summoning up her dying breath in order persistently to deny that her fall was other than accident, marred what was otherwise a profoundly moving scene. Desdemona does the same thing, although not so persistently, and Othello's exclamation, "She is a liar gone to burning hell," recurs to the mind when Selysette prefaces her falsehood by declaring it to be impossible for one at the very hour of death to tell a lie. Apart from this, the play was profoundly touching and beautiful exceedingly. The man does not count for much. The whole tragedy turns upon the struggle between the two women, not to injure each other, but to parry the inevitable tragedy of their fate, and secure the happiness of the man they love. It is a piteous spectacle, and, oh! so true to life.

Since writing the above I have read some criticisms of the play by experts in the craft. It interests me to discover that the play begins to interest them where it ceased to interest me. The problem of human conduct is discussed solely in the first part of the play. In the second, where they say the drama begins, there is merely the representation of the pain which precedes suicide and of the agony before death. It may be interesting to see sheep killed in a slaughter-house, and still more absorbing to see calves slowly bled to death, but it can hardly be said to be edifying or profitable or inspiring, much less can it be said to be amusing. The double leave-taking of Selysette from her paralysed grandmother, the forced laughter and transparent simulacrum of happiness which could never have deceived anyone, let alone her sister, no matter how young she might be: these things are only as the display of the pangs of a victim stretched on the rack. In the first part of the play there is a real problem of human conduct which is not solved, but evaded, by the decision to commit suicide. It is not usual, I suppose, to speak of life after death in this connection, but if we are to take the stage seriously, there is the problem of the fate of the self-murderer after she violently and prematurely forces herself into a world for which she is not prepared. If there be any truth in the testimony of those who have returned to communicate to the living the secret of the other world, suicides have a horribly bad time of it. In that respect the teachings of spiritism re-enforce and confirm the doctrines of all the religions. In Selysette there appears no glimmering perception of Hamlet's haunting questionings. But to us who know into what dim dread other world she is about to plunge herself, it is difficult to feel so agonised about her parting from an old grandame, compared with the doom she is bringing on her soul hereafter. As it was once phrased, those prematurely born into the other world are like new-born infants flung naked into snow. To face such misery was too great a price to pay for the brief mortal happiness of Meleander and Aglavaine or for the summary ending of the brief mortal misery of Selysette herself. Of course this may be said to be importing strange matter into dramatic criticism. But to that I reply I merely state the impressions the play produced upon me. And as I believe—nay, I may say I know—there is another life to which this mortal span of years is but the antechamber, I cannot discuss the solution of suicide without pointing out that it is no solution, but merely a leap out of the frying-pan into the fire.

Interviews on Topics of the Month.

XXVII.—A WORLD-WIDE REVIVAL: THE REV. THOMAS LAW.

THE REV. THOMAS LAW, the Secretary of the National Free Church Council, is one of the people whose influence is now felt throughout the entire nation. For the last half-dozen years Mr. Law has been going to and fro all over England and Wales, quietly, steadily, continuously building up the organisation of the National Free Church of England and Wales. He is the Schnadhorst of Nonconformity. Seated in his office in the Memorial Hall, he is the nerve centre of the National Free Church Council, the intelligence department of a vast federation of tens of thousands of churches, all now organised, for the first time in their history, into an effective unit. Never before has English Nonconformity had a postal address. Nor have the Free Churches of England and Wales ever been in touch with a central thinking, directing brain. Only those who know what part Nonconformists—even in their previous chaotic condition—have played in English history can appreciate the significance of the movement which has found its most efficient agent in the quiet, unobtrusive person of the Rev. Thomas Law.

I have seen a good deal of Mr. Law of late, and last month, being together at Pontypridd seeing the close of Gipsy Smith's Mission, I asked Mr. Law to explain to me his theory of the Revival and his hopes for its future.

"Its coming," said Mr. Law, "has long been foreseen. When Dr. Dale, of Birmingham, was dying, he uttered the memorable words, 'I feel sure that there will shortly be such a display of the Saviour's power in the Church, and through the Church upon the world outside, as has not been seen since Pentecost.' This Revival in Wales is the beginning. No one can say how far it will spread. For one thing, the Free Churches are better prepared to welcome it than they ever were before."

"Of course you can only speak for the Free Churches. But you would not limit the Revival to them?"

"God forbid!" said Mr. Law. "The outpouring of the Holy Spirit pays little heed to denominational distinctions, and no one would rejoice more than I if this spiritual quickening should be felt among the Anglicans, the Roman Catholics, the Unitarians, and the Agnostics. But I can only speak of the body with which I am officially connected; and I know that the Free Churches are ready for the Revival. All our work for the last few years has led up to it."

"What kind of work?" I asked. "You don't mean the agitation against the Education Act. However necessary that may have been, it could hardly be John Baptist to the Revival?"

"I do not refer to the Education controversy," Mr. Law replied. "But if you want to know what was the John Baptist to the Revival, so far as the Nonconformists of England and Wales are concerned, it was the Simultaneous Mission of 1901."

"Tell me about it," I said. "In 1901 I was so utterly disgusted by the failure of the Churches to take any effective action against the wicked and wanton war we were waging in South Africa, I confess I thought precious little of their missions, simultaneous or otherwise. When Cain is killing Abel I am comparatively indifferent to Cain's burnt offerings."

"Dr. Clifford, the President of your Stop-the-War Committee, took a broader view," retorted Mr. Law. "He conducted the Mission in Birmingham, together with Gipsy Smith."

"Well," said I, "let the war drop; tell me about the Simultaneous Mission?"

"The Simultaneous Mission was a series of religious services, held simultaneously for a fortnight all over England and Wales, under the auspices of the National Free Church Councils at the beginning of the century."

"With what object?"

"The Simultaneous Mission had several objects. First and foremost, it was to test and to demonstrate the unity of the National Free Church of England. It was our first field-day, the first time we put the reality of our organisation to practical proof, to convince our own people, first of all, that the Nonconformist Churches were actually at last federated together in a great National Free Church, capable of simultaneous action as an organised unit to attain a common end. Secondly, we wished not only to demonstrate that all of us—Congregationalists, Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians—were really one in Christ; we were equally anxious to prove that this unity was primarily spiritual, not political. Therefore, the first use that was made of the organisation was the holding of this Simultaneous Mission, which had no political ends, but was devoted solely to the achievement of a spiritual end."

"What was that end?"

"The quickening of the spiritual life of the Churches, and the bringing back of the mission spirit into the pulpits. And in both aspirations the Mission was signally blessed. It may be true—although even that I am not prepared to admit without great qualification—that the Mission did not produce any marked effect upon those who are without. But it accomplished its primary object, which was to quicken the Churches and recall them to a fresh and more vivid realisation of their Divine mission. I think it may

be safely said that one of the effects of the Mission was to revolutionise the preaching of many ministers. The Mission and the spirit it evoked led them to throw away their cultured essays and address themselves once more direct to the winning of the souls of men."

"Some people," I remarked, "say that soul-winning is at a discount among the Free Churches, which are drifting into Deism and Agnosticism."

"Those who say that," said Mr. Law, "do not know their facts. I do not hesitate to say that never in our lifetime has the Nonconformist pulpit been so fervently evangelical as it is to-day, with the exception of a few ministers who may be counted on the fingers of one hand. Our ministers preach Christ more earnestly than ever they did. This is largely due to the Simultaneous Mission, and that is why I say the Simultaneous Mission was John Baptist to the Revival."

"How did it start, and what ground did it cover?"

"It started in a committee-room of the London Federation of Free Churches. At the end of last century I ventured to suggest a Simultaneous Mission for London. Mr. Price Hughes, who usually supported me, declared the notion was preposterous and absolutely impracticable. Dr. Guinness Rogers agreed with Price Hughes. Whereupon, being roused by this opposition, I remarked that the first great work which the National Federation would undertake would be the organisation of a Simultaneous Mission throughout the whole of England and Wales."

"How, then, did it come about?"

"A year passed. The work of organisation prospered. I brought forward the subject, and proposed a resolution in favour of a National Simultaneous Mission. To my great delight and satisfaction, it was carried unanimously, Mr. Price Hughes being one of my most enthusiastic supporters. I was entrusted with the duty of preparing the plan. It was no easy task. We had to arrange with the newly-formed councils—there are nearly nine hundred now, there were only about six hundred then—for the holding of the simultaneous services in which all the Free Churches were to take part. Some thousands of ministers were to be appointed to take charge of missions. It was probably the biggest preachers' plan that has ever been done. But the result was amazing. Of more than four thousand ministers told off to different stations not one objected to the post selected for him, and afterwards we had hardly any complaints as to the choice made of the missioners."

"Did you hold services in all the churches?"

"No. We took the largest buildings we could have, such as the Free Trade Hall in Manchester, the Town Hall in Birmingham, as the centre of the Mission in the city. Then we selected the largest and most central of our own churches, and held united services at which all the local ministers assisted the missioner, irrespective of sect or creed. In a city like Liverpool, for instance, there would be about a dozen centres, and the same in Manchester, where we had both the Central and the Free Trade Halls."

"And how did the people attend?"

"Practically everywhere the Mission was crowded night after night. I can speak as an eye-witness; for I made it my duty to traverse the country during the Mission to see it at work. I started from Manchester, and went on to Liverpool. Then I went to Bradford, and from thence to Leeds From Leeds I went to Newcastle-on-Tyne; from Newcastle I travelled back to Brighton, and then went along the south coast to Portsmouth, and on to Plymouth, then back across the country to London. Everywhere the Mission was most successful. Meetings crowded, missioners fired with a new enthusiasm, and the Churches everywhere amazed by the evidence of their unity and brotherhood. 'It is really surprising,' said a good Methodist, 'to find how many good Christian men there are among the Baptists.'"

"If the Simultaneous Mission was so successful in 1901, do you not think the time has come for another now?"

"I believe," said Mr. Law, "that we have a resolution on our books, passed soon after the success of the Mission was achieved, in favour of holding another at an early date, but nothing has been done to give effect to it. Of those who were our leaders in 1901, Dr. Berry died on the very day the Mission was decided upon, and Price Hughes broke down on the very eve of opening the Mission in Manchester."

"Does not this Revival," I asked, "with a trumpet-blast summon all the Churches to unite their forces in order to prepare the way of the Lord and make His paths straight?"

"I have been thinking of that," said Mr. Law. "It would be a comparatively easy thing to arrange this. But you must remember that one of the marked lessons of the Welsh Revival is that we may make too much of organisation. I am strongly of opinion that if a great Revival can come on the lines of that in Wales it will be far better. But as far as organisation goes we have the machinery ready. Our 800 councils could be put in motion, and a simultaneous mission, which this time should be directed more to reach those who are without, could be set on foot throughout the length and breadth of the land."

"The land," said I. "That's not good enough. The next simultaneous mission must cover at least the whole English-speaking world. How much can you answer for?"

"The National Council can answer for England and Wales, for South Africa and for Australia. That is to say, we are in such close touch with the organised Christian Churches of these colonies that it would be easy to secure their co-operation."

"But what about the United States and Canada?"

"There it would be more difficult. Not impossible by any means. But there does not exist in these countries anything approaching to the uniform organisation which is centralised in the Memorial Hall.

There are Church Councils, but they are formed on differing principles. Some include Unitarians, who would probably not approve of a simultaneous mission avowedly intended to promote a Revival. Hence, uniformity and simultaneity of action would not be so easy as in this country, where every Council is organised on the same lines."

"So far as I can judge," I replied, "the Christian sentiment in America is so ripe for this Revival that these trivial differences of detail don't count for a row of pins."

"I agree," said Mr. Law. "But absolute simultaneity over such a vast area is impossible, and indeed undesirable. Simultaneous action on the part of all Christian Churches in the English-speaking world need not necessarily mean absolutely synchronising all the meetings. A Mission that began in October and closed by Christmas would be all the simultaneity that we need. And that," he said, "seems to me quite practicable."

"And," I said, "if practicable, then it is imperative."

A world-wide Simultaneous Mission for a world-wide Revival, I hope, now stands as the first order of the day on the Agenda of the National Free Church Council.

XXVIII.—HOW TO COMBAT THE DRINK DEVIL: REV. J. B. PATON, D.D.

It is abundantly clear to anyone who spends even a brief period of time in South Wales that the real authentic incarnation of Satan with whom the Revival has to contend is alcohol. Drink is the Devil in South Wales, and not in South Wales only. It is, therefore, of the first importance to decide what steps should be taken to protect and provide for the converts whom the Revival has rescued from the public-house and the drinking club. The Welsh papers resound with the plaintive cries of converts who find themselves debarred by their conversion from frequenting the only centre of social intercourse to be found in their villages. Pastors here and there raise a piteous cry for institutional churches. But what is evident is that before institutional churches come along, the steady social attraction exercised by the public-house will have reclaimed many of the converts made during the Revival.

Something must be done, and that at once. To ascertain what ought to be done and what can be done, I applied to the Rev. Dr. J. B. Paton, D.D., one of the most practical and enthusiastic of the philanthropical statesmen of our generation.

"Dr. Paton," I said, "here is the problem. A Welsh mining village with a couple of hundred converts snatched from the public-house. At present they find social intercourse and mental enjoyment in prayer-meetings. No man can live on prayer-meetings for ever. What can be done to supply for these young fellows a substitute, with counter-attractions, for the public-house they have so long been accustomed to frequent?"

"I am delighted to have an opportunity," said Dr. Paton, "of answering your question. It is one to which I have given much time and thought, and if any of the Welsh pastors wish to see the question discussed at some length, they will find what they want in my pamphlet." (J. Clarke and Co. 2d.) "What counter attractions to the public-house can be most immediately and effectively created? How the drinking habits of our people may be changed? It was not written with a view to the needs arising out of the Revival, but it deals with the question generally."

"That's all right; but won't you tell me in brief, for my readers, what you think ought to be done?"

"Certainly. In almost every village there is a school building which, as often as not, is not used for evening classes. In London, Nottingham, Glasgow, and Bradford the School Board lets, at a low figure to cover heating and lighting, cleaning, and cost of caretaker, some of its largest halls in its school buildings for use as drawing-rooms for the people."

"Who would undertake the finding of the rent?"

"In every village the best people in the churches and without, who recognise the responsibilities of the situation, should form a Social Institute Committee, which would undertake to hire the school building, fit it up, and generally maintain it for the use of the people."

"What fitting up is required?"

"Not much. A piano, a cupboard, the upper door of which can be converted into a counter, and urns for coffee, tea, cocoa, etc. The crockery can be kept in the cupboard. Then you want chess, draughts, and other games. If you can afford it, you should have a movable billiard table and bagatelle board. You should also have the brightest and best illustrated journals, the daily papers, and other stirring literature. Besides these things you want nothing but some bright carpet for the floor and a little bright drapery for the windows, with, of course, the necessary tables and chairs."

"Would you allow the men to smoke?"

"In the towns which I have named a separate room is provided for smokers. Class rooms are also provided for the use of trade and friendly societies, and others are used for educational classes of the highest

and most popular kind, singing and instrumental music, lantern lectures, physical drill, and first aid to the injured."

"But suppose that in some village no school building is available, because it is occupied, or because the authorities refuse to let it, what then?"

"Then see if, in connection with the churches or chapels, there cannot be found some hall or other building which such a Social Institute Committee could fit up as a Public Parlour for the village folk."

"But we must always be prepared for the worst. Suppose none of the churches or chapels have available buildings, what then?"

"Then they must look out for any empty premises they can find, and get them as cheaply as possible. Mr. Gilbert (the editor of *One and All*, the national organ of the Adult Sunday School movement) wrote me, last month, a letter in which he said:—

> You ask me what we are doing *re* institutes. We have had a very busy year all round, and we have opened 21 new schools, with 1,600 new members. At Denman Street, Leicester, we opened a new school and institute in a very poor part of the town. We searched among the derelict buildings, and discovered a place which has made a capital sort of club—an old factory of two floors. It is opened every night, and the average attendance is 40 youths, sixteen to twenty-one, quite the hooligan kind. Another adult school has recently rented a hayloft in Court D., Sanvey Gate, Leicester. The members took it in hand, and have made quite a nice little place of it. This is opened practically every night. Clarendon Park School opens on Saturday next a very smart building as an institute. They have collected several hundreds of pounds, bought the old iron building used as a telegraph office, and fitted it up nicely.

The one thing that is not to be tolerated is to do nothing. For if nothing is done the publican triumphs."

"That all means money; and where is the money to come from?"

"You have all the money to draw upon that formerly went to fatten the publican and the brewer. Your converts used to waste more money in beer in a week than would keep the Public Parlour going for a month."

"Have you any other suggestion?"

"Yes. I think the Social Institute Committee should, in any village where there is no public library and no temperance hotel, take steps to raise a small capital, say in founders' shares of 5s. each, to enable the Committee to open a public-house without the drink. This should be open all day, and should be a place of rest, recreation, and refreshment. Trades unions could allow their 'vacant' book to be kept there. It would be a local labour registry. Men could drop in and see the newspapers. In the evening they could be used as Public Parlours if none such were otherwise provided."

"Do you really think it would pay?"

"Our experience is that any Social Institute which has one hundred members can pay its way. Members usually pay 2d. per week (in Scotland) as fees. Then there is a certain revenue from the games, profits on refreshment, concerts, and fines."

"But this is all for the men. What about the women?"

"Social Institutes for working women are just as successful as those for working men. As a rule the mixed Institute has not answered, but mixed classes for choral music do very well, and if you have careful regulations, with a large and effective committee, mixed institutes may be carried on with great success. But we have found that among working men and women, the sexes prefer to keep to their own rooms. Their tastes and interests seem to be different, and keep them apart."

"Humph! How long will it be, I wonder, before our people are educated up to the moral level of the people who flock to the German gardens, where father, mother, and children take their pleasure together?"

"I am with you entirely in principle," said Dr. Paton. "In every institute, whether for men or women, on one evening of the week the parents and friends of the members should attend their concert or social evening; and in the men's institute the wives, children, and friends of the members are specially invited, so that thus the two sexes do meet in a most friendly and natural way during the week. But the supreme necessity is to get something done, and to get it done at once. Strike when the iron is hot. Utilise the newly kindled enthusiasm of the converts by setting them to works of social service. So will the good fruit of the Revival be harvested safely, and a great advance made in the social habits of our people."

Leading Articles in the Reviews.

"The Work of the Autocracy."

The Tsar as the Author of All Evil.

It was announced last month that the Revolutionary Organisation at St. Petersburg had sentenced the Tsar to death. The *National Review* of February publishes an article which will probably be regarded by the assassins as a literary justification of their action. For the author or authors—for it emanates from the same pen or pens as those which wrote the article on the Tsar in the *Quarterly Review*—appear

Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.

Reform in Russia!

How Pobedonestseff and Prince Mirski by opposing policies effect reforms!

to have decided that it was their duty, of course, without any reference to the decree, to explain, if not to justify, the desperation which prompted it. It is a somewhat grave responsibility. But there can be little doubt as to the meaning of the article entitled "The Autocracy at Work." The gist of it is given in one sentence on the last page, "Our people have a saying that 'the tomb alone can straighten a hunchback.'" The whole of the preceding pages in the article are devoted to an attempt to demonstrate that the Tsar is such a hunchback. Whatever we may think of the intense bitterness which inspires every sentence, it is impossible to withhold a tribute to the savage skill with which the writers apply themselves to the task of proving that, whether the Emperor makes concessions, or whether he refuses them, whether he effaces himself or whether he asserts himself, or whatever he does or whatever he abstains from doing, he is utterly, hopelessly, and abominably wrong. The article might have been written with the pen of Junius. The picture of Nicholas II. which is here presented to the gaze of the shuddering world recalls the lines in "The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan," when Mokanna removes the veil from his features—

> Here—judge if hell, with all its powers to damn,
> Can add one curse to the foul thing I am!

But, take him at his worst, Nicholas is still a human being, and not exactly a fiend from Hell. But a truce to these preliminary remarks. Now let us turn to the article.

A PORTRAIT ETCHED WITH VITRIOL.

Nicholas II., we are told, is a man who has no sense of public duty, no political instincts, no psychological tact. He is still the man he was ten years ago, a mild, nerve-shattered youth, incapable of clear, hard thinking, or of pitting his will against that of the masses. He walks through life with the smile of the somnambulist, moving serene over dizzy cliffs for a while. He is now trying, almost alone, to force the whole nation to bleed to death for himself and a parasitic brood of human vampires. His despotism is a monster with thousands of hands all-grasping, all-throttling. A grain of humour in the Tsar might have saved the Tsardom, but his character lacks that grain. His last Ukase reads like a cruel and stupid joke. His one idea is that the Autocrat of all the Russias is by God's grace the keeper of the lives, the property and the consciences of his own people, and the arbiter of peace or war in the whole world besides. He satisfies his conscience that his motives are good. It is for him to command and for the nation to obey. He is deaf and blind, and blandly persevering.

HIS RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE WAR.

The writers charge him with having brought about the war which he never prepared for, and which he was convinced would never come. He was warned by Alexeieff and Rosen, the Minister at Tokio, that war was inevitable, but he angrily refused to admit the possibility that the Japanese would attack, and, as he had determined never to attack Japan, he was quite confident that the war would never break out. Alexeieff

received from him a telegram assuring him that the rupture of diplomatic relations did not mean the beginning of war; "War will be avoided." That same night the Japanese attacked the Russian fleet at Port Arthur. When the war did break out he proved to the hilt his good faith and sincerity by weeping and sobbing like a child. In this, as in everything else, he seemed unable to see the truth either in the abstract or in the concrete. That fundamental defect which gave Japan her opportunity to begin the war when Russia was unprepared, led him to interfere again and again with disastrous consequences in the conduct of the campaign. He is a man whose intellect is warped, and whose will is enfeebled by causes still operative.

THE AUTHOR OF ALL EVIL.

Before the war broke out the Tsar had forbidden the Grand Dukes to have anything to do with Korean Concessions, and then withdrew the prohibition, and himself became a shareholder in the venture. A similar story, it may be remembered, was constantly repeated about our King in relation to the Rhodesian Chartered stock; there is probably as much truth in the one story as there is in the other. As in the Far East, so at home, the Emperor is held personally responsible for every act of his reign. It is he who robs Finland of her liberties, despoils Armenian schools and churches, suppresses the nationality of the Poles (!) and, I suppose, although this is not stated, causes the drought and failure of the harvest; for it is said he keeps the Russians more miserable than any foreign element in the population. He now stands forth as the author of the present war, the marplot of the military staff, and the main obstacle of peace. It is further asserted that a word from him would stop the war, but so far from uttering that word, he has been consulting General Ignatieff as to the form of government to be given to Manchuria, "which will very soon be ours, and which we may assume is ours already." He is charged with having sacrificed 100,000 of his soldiers' lives in order to gain an advantage for his dynasty. He has made the staff of his army the laughing-stock of the world, and himself the scourge of his people.

THE SOLE RULER.

For a long time he was believed to be misguided by first one Minister and then another, but the bomb which killed Plehve revealed him as the sole ruler. The writers compare him to a stone-deaf man sauntering cheerfully along the railway lines while an express is tearing up behind him, and the onlooker can warn neither the pedestrian nor the engine-driver. The word has gone forth that Nicholas is Tsar, the Grand Dukes his Viziers, and the Ministers but menials to both. And congruously with that dogma Russia's destiny will be henceforth worked out. The Autocracy, as he understands it, is at its last gasp; whatever else may survive the coming storm, that monstrosity must surely go. Almost the only good thing with which they credit him is his intervention to compel the War Minister to supply Kuropatkin with all the guns and war material which he demanded.

ALWAYS WRONG.

But if he is denounced for refusing concessions, he is held up to ridicule and condemned for making them. Because when Plehve was assassinated he did not stand upon his dignity, and become more unbending than ever, but instead appointed a Liberal Minister of the Interior, and issued a Ukase promising reforms, he is told that he committed the unpardonable sin in an absolute monarch. The Tsar was cowed by the assassin; he hastily disavowed the life-work of his councillors and of his own, and promised to do better and differently in future. People thirsting for change noted for future use the spring that moves the Sovereign. But even then he bungled his concession, and made matters worse than they were before.

THE GRAND DUKES.

The Grand Ducal drones impregnate the Emperor's mind with mischievous notions. The Grand Dukes are described as a "numerous caste of mere blood-sucking parasites"; some of their lives are made up of unpunished crimes—mean thefts, colossal frauds, and outlandish vices. One has but to rake any money scandal well enough in order to come upon a Grand Duke at the bottom of it. They wallow in luxury with money gained by starving the grey-coated heroes in the field. They seem endowed with a special faculty for calling forth what is least estimable in the Emperor's character, they surround him with a moral atmosphere charged with mephitic and stupefying vapours, while he shields and befriends these unclean monsters, these Grand Ducal harpies; yet they admit that he certainly forsook the Grand Ducal coterie more than once when they were playing for a war with England; "for the Tsar's aim is never war, hence it is not malice when we accsue him of only incompetency." From his mischievous theory of autocracy, as from a poisoned source, spring all our ills. The Russian people, denied justice, cannot endure any longer and live: they have but the choice of perishing in silence, or of striking back in virtue of the law of self-defence, and the latter alternative commends itself to many.

It is a long article, but that is the gist of it. No one can read these brief extracts without feeling himself driven to the one and only conclusion which is expressed in the ominous sentence about the tomb and the hunchback, quoted above.

But there is one thing upon which the writers give us no information. When the tomb closes over the hunchback, what will happen then? On that subject they leave us completely in the dark.

An American Suggestion towards Reform.

In the *North American Review* Mr. Hannis Taylor expresses the opinion that the present communal organisation of the Russian village should be made the nucleus of any scheme of constitutional reform :—

While it would be impossible for the Tsar to create by edict an artificial scheme of liberty for Russia, it may be quite possible for him, in that way, to quicken into a new and larger life and to lift into a higher sphere the representative system whose "roots run deep into the tenacious, nourishing soil of immemorial habit." A great beginning could be made if the Imperial hand would only cut away the vines with which the bureaucracy has for so long a time been strangling the rich undergrowth of representation embedded in local institutions. Russian people have been having the best of all constitutional training in their village parliaments, the identical training out of which has grown the representative assemblies of England and the United States. There is no reason why a parliamentary system should not be rapidly developed in Russia, because the entire substructure of the State is composed of nurseries in which the principle of election and representation by small democracies is in full bloom.

Revolution Impossible in Russia.

Mr. A. S. Rappoport, the London correspondent of the *Novosti*, contributes to the *Fortnightly Review* a paper in which he denies most emphatically that Russia is on the eve of a revolution. The only possible chance for liberty in Russia is for it to be introduced at the sword's point by Western Europe. Mr. Rappoport is very emphatic :—

A Russian merchant, asked by a foreigner whether the Russians have already had a revolution, replied, "No, we have not yet had any Ukase from the Tsar to this effect." A constitution may be granted by the Autocrat, but the Moujik will have to accept it "by order of the Tsar." By himself he will never do anything to obtain it. Heine says somewhere : "The Englishman loves liberty like his lawful wife, the Frenchman like his mistress, the German like his grandmother." The Russian Moujik, he ought to have added, is too weak to love at all. A constitution in the dominions of the Tsar will never be obtained by the Russian nation by means of a revolution, let it be stated once for all. The reason is very obvious, because the *nation* will never revolt against the Tsar. Let the revolutionary agitators in Russia and elsewhere understand it, once for all, that it only depends upon Europe to force the ruler of the European China to grant individual liberty, freedom of speech, and social reforms to his subjects.

Mr. Rappoport can hardly be serious in thus suggesting that Europe should make war upon Russia, to force upon Russians a system of government which he declares is absolutely hateful to nine out of every ten men in the country :—

"The Russians," says no less an authority than Danilevsky, "find no attraction in power, and although some people consider it as a fault, we, for our part, see nothing bad in it."

"For this reason, too, Russia is the only country which has never had (and never will have) any political revolutions."

Non-resistance and Buddhistic self-annihilation were chief traits of the national character long before the Sage of Kyassnaya Polyana preached it from his armchair. But historical facts find their cause in the temperament of nations. The deeply-rooted slavish disposition of a people that bows to authority but looks askance at a ray of liberty, makes a revolution an impossibility. People who, by nature, are inclined to look up to an authority dwelling high above them on some Himalayan height, who are crushed in the dust by a continuous sense of sin and their own nothingness, feel quite at home in a state of tutelage They breathe more freely, paradoxical as it may sound, in an atmosphere of oppression. The horror of servitude, the eager desire for self-government which is the result of a highly developed sense of self-reliance, have now been deeply rooted in the national character of the English. In Russia it was quite the reverse. Had the inhabitants of Russia been distinguished by such traits of character, the princes would not have enslaved them, and autocracy would have long ago crumbled to dust. Unlike the Englishman, the Russian is unhappy if he is left to himself, but as long as he can account for some external superior power that tortures him, he is satisfied.

Mr. John Hare on a National Theatre.

Mr. Herbert Vivian, who sets out to record Mr. John Hare's views of the drama to-day for the February *Pall Mall Magazine*, confesses that he himself is bored by stage performances, but he admires the players for their great versatility. He acknowledges, however, the indisputable attraction and influence of the stage, and says : "For one man who haunts a picture-gallery, for ten who follow politics strenuously, for a hundred who are affected by books, there are a thousand who frequent theatres."

Mr. Hare desires ardently the establishment of a national theatre. He said to Mr. Vivian : –

A national theatre is a very important need. That it will soon come is much for us to hope. Half a million would endow it. But you will never get it from the State. The only chance would be to interest a man like Carnegie. It would be a drop in the ocean to him, but, unfortunately, he takes no interest in the stage.

Sir Henry Irving and I are too old, too set if you will, to change our habits. Nor would you attract men who are making a large income at their own theatres. But there are plenty of younger men coming on. Membership would be regarded as an honour, like the title of R.A. It would offer a goal to the young, a welcome to actors and actresses in the prime of their career.

National theatres keep alive tradition. Every other civilised country has a national theatre which keeps old plays alive.

The drama is a high art, an education, an elevating force. A great nation is only performing an elementary duty in standing patron to the arts.

Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, in the first number of the *Grand Magazine*, dissects the box office, which he maintains is the nervous centre of the modern theatre. His dissection is delicately done in the shape of a short story, telling how, in the year 1910, the present system of deadheads, high prices and ruinous tips reached such a suicidal development that people had to be bribed to come to the play. Out of this Serbonian bog the play is rescued by the founding of a Cash for Admission Theatre, prices half-a-crown to all parts of the theatre, and on Wednesdays and Saturdays one shilling. The article is full of Bernard Shaw's satirical humour, and will be keenly relished by all who are interested in the future of the Theatre and the evolution of the wit and wisdom of Mr Bernard Shaw.

"THE CENTRAL FIGURE OF THE WAR."

THE *Quarterly Review*, in a very thoughtful and suggestive survey of the War in the Far East, points out how, before the battle of Liao-Yang, the Japanese had taken everything into consideration excepting the one decisive factor, which was the rapidity with which the Siberian railway had been made an efficient channel of supply for the Russian army. The writer says :—

Prince Khilkoff, Russian Minister of Ways and Communications, is, in a measure, the central figure of the war. It has been almost solely due to his American training and abundant personal energy that Russia has been hitherto spared one of those overwhelming disasters that occur but once or twice in a century of war.

When the campaign opened, the condition of the railway was deplorable from a strategic standpoint. It was broken at Lake Baikal into two sections. Eastward of the lake, rolling stock

Our Day.]

A Hopeless Request.

UNCLE SAM: "O, come now, shake hands."

was deficient, while shops and repairing machinery were inadequate, and sidings wanting for the heavy traffic of the line. It was also certain that with the thaw Lake Baikal would be closed to traffic for three weeks. Prince Khilkoff journeyed to Irkutsk, and at once displayed his remarkable powers as *deus ex machinâ*. He hurried forward the completion of the line round the southern end of the lake, and directly the surface was hard set, laid down rails across the ice, and transported to the east bank large numbers of locomotives, trucks, and wagons. A sledge service was improvised from local resources ; and throughout the spring a continuous flow of troops, stores, and supplies was maintained. Not content with this, he collected thousands of men and women along the whole length of the railway, and set to work to improve the facilities for troop transport by doubling the line in certain sections, by the construction of sidings, the improvement of stations, and the collection of supplies of fuel and water.

This great national effort proved the salvation of the Russian army of Manchuria. In six months Prince Khilkoff had practically doubled the output of the line ; while upon the sections west of Irkutsk it was found possible to raise the number of trains to a maximum of eighteen.

The writer points the moral for us :—

In ten months no less than 250,000 men have been transported from Western Russia to Manchuria over a single line of railway, and across a distance of from 5,000 to 6,000 miles. This railway has, moreover, proved capable hitherto of maintaining the military efficiency of a total Russian force of 400,000 men east of Lake Baikal, as well as of providing for the wants of the civil population throughout the districts traversed by the line, and of carrying construction materials for the extension and improvement of the line itself.

What this may mean for us on the Indian frontier is inferred from the fact that Russia has recently completed two lines of railway leading to an eventual line of concentration—Merv-Bokhara-Khokand.

CURIOUS IF TRUE.

A STORY OF KUROPATKIN.

MR. LOW, writing in the *Forum*, is responsible for a curious story which he fathers upon General Kuropatkin. I confess that I find it very difficult to believe. Kuropatkin may have told the yarn, but that Alexander III., the most peace-loving man in the whole world, could have rushed off into war in this headlong fashion is quite incredible. War was stopped not by Kuropatkin's refusal to take the command, but by the discovery—the tardy discovery made by our own Government—(1) that we were in the wrong (that I have on the personal authority of the late Sir Robert Morier when he was Ambassador at St. Petersburg), and (2) that the Ameer of Afghanistan would have condoned a dozen Penjdehs rather than allow us to cross his country to defend Herat. So much for the credibility of Kuropatkin's story. Mr. Low tells us this legend as follows :—

The following historical incident, the absolute accuracy of which I can vouch for and which has never before been published, is interesting at this time.

In 1885 the Penjdeh incident—the attempt of Russia to encroach upon the frontier of Afghanistan, which brought the Afghans and the Russians into armed collision—came perilously close to involving Great Britain and Russia in war. So imminent, apparently, were hostilities that Parliament granted an emergency credit, the reserves were called out, and the fleet was mobilised. After some weeks of intense anxiety a diplomatic settlement was effected.

Some years later General Kuropatkin said to a high-placed British official :—

"You English accuse me of being Anglophobe and advocating war with England. Do you know that I alone prevented war over the Penjdeh incident? Well, it is a fact. The Tsar sent for me and informed me that, in a few days, war would be declared, and that I was to take command of the force which was to invade Afghanistan. I expressed my sense of the honour, but urged him not to undertake the enterprise. He manifested surprise and asked my reasons. I told him that the force available in Central Asia for a forward movement amounted only to 45,000 men, and that we should have to deal with from seven to ten millions of Afghans, a warlike people trained to fighting, and that back of them were 300,000 British and native troops. At first my statement was not believed, but when I brought forward the facts to prove its accuracy the impossibility of the undertaking was realised and the thought of war was abandoned."

The statement is also interesting for another reason. In 1885 Kuropatkin apparently was the only man in Russia who knew the resources of his own country and those of his enemy. Precisely the same conditions appear to have existed twenty years later. The Russian war party looked upon the invasion of Afghanistan as a military promenade, much as the French did in 1870, who thronged the boulevards shouting "*À Berlin !*" and really imagined that nothing would impede their progress.

TWO hundred years have rolled away since John Locke died on October 28th, 1704, and was buried in High Laver churchyard, Essex. In the January *Essex Review* Mr. Stewart Gowe publishes an interesting essay on Locke, who spent his latter days with Sir Francis and Lady Masham at Otes, their manor-house at High Laver.

RUSSIA AND THE ARMENIAN CHURCH.

THE problem of Finland is not the only new national question added to Russia's troubles during the present reign. In the January *North American Review* the Rev. S. G. Wilson records in detail the manner in which the Tsar's Government has dealt with the ancient Armenian Church.

CHURCH PROPERTY SEIZED.

The immediate cause of the present trouble is an ukase issued on June 12th, 1903, depriving the Armenian Church of the right of administering its own property. The property, which is valued at £15,000,000, is not nominally confiscated. The ukase recognises the Church's right of ownership. But it declared that the administration was contrary to the interests of the Government and of the Armenians themselves. The Government would, therefore, in future administer it.

The Armenians regarded this stroke as aimed against the independence of their Church. Unluckily, it is not the only restrictive measure. In 1884 Russian was enforced as the medium of instruction in Armenian schools. In 1893 Prince Galitzin closed 320 schools, leaving only thirty open.

ARMENIA'S DISCONTENT.

The Tsar's Government has proved impermeable to Armenian discontent :—

True, the official bulletin has declared that the Government intends to take better care of the churches and priests, and to secure them a more certain and larger income, that the rights of the Church over its special possessions will be preserved, that after the churches and schools are cared for, the remainder will constitute a capital fund for the benefit of the Church to secure its regular and future development, and that the parishes will be aided and the properties secured from embezzlement. But the Armenians believe these to be idle words, diplomatic phrases. They feel quite capable of administering and preserving their own estates. They wish to control their own churches. Petitions begging for the Tsar's mercy and a revocation of the edict poured into St. Petersburg from Catholicos and Patriarch, from Bishops in Russia and abroad, from communities far and near. During the interval granted by the Government for the Church authorities to signify their consent, the Catholicos retired to Sivan Monastery. On July 28th, he was returning by Alexandropol, and spent the night at the Bishop's house. In the morning the bells were tolled. All the Armenians closed their shops and assembled around his lodging. First a band of girls, next of young men, presented petitions to the Catholicos. He ejaculated, "Pray about it," "Be patient." They replied that the time for prayer was past, the time for action had come. Later, the Catholicos entered a carriage to go to the railway depôt. Suddenly a mob of 10,000 men, women and children, weeping, surrounded him, and demanded a definite promise from him to refuse consent to the Tsar's edict. The Mayor of the city came and seated himself in the carriage, as if to protect the Catholicos. The crowd threw the Mayor out into the street and bore the carriage, with the Catholicos, on their shoulders, to the station, mingling their cheers with curses. At the station, some broke the windows of the cars, others dishonoured the Bishops by pulling their beards.

THE BIRTH OF TERRORISM.

In some districts the transfer had to be made by force. The result is that—

The Armenians have taken up the weapon of assassination, or rather a class of terrorists, who are among them, have adopted this weapon. It is used in the first place against so-called traitors. In Etchmiadzin, an Armenian, who signed consent to the Government edict, was killed in the street. In Gorkh, Priest Khachadur, who opposed the protest and tore up the paper of the protestors, was found dead in his bed. In Tiflis, an attempt was made to kill Priest Alexan, who sided with the Russians. In Kars, a Greek priest, Vasiloff—who converted several Armenian villages to the Russian Church—tauntingly exclaimed : "May I live to present the sacrifice of the Mass, according to the Greek rite, in the Armenian Church of the Holy Mother of God." He was shot dead in the street.

Unfortunately this is not all :—

The Government is said to be preparing a new Polojenya or Constitution for the Armenian Church. It has not yet been published. Rumour says that the office of Catholicos will be abolished, that in lieu of one the Tsar will appoint a Metropolitan who shall reside in St. Petersburg, to which place the Synod of the Armenian Church shall be transferred, and the ancient seat of St. Gregory will remain a common monastery ; that the Meron or sacred oil will hereafter be made on the banks of the Neva, not at Etchmiadzin ; that the Armenian Church will be brought into a condition of complete subordination, that no ordination of deacon, priest, or bishop will be allowed except by authorisation of the Tsar, which will be withheld until the Church makes submission.

It is satisfactory to note that since this was written, Prince Galitzin, the fount and origin of all the trouble, has been removed from his post.

Stoessel as Disciplinarian.

MR. RICHARD BARRY, the only American correspondent with the besieging Japanese from the beginning of the investment, gives us in the *Monthly* this description of Stoessel, whose personal character is now so much in dispute :—

Stoessel is worthy of his command. Not a Russian, but a Swiss, he combines the prudence, foresight, and indomitable will of his ancestry with the century-famed defensive fighting ability of the land of his adoption. He is the most rigid disciplinarian in the Russian Army, and is heartily disliked by the soldiers on that account. The first order he issued in Port Arthur after the Japanese warships began to bombard was for every disorderly woman to leave the place. Leave they did, some to Liaoyang, some to Shanghai. No women remain now but the wives of officers, all of whom devote their time in the hospitals.

The second order Stoessel issued concerned drink. He made the penalty death for any officer or man found drunk, and imprisonment on bread and water for any who sold or bought liquor beyond the ration. The ration per day for each soldier is a tot of vodka, amounting to about two gills, and to each officer a pint of champagne or a gill of brandy or whisky. Three privates and one officer have been shot in Port Arthur within the past four months for violating this military order.

Poetic Tribute to Port Arthur.

IN *Good Words* Mary Farrah contributes two stanzas called forth by the fall of Port Arthur. This is the first :—

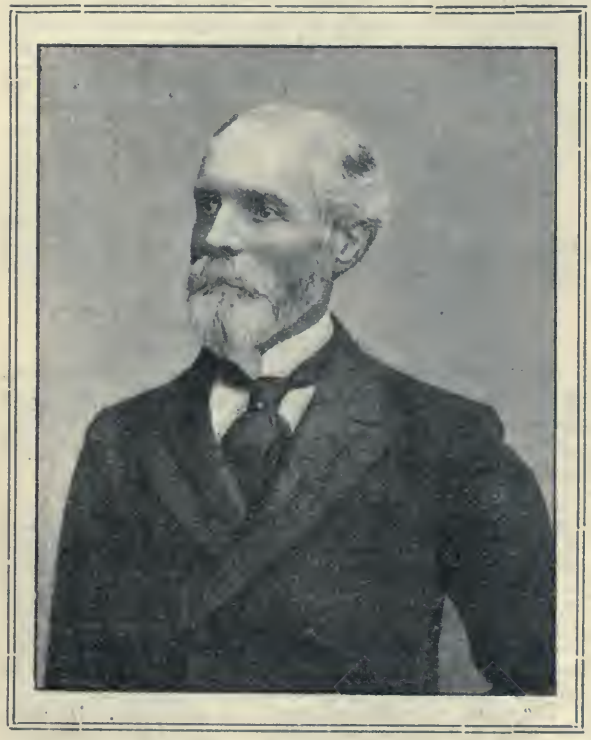
England salutes thee, Fortress of the East !
Thy long-drawn night of tragedy is o'er,
And thou hast paid war's ruthless Minotaur
Thy dreadful toll of heroes for his Feast.
Honour to those who, dauntless, undismayed,
Tore fierce-eyed Victory from thy embrace ;
And to the vanquished—honour not disgrace—
Who stainless in defeat their flag displayed !

THE NEW AMERICAN AMBASSADOR.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid, Journalist.

In the *Monthly Review* for February Mr. G. Monroe Royce contributes a sketch of the Hon. Whitelaw Reid as a great American editor. He omits to mention a paper which Mr. Reid wrote thirty years ago on "The Education of a Journalist," which nearly scared me from ever trying to become an editor. If I had read all the books Mr. Reid said one ought to master before writing editorials, I should still have been waiting to write my first leader. Mr. Whitelaw Reid, it is some relief to learn, did not wait to possess himself of all knowledge.

He began his journalist's career in Ohio soon after taking his



Mr. Whitelaw Reid.

degree of B.A. (with first honours), and had been the editor of a country weekly paper for two years when the American Civil War broke out in 1861. At the first call of President Lincoln for volunteers, the young editor resigned his post and went to the front as the correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette*—the chief Republican paper of Ohio. He was, I believe, the first war correspondent that ever reported, by telegraph from the field, a battle in actual progress.

His exploits as war correspondent led the authorities to give him a staff appointment with the rank of captain! At the end of the war he became assistant editor to Horace Greely on the *Tribune*, which, Mr. Royce strangely says, is the American journal that best corresponds to our *Times*. Probably Mr. Royce never sees the *Times*. Two journals more utterly opposed to each other in their leading ideas and inspiring *motif* could hardly be imagined.

When Mr. Greely stood for the Presidency Mr. Whitelaw Reid succeeded him as editor—a post which he has held for thirty-five years. So many stories have been current as to the ousting of Mr. Greely from the *Tribune* by Mr. Reid that I am glad to be able to quote the following emphatic refutation of these calumnies. Mr. Royce says:—

A story was started to the effect that after his defeat Greely wished to resume his editorship of the *Tribune;* but that the young man from the West (anything beyond the Alleghany Mountains was called West in those days), his former sub-editor, would not permit him to write at all for the paper, or even to enter the editorial rooms. And it was this treatment from the hands of the man whom Greely had made that broke the great editor's heart. I have only mentioned this newspaper legend in order to give it a positive, an authoritative, and I hope a final

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, [*Hyde Park Corner.*

Mr. Choate, the Retiring Ambassador.

contradiction. Mr. Greely was always free, to the hour of his death, to use the columns of the *Tribune*, but he was never in a condition, after his defeat, to write.

Mr. Reid was soon recognised not only as the ablest editor in New York, but as a journalist of the very highest ambitions, who reflected everything that was best in the national life and character. The Ambassador-Designate is never a hail-fellow-well-met, as the typical journalist is supposed to be; nor is Mr. Reid, in truth, a popular man.

Mr. Reid has been able to wholly resist the modern spirit of sensationalism which has captured nine-tenths of the daily papers, both in America and England; and there has never been the slightest disposition on the part of the *Tribune* to adopt any of the methods of yellow journalism. The best evidence that this editorial dignity has been generally appreciated, even by the yellow journalists themselves, is seen in the fact that the editor of one of the most prosperous of these papers—the *New York World*—gave a million dollars the other day to found a Chair of Journalism in Columbia University, and nominated the editor of the *Tribune* to the post of first lecturer.

MARK TWAIN ON COPYRIGHT.

MARK TWAIN has already written on most things, and, like Goldsmith, he has adorned them all. In the *North American Review* for January he appears as an authority on copyright.

Mr. Clemens denounces it as a swindle that an author's right to the produce of his works expires in forty-two years. The forty-two years limit, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, is of no benefit to the author, as his books are dead within, at most, a few years of publication. But in the hundredth case, when something great and lasting is produced, the author or his heirs lose all profit in it after the expiry of the term of years fixed by law.

ONLY THE PUBLISHERS PROTECTED.

That provision, says Mark Twain, is nominally made for the benefit of the public, who will reap the advantage of cheap editions after the expiry of copyright. In reality, it is only for the benefit of the publisher, who goes on publishing it, often at a high price, and takes all the profits—his own, the author's, and those which are supposed to accrue to the public. Gross injustice results :—

The profits on "Uncle] Tom's Cabin" continue to-day; nobody but the publishers gets them—Mrs. Stowe's share ceased seven years before she died; her daughters receive nothing from the book. Years ago they found themselves no longer able to live in their modest home, and had to move out and find humbler quarters. Washington Irving's poor old adopted daughters fared likewise.

A NEW COPYRIGHT SYSTEM.

Mr. Clemens proceeds to propound a remedy by means of which the author will draw profits permanently from his works, while the public will have the advantage of the cheap editions which the present law pretends to secure :—

The remedy that I would suggest is this: that, during the forty-second year of the copyright limit, the owner of the copyright shall be obliged to issue an edition of the book at these following rates, to wit: twenty-five cents for each 100,000 words, or less, of its contents, and keep said edition on sale always thereafter, year after year, indefinitely. And if in any year he shall fail to keep such edition on sale during a space of three months, the copyright shall then perish.

WHAT IT WOULD MEAN.

What this would mean in the case of his own books Mark Twain proceeds to show :—

"Huck Finn" contains 70,000 words: present price, 1.50 dols.; an edition of it would have to be kept permanently on sale at 25 cents. "Tom Sawyer," 70,000 words, price 1.50 dols.; the imagined cheap edition would be 25 cents. Several two-volume books of mine contain a trifle more than 100,000 words per volume; present price 1.75 dols. per volume; the cheap-edition price would be 75 cents per volume—or 75 cents for the complete book if compressed into one volume. My "works," taken together, number twenty-three volumes; cheapest present price of the set, 36.50 dols. To meet the requirements of the copyright-preserving law, I would compress the aggregate contents into ten volumes of something more than 200,000 words each, and sell the volumes at 75 cents each—or 7.50 dols. for the lot, if a millionaire wanted the whole treasure.

This, he argues, would be good even for publishers. Expensive editions would still be published, and these the compulsory cheap issues would effectually advertise.

RUBBER: ITS COST IN HUMAN LIFE.

THE enormous growth of the cycle and motor trade has familiarised everyone with the demand for rubber. Perhaps, however, few of those who use this indispensable article reflect upon the enormous cost in human life and happiness which its presence here involves. Many hearts have been harrowed by the story of the atrocities perpetrated by the Congo traders and their underlings on the hapless natives, who are driven, on pain of death or torture, to supply a given quantity of rubber per day. Even where man is merciful the malaria exacts its pitiless toll of human life. Mr. F. A. A. Talbot, writing on the making of rubber tyres in the *World's Work*, gives some interesting particulars as to the origin and production of this ill-fated commodity. He says :—

Indiarubber, or caoutchouc, is a dry, coagulated, milky juice, the sap of trees and shrubs indigenous to the most unhealthy and inaccessible regions in the equatorial countries of South America. Recently it has also been found in large quantities in certain areas of West Africa and the Uganda Protectorate. The mortality among the natives in this quest for rubber is enormous. The natives are equipped for their hunts by the brokers, and venture to the haunts of the caoutchouc-trees by boats and enforced marches through miles of thick forests. But the unhealthy climate carries off the rubber-hunters like flies, and the percentage of those who return from the expedition is very low.

FROM SAP TO SALE.

Mr. Talbot thus describes the raw material :—

The sap possesses the many properties of a vegetable emulsion, containing the caoutchouc in the form of myriads of minute globules, each of approximately $\frac{1}{12\frac{1}{250}}$th part of an inch in diameter. The process of tapping the trees for the sap is closely akin to the method of extracting syrup from the maple-trees in North America. The sap is collected in large vats. The juice is then submitted to a heat and smoke treatment. A fire of palm-nuts is made, and a pole is inserted into the vat containing the viscid fluid. When withdrawn from the vessel, the end of the pole is besmeared with the sticky substance. The rubber is then held in the smoke issuing from the palm-nut fire until the sap coagulates. The treatment in the peculiar smoke effects the proper curing of the rubber. When the operation is completed the pole with its charge is once more immersed in the vat of raw caoutchouc, and the smoke and heat process repeated, and so on several times, until there is a large knob or accumulation of rubber upon the end of the pole, constituted of hundreds of thin layers of rubber. The end of the pole is then cut out of the rubber and the spherical mass is duly examined by the broker and labelled according to its quality, either "Fine," "Medium," or "Coarse."

On arriving at the indiarubber factory in this country, the first thing is to remove the quantities of dirt and other foreign substances. The "fine" quality is alone used for tyres, and undergoes a process of vulcanisation. This destroys the natural extreme softness of the material, imparts body and fibre to it, hardens the article, and renders it less susceptible to melting, except at a high temperature. The process consists of impregnating the rubber with sulphur. Last year the Dunlop Company manufactured an average of 5,000 tyres a day. In 1903 Para rubber sold at 3s. 8¾d. per lb. Now it stands at over 5s.

THE biographical sketch in the February number of the *Woman at Home* is devoted to Earl and Lady Grey, and is written by Mrs. Sarah A. Tooley.

IN PRAISE OF THE KAISER.

By the late American Ambassador at Berlin.

Mr. Andrew D. White, in contributing to the *Century Magazine* his impressions of the German Emperor, confesses that he is moved to this course by the desire to promote amongst his fellow-citizens a kindlier appreciation of the Kaiser. Mr. White saw in the Kaiser's dismissal of Bismarck a sure confirmation of the favourable judgments which had been formed of him in his youth. Speaking of the many conversations which he enjoyed with the Kaiser, Mr. White says that the young man was neither backward in presenting his ideas, nor slow in developing them. The range of subjects in which he was interested seemed unlimited, "but there were some which he evidently preferred. Of these were all things relating to ships and shipping." For Captain Mahan's work he expressed great admiration. His patronage of the theatre claims mention on another page. In education the Kaiser "recognises the fact that the worst enemies of classical instruction in Germany have been they of its own household." He is a great enemy of gerund-grinding and pedantry. In spite of popular opposition, the Kaiser re-modelled the Thiergarten, or chief park of Berlin, and "the good burghers seem to regard his activity as Arabs regard a sandstorm—as predestined and irresistible."

A GENIAL GENIUS.

In his conversation there crop out "evidences of a curious breadth and universality in his reading, as also in his love of art." He finds much time for reading in his hunting excursions. He is exempt from fads. He is marked by the strong Hohenzollern common-sense. His manner in ordinary intercourse is simple, natural, kindly and direct, and on public occasions dignified. "I have known scores of our excellent fellow-citizens in little offices who were vastly more assuming." The Kaiser, according to Mr. White, successfully stands the crucial test of a ruler in his ability to select men. Mr. White quotes a leading member of one of the Parliamentary groups in opposition, who said:—

After all, it is impossible for us to resist him; he knows Germany so well, and his heart is so thoroughly in his proposals, that he is sure to gain his points sooner or later.

KNOWS HIS EMPIRE.

He knows all parts of his Empire, and he is careful to know the person and work of every leading man in it. Mr. White notes the difference between the German and the Russian Court:—

If at St. Petersburg I wished to make the acquaintance of a man noted in science, literature, or art, he must be found at professional gathering, across the Neva; he never appeared in the throng of military and civil officials at the Winter Palace; but at Berlin such men took an honoured place at the Court among those whom the ruler sought out and was glad to converse with.

One class was conspicuous by its absence at all such gatherings, large or small—namely, the *merely rich*. Rich men there were, but they were always men who had done something of marked value to their country or to mankind; for the mere "fatty tumours" of the financial world he evidently cared nothing.

HIS SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS SPIRIT.

In this connection one may quote another remark of the Kaiser to an American. He said:—

"You in America may do what you please, but I will not suffer capitalists in Germany to suck the life out of the working men, and then fling them like squeezed lemon-skins into the gutter."

Mr. White bears reverent witness to the deeply religious spirit of the Kaiser, but remarks that the music at the great anniversaries in the Palace Church breathes anything but the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount. They rather suggest the grim old battle hymns of the Thirty Years' War and the war in the Netherlands. Like his grandfather, his religion is of the Old Testament type.

PLAIN SPEECH ON THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

On the Venezuelan quarrel Mr. White has some wise words to utter. He says:—

As one who, at the Hague Conference, was able to do something for the recognition of the Monroe Doctrine by European powers, and who, as a member of the Venezuelan Commission, did what was possible to secure justice to Venezuela, I take this opportunity to express the opinion that the time has come for plain speaking in this matter. Even with those of us who believe in the Monroe Doctrine there begins to arise a question as to which are nearest the interests and the hearts of Americans—the sort of "dumb, driven cattle" who allow themselves to be governed by such men as now control Venezuela, or the people of Germany and other civilised parts of Europe, as well as those of the better South American republics like Chile, the Argentine Republic, Brazil, and others, whose interests, aspirations, ideals, and feelings are so much more closely akin to our own.

Mr. White finds no proof of the alleged enmity of the Kaiser to the United States, and concludes his eulogy by saying that His Imperial Majesty seems likely to add a new name to the list of those who have advanced the world.

"Paid for Telling dem Things."

Judge Prowse tells many good stories of old-time Newfoundland in the *Cornhill*. Several relate to the ignorant opposition of the simple fisher folk to the formation of a railway. He had the ringleader of a riot arrested and imprisoned. The Judge proceeds:—

I was visiting the city prison, as was my wont, and I inquired after his condition. "Judge," he says, "I am all for the railway now." "Well," said I, "Charlie, what has come over you?" He says, "I will tell you. Last night there was an English sailor chap, very drunk, put into my cell. When he come to in the mornin', he says to me, 'What brings you here, you old bloke?' I up and tell 'em that I was fighten agen a railway. 'What an old idiot you must be to go agen a railway. Why, it's the people's road, and is all for their good.' Then he up and tell me all about 'em, and now, Judge, I am all for the railway." "Well, Charlie," said I, "did I not tell you all this for days and days, sitting on the hillside and reasoning with you?" "Yes," he said, and hung his head sheepishly; then with a cunning leer, added: "It is all very well, Judge, but we knowed you was paid for tellin' dem things."

This is a joke that will be appreciated by all salaried exponents of law, human or divine.

THE NEW PARKS OF CHICAGO.

LIGHTNING ADVANCE IN THE LIGHTNING CITY.

IN the *Century* Mr. Henry G. Foreman describes Chicago's new park system. He is President of the Park Commissioners of Chicago and vicinity, and certainly seems, in the expressive language of his fellow-citizens, to be making parks "hum." In 1903 the people authorised the Chicago Parks Board to spend six and a half million dollars for new parks. In the crowded quarters they found no outlet for exercise or healthful enjoyment, and no public spirit. They were confronted with need for newer developments :—

The Commissioners had started out to provide simple parks; but the conditions showed that such places, to be serviceable in a city where seventy per cent. of the people live in contracted quarters, must be more than breathing spaces with grass, flowers, trees, and perhaps a pond and a fountain. They must afford gymnasia, libraries, baths, refectories, club-rooms, and halls for meetings and theatricals. They must be useful day and evening, summer and winter. The public must receive a continuous and ample return upon its investment—daily dividends in happiness, health and progress. Every field-house contains a gymnasium for women and girls, provided with apparatus, shower-bath, plunge-bath and lockers. In another part of the building is a like gymnasium for men and boys. There is also a refectory in each, where pure milk and plain, wholesome foods are sold at first cost. The South Park Commissioners provide this service, as there are no concessions in the South parks.

Club-rooms, where meetings of athletic clubs, sewing-guilds, and other organisations are held, and an assembly hall, are also found under the roof of each field-house. The capacity, varying with the neighbourhood served, is for from one thousand to three thousand persons. These halls are used for district meetings assembled for any good purposes, except political or sectarian. It is expected that these public meetings will replace the old neighbourhood stagnation with neighbourhood patriotism and unity of purpose and development.

But the field-house does not afford all the service in the new parks. Outside of it is a large swimming-pool, provided with dressing-rooms for men and women.

Branches of the Chicago Public Library are to be provided, thus bringing to the very doors of the people the means of advancement through knowledge.

As a consequence, in the McKinley Park more than 120,000 men, women and children used the swimming-pool during the season of 1904. No wonder, when we know what was provided for them :—

That these people might enjoy the healthful luxury of bathing, an out-of-door concrete tank was built, 350 feet long, 150 feet wide, and sloping to a depth of 9 feet. The water is tempered artificially, and the pool is surrounded with plantation effects. Dressing-rooms and bathing-suits are furnished free. Approach to the pool is through an Ionic colonnade of stone, roofed with a flower-garden. Within the colonnade is a shower-bath house, where patrons are cleansed before entering the public water.

Flowering shrubs, vines, and lawns enrich the pool inclosure, and stretches of sand invite the swimmers to enjoy sun-baths.

In addition to the swimming-pool, each park has a shallow wading-pool for children and a sand-pit where they may play. Each also has swings, giant strides, and other athletic apparatus.

When the system is complete Mr. Foreman predicts :—

Chicago will take its place at the head of American cities in park area and applied facilities. It will then be the Paris of America for artistic attractiveness.

ON LABOUR COLONIES.

THE Rev. J. C. Pringle discusses the wisdom of Farm Labour Colonies in the *Economic Review*. He does not think that the recent experiment of the Mansion House Committee brought the men who were helped, or the industrial society to which they belonged, an inch nearer the solution of the problem :—

To make the temporary labour colony a satisfactory measure, it would be necessary to know the exact date at which a general revival of trade would take place. This being impossible, the scheme is not entirely satisfactory. It suggests that there is an alternative to the necessity for each individual of meeting his responsibilities out of his own resources, though, in fact, its promoters provide none. It takes him away from the arena where, after all, he has to fight. It neither teaches him nor helps him to fight better, because the element of fight is carefully excluded from the scheme. Finally, it diverts the attention of the sympathetic public from a more serious study of the whole problem.

It may be better than distributing soup tickets, and much better than the policy of giving relief through casual wards, though it is not satisfactory. Mr. Pringle then reviews the German Labour Colonies and the Belgian Dépôt de Mendicité with its Maison de Refuge. Mr. Pringle then sums up the result :—

All the labour colonies, whether voluntary or compulsory, permanent or temporary, and all the poor law institutions in Europe, are intended to deal with those who come into them for a limited period. All assume that, after treatment, these people will return to ordinary life, and live in a higher grade of society than before. All, then, make this assumption, and all completely fail to achieve their object. Yet the demand for these experiments increases, and a committee, with the president of the Local Government Board behind it, decided, on December 2nd, 1904, to lay out at least £20,000 on a temporary labour colony.

The steady sinking of the casual labourer into the social abyss is forming in him habits which unfit him for the life of free contract, and Mr. Pringle agrees with the Salvation Army in urging :—

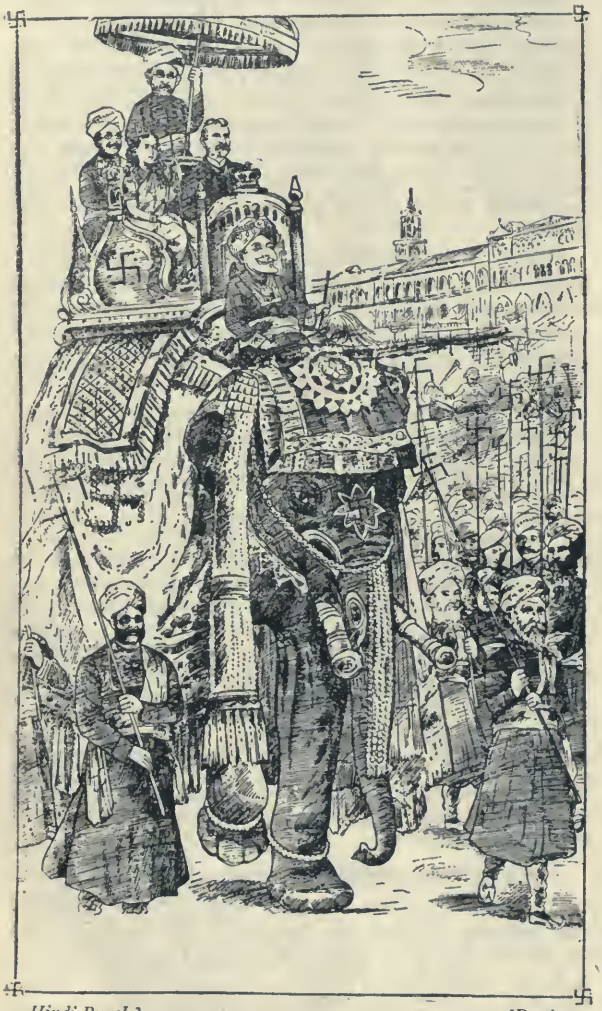
Given the habits they have formed, it is difficult to see how permanent detention, or some contract of a very binding nature, is to be avoided. At any rate, they must never come back to East London. Probably, their settlement on the land, with a firm paternal hand upon their shoulders, is the most feasible scheme.

WHAT THE CHESHIRE VILLAGER READS.

ACCORDING to Mr. W. V. Burgess, who writes in the January *Manchester Quarterly*, the books found on the bookshelf of practically every Cheshire villager include Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Holy War," Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," Watts's "The World to Come," Baxter's "The Saints' Everlasting Rest" and "Call to the Unconverted," Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Holy Dying," and other books on kindred topics. Here and there in a rural library one may come across old-time works of fiction such as "The Scottish Chiefs," "The Swiss Family Robinson," etc., but these have probably been gift-books or prize-books. In the writer's village, it has been contended that "Lady Audley's Secret," "Jane Eyre," and "Robinson Crusoe" were not fit works for a good Methodist to have in his possession. Only three out of the twenty possessed a Shakespeare.

THE INDIAN NATIONAL CONGRESS DISSECTED.

Broad Views for January contains a paper on the Indian National Congress by one long resident in India, in which the claims of the Congress are severely dealt with. The writer says that the national unity of India is as meaningless a phrase as the national unity of Europe. Race, religion, and caste—not national feeling—are the dominant motives of India. Without the external unifying force of British rule, the so-called Indian nation would fall to pieces like a house of cards The Mahammedans, as a body, hold aloof, for they see that the only result of conceding the Congress demands would be to substitute Hindus of Bengal and Bombay for Englishmen. Of the two they prefer the Englishmen. Sir Syad Ahmad Khan asked, in the name of Islam, "Do you think that the Kájput and the fiery Pathán would remain at peace under Bengális?"



Hindi Punch.] [Bombay.

To the Grand Congress Durbar.

A Durbar, consisting of a number of Rajas with Sirdar Innayatullakhan' the Amir's son, as the central figure, will be held in Calcutta in the middle of January. Hind holds a grand Durbar in Bombay in the Christmas week with Lady Congress as the most conspicuous figure, and Sir Henry Cotton by her side as her guide, philosopher and friend.

The same considerations explain why the martial Sikh and the sturdy slow-witted Jat, the native chiefs, the landed gentry, and the cultivating classes, are unmoved by the Congress propaganda. They have no desire to see the Bengali Babu and the Mahratta Brahmin ruling over India, heckling the Viceroy in his Legislative Council, and appealing from his decisions in administrative affairs to a Standing Committee of the House of Commons.

Mr. Digby's claim that the Congress represented "the voice of the entire educated Indian public," is confronted with the statement that the Mahammedans, the Sikhs, the great land-owners, the ruling chiefs, held aloof. In 1902, the Congress meeting at Ahmadabad, in the Bombay Presidency, consisted of 471 "delegates," of whom 418 "represented" the Bombay Presidency, no less than 287 belonging to Ahmadabad itself, and 80 to the town of Bombay. Considerably more than half the number were residents of the place where the meetings were held. For the rest the writer continues :—

India, outside the Bombay Presidency, was content to send only fifty-three delegates. Of these, nineteen came from Bengal, and thirteen from the adjoining Central Provinces and Berar, where Bombay influence is strong. Two inconspicuous persons represented the great province of Oudh, and three lawyers were all that the still greater province of Agra deputed. The Punjab was not represented at all. The particulars as to castes, religions, and occupations of the delegates are also of interest. Nine-tenths of them were Brahmins. Banias, Jains, a sprinkling of Parsees, and about a dozen obscure Mahammedans, completed the list. The predominance of pleaders observed in the case of the Ahmadabad delegates was maintained throughout. Journalists, students, school and college teachers, and petty traders were in strong force. Members of ancient houses, representatives of martial castes, of the land-owning classes, of the natural aristocracy of India, were entirely absent.

A GOOD WORD FOR KOREA.

In the *Century* Mr. W. F. Sands, formerly Adviser of the Emperor, puts in a good word for Korea and the Korean Emperor. Of the people he says :—

Take the average Korean out of these surroundings, and he is a very different man. Educate him and leave him his earnings, give him one generation of clean, strong government, and Korea will cease to be the "bone of contention," the "plague spot of the East"; she will no longer "stew (I quote from the Japanese and English Press of the Far East) in her very unsavoury juices," but will become instead the very garden-spot of the East. The country is rich in mineral and agricultural wealth, and nothing is needed for its progress and development but peace and education. All other conditions are favourable.

That the Korean people are capable of education has been proved by history, and it is being proved again to-day by mission schools, and wherever their students go in America or in Europe.

Of the monarch his testimony runs :

I have known him, I may say intimately, through six most trying years, and other Americans have stood in the same relation to him before me, and several distinguished men have died in his service; but all who were disinterested have formed the same opinion of him : a kindly, courteous gentleman, deeply, almost morbidly religious, and sentimentally devoted to the memory of his murdered wife and her son; a ruler anxious to do his duty by his people, but greatly hampered by the difficulties of all sorts which have beset him since his earliest childhood.

THE SCOTTISH SAINT: JOHN KNOX.

By Principal Lindsay.

Principal Lindsay takes the quatercentenary of the birthday of John Knox—which is to be celebrated some time this year—as the text for a most interesting little monograph on the great Scottish Reformer in the *London Quarterly Review*. It gives us a vivid picture of the great ecclesiastical statesman from the early days when, as a raw youth, he stood behind George Wishart with a two-handed sword ready to cut down anyone who attacked the reformer, until the time when, full of days and of honours, he was laid in his grave with the famous tribute paid by Regent Morton: "Here lies one who neither feared nor flattered any flesh." Dr. Lindsay thinks that Knox was really born in 1515, not in 1505. No one seems to know the day, or even the month of his birth. He married twice. His second wife was only sixteen, when he was either forty-nine or fifty-nine.

THE "MONSTROUS REGIMEN OF WOMEN."

Dr. Lindsay admits that Knox made a great mistake when his anger against Bloody Mary of England and the Queen Regent of Scotland led him to publish his famous "First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regimen of Women." He says that this book did more to mar Knox's future work than any other action of his. The pamphlet did not appear till Elizabeth had ascended the throne, and she accepted it as a direct insult which she never forgave. Dr. Lindsay's excuse is curious :—

But Knox was a Scotchman, and had to place particular facts under general principles, and that made the mischief. The English Queen never forgave the vehement pamphleteer, and the *Blast* was a continual obstacle to a complete understanding between the Scottish Reformer and his English allies. It was the worse for Knox and for Scotland, for the reign of women had begun. Charles V., Francis I., and Henry VIII. had passed away, and the destinies of Europe were to be in the hands of Elizabeth, Catherine de Medici, Mary Stuart, and Philip of Spain, the most womanish of the four.

It is some satisfaction to know that the first vehement anti-woman's righter had to smart for his impudence.

JOHN KNOX AS A GALLEY SLAVE.

When Knox was taken prisoner, on the capitulation of St. Andrews to the French fleet, he was, in flagrant violation of the Articles of Capitulation, sent to the galleys :—

For nineteen months he had to endure this living death, which for long-drawn-out torture can only be compared with what the Christians of the earliest centuries had to suffer when they were condemned to the mines. He had to sit chained with four or six others to the rowing benches, which were set at right angles to the side of the ship, without change of posture by day, and compelled to sleep, still chained, under the benches by night; exposed to the elements day and night alike; enduring the lash of the overseer who paced up and down the gangway which ran between the two lines of benches; wearing the coarse canvas shirt and serge jacket of the rower; feeding on the insufficient meals of coarse biscuit and porridge of oil and beans; chained along with the vilest malefactors.

SCOTTISH PENITENCE AND GRATITUDE.

Principal Lindsay publishes two curious extracts from the Scottish liturgy of Knox's time, which would serve as admirable models for prayers to be issued by the next Liberal Government, confessing our national faults and expressing our national gratitude. The penitent confession was to the effect that the Lord might worthily and justly have given the Scottish nation over to be slaves to the French "because for the maintenance of their friendship we have not feared to breake our solemn oathes made to others." The gratitude was expressed to England for ridding Scotland of the French. This sentiment is so seldom found in Scottish references to her Southern neighbours that I quote it in full :—

And seeing that when we by our owne power were altogether unable to have freed ourselves from the tyranny of strangers, and from the bondage and thraldom pretended against us, Thou of Thine especiall goodness didst move the hearts of our neighbours (of whom we had deserved no such favour) to take upon them the common burden with us, and for our deliverance not only to spend the lives of many, but also to hazarde the estate and tranquillity of their Realme and commonwealth: Grant unto us, O Lord, that with such reverence we may remember Thy benefits received, that after this in our defaute we never enter into hostilitie against the Realme and nation of England.

AN APPRECIATION OF KNOX'S CHARACTER.

In concluding his admirable essay upon the man whose voice was "able in one hour to put more life into us than five hundred trumpets continually blustering in our ears," Principal Lindsay says :—

More than any other man he was the maker of modern Scotland and the typical Scotsman. His perfervid genius, his fondness for abstract reasoning which often led him astray, his metaphysical theology, are all Scotch, and cannot be appreciated by outsiders. So is the mystic streak in his character.

He had not the full-blooded humanity of Luther, nor his overflowing sympathies for men, women, children, birds and beasts; he would have scorned the great German's lute-playing, gift of song, and readiness to tell the secrets of his soul to all and sundry. He was a man of the people, not a reserved French aristocrat like the Reformer of Geneva; his invective sounds coarse beside the calm, polished sarcasm of Calvin—the bludgeon to the rapier. But he was unique among the great Reformation leaders in these three things: he had a gift of genuine humour which none of them possessed; he had a genuine democratic instinct which trusted the people to the fullest extent; no man matched him in personal courage.

Was Knox an "Honest Journalist"?

In the *Scottish Historical Review* Mr. Andrew Lang deals with Knox as historian, and subjects his history of the Reformation to very vigorous criticism. His conclusion is that :—

As a party pamphleteer, in 1559, Knox exceeded the limits of honest journalism. His plan was to deny the existence of any scheme against "the Authority," though he aimed at nothing less; to deny the intrigues with England in which he was taking the foremost part; and to accuse the Regent of perfidy, by asserting the existence of terms which assuredly did not exist in the Treaty of July 24th.

In his "History," as far as I can discover, he deliberately concealed the truth on several essential points, and sometimes accused the Regent of perfidy when she was not guilty.

The *Young Woman* for February contains a paper on Mrs. G. F. Watts and her work near Guildford, Surrey.

THE SCOTTISH CHURCH CRISIS.

THERE are two papers dealing with this subject in the *Hibbert Journal*. Mr. Taylor Innes gives a lucid summary retrospect. He agrees that the question before the law is: "Are there any Free Churches?"—that is, Churches to which the law concedes self-government and legislative power, especially in the matter of creed. In the legal debate and development which he expects, he prophesies that the weight of Presbyterianism everywhere, and of Scotland in particular, will be on the side of freedom and the right to revise. What the Church claims as vital, the law will one day give as just.

"IAN MACLAREN'S" VIEW.

The Rev. John Watson, D.D., remarks, with dry Scottish humour, that—"Perhaps the most wonderful achievement of the Scots intellect has not been Hume's Philosophy or Adam Smith's 'Wealth of Nations,' but the distinctions which separate the branches of the Scots Church; and the second most remarkable achievement has been understanding them." In his review of the facts, he thinks it was "a great mistake in religious politics and an absolute blunder in law" for the United Free Church to have endeavoured to dispossess the minority of the few churches claimed by them, and not to offer them one Divinity Hall to train their students. Dr. Watson thus describes the paradoxical absurdity of the position, created by the anxiety of the Law Courts, that the property should be administered according to the will of the donor:—

On the one hand, they take the whole of the property from the Free Church because they consider them improper people to administer it, and they hand it over to the remnant who cannot administer it at all, and this is done in order to preserve the sanctity of the law of trusts. On the other hand, they take the property of the Free Church, three-fourths of which was accumulated after that Church had declared that it did not consider the Establishment principle to be of the essence of its faith, and hand over not only the one-fourth raised, as the judges would say, upon the prospectus of Dr. Chalmers, but the three-fourths raised upon quite a different prospectus, to the remnant because they are the proper people to administer such property. In other words, three-fourths of the property of the Free Church is taken away from the Church the donors love, and to which they gave it, and handed over for administration to a body of men with whom the donors for the most part disagreed, and for the furtherance of whose views the donors for the most part would never have given a penny. And this is done to establish the confidence of the public in the law of trusts.

Whatever happens, he concludes, the world may be sure Scotsmen will not sell the pass.

AN ANGLICAN VIEW.

The *Church Quarterly Review* devotes more than a score of pages to the ecclesiastical crisis in Scotland. The writer observes that there is much in the current talk of Free Churchmen, both north and south of the Border, which greatly needs such a check as the judgment of the House of Lords. "No religious body holding property can do what it likes, even when the interests of the State are in no way imperilled by its action. It will not be suffered even to interpret, far less to override, civil law." Yet he does not regard the appeal to Parliament, which the United Free Church now feel to be necessary and inevitable, as a satisfactory solution of such difficulties.

WANTED: A RELIGIOUS TRUSTS COMMISSION.

He makes this suggestion:—

What, therefore, seems to be required is something in the nature of a religious trusts commission, or the creation of a new department of the Charity Commission, the function of which should be to redistribute in terms of equity such property as the strict letter of the law has alienated from those who on other grounds are entitled at least to share in its use.

The writer goes on to acknowledge that the problem of spiritual independence has been forced into prominence, and that "an increasing number of the clergy of the Church of England is coming to regard the prospect of Disestablishment, if not with hopeful expectancy, at least with complacent acquiescence." Disestablishment does not, however, meet the difficulty. The judgment of the Lords has shown that "the liberties of Free as of all other Churchmen are committed to the keeping of the State, not by the acceptance of Establishment, but by residence in Britain."

SOMETHING BETTER THAN DISESTABLISHMENT.

The plea for complete freedom from the documents by which Church property is held is to the reviewer—

Nothing more nor less than a claim to tear up trust deeds, the morality of which differs little from that of the man who, in the interests of what he believed to be an equitable disposal of a dead man's property, burns the will.

The writer goes on to ask—

May not a higher spiritual independence than Scotland has ever yet known either within or without that body which is legally called the Church, be achieved through the modification rather than the destruction of the present relations between Church and State?

Has not the time come, he goes on to inquire, for dealing with the much-vexed Church question on concrete national lines? The obstacles to the reunion on equal terms of the United Free and the official Church of Scotland are scarcely more insuperable than those which divided the United Presbyterians from what was the Free Church. "May we hint that Scotsmen are, perhaps, too apt to become impaled upon their principles?" "Abstract principles possess about as much reality as geometrical figures."

"NEITHER ESTABLISHED NOR VOLUNTARY."

The main purpose of the article is expressed in the following question:—

Is it quite beyond the bounds of possibility that, after due deliberation conducted on a footing of perfect equality, the two great divisions of the Presbyterian body should jointly promote such legislation as, without any violent breach with the past, should leave Scotland in possession of a Church, neither established nor voluntary in the old sense of either word, recognised as the national organ of religion, but freed from all suspicion of State patronage or control? This is surely not the unattainable.

The further possibility of a union which would include also the Scottish Episcopal Church is cherished, though as yet beyond the visible pale of practical politics.

HOW TO LIVE LONG.

By Those Who Have Done It.

If everyone who wants to live long were to read the symposium on the subject in the February number of the *Grand Magazine*, the sale would reach a figure which would satisfy even its enterprising editor. The following condensed summary of the wisdom of the bald heads is instructing and suggestive :—

Ætat 95. Lord Gwydr. Non-smoking, out-door exercise, moderation.

Ætat 88. Lord Grimthorpe. Non-smoking, abstemiousness.

Ætat 82. Earl Nelson. Non-smoking, early rising, moderation, no physic.

Ætat 81. Sir W. Huggins. Non-smoking, little meat, milk diet.

Ætat 92. Sir W. L. Drinkwater. Non-smoking, outdoor exercise, seven hours' sleep.

Ætat 81. Professor Mayor. Non-smoking, strict vegetarianism, no exercise, lives on 2d. a day, gets up at four, eyesight perfect.

Ætat 86. Dr. George S. Keith. Occasionally smokes, and now and then drinks wine, little flesh or fish, and much milk.

Ætat 86. W. P. Frith. Two meals a day, three cigars, tablespoonful whisky, and regular exercise.

Ætat 82. H. G. Davis. Non-smoking, three square meals, regular exercise.

Ætat 86. Sir F. S. Haden. Seven hours in bed, little meat and little wine.

It is noteworthy that the only octogenarian who smokes says, "I often wish I had never learnt to smoke, as I am sure it does no one any good."

OLD PARR.

Everyone has heard of Thomas Parr, but few probably know that he lived 152 years and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Philip Sidney, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, gives a brief history of the centenarian.

Born near Winnington in Shropshire, in 1483, Parr led the life of an agricultural labourer in his native place till blindness and extreme old age kept him indoors. He was twice married. Early in 1635, his longevity having made him famous, Thomas, Earl of Arundel, brought him to London to be exhibited to Charles I. He was lodged in the Strand, but the change of air and diet told upon him, and in November of the same year he died. His remains were subjected to a *post-mortem* examination by Dr. William Harvey, and he was honoured with burial in the south transept of Westminster Abbey. The inscription on his grave is to the effect that he lived in the reign of ten princes, from Edward IV. to Charles I. He is described as a good-looking man, of medium size, with a deep chest and a thick beard. He attributed his excellent health to moderation in eating and drinking.

In the *Sunday at Home* the Rev. H. Smith recalls Dr. Gregory's observation that the chief hymn-writers of the eighteenth century were Dissenters, Methodists, or Evangelicals, but the great hymn-writers of the nineteenth century were Anglicans Mr. Smith sketches most of the latter.

THE NATION'S BOOKS.

Writing in the *Library* for January on the recent English purchases at the British Museum, Mr. Alfred W. Pollard draws attention to Dr. Garnett's happy idea of setting aside a show-case in the King's Library for the exhibition, for a few months, of books recently acquired or presented, and he discourses on some of the English editions of books published before 1640 made in the Museum collection during the past few years.

In conclusion, Mr. Pollard makes an important point with reference to the Museum as a literary workshop. He says :—

As regards its early English books, I believe that the British Museum is one of the busiest literary workshops in the world. Books of no other class seem so often in request as these, and students of English literature come from all parts of the world to look at them. It is gratifying that this is so, but when a workshop is in full swing there is inevitable wear and tear, and the constant use made of Caxtons and old plays and other rarities has its dangerous side.

Rich collectors often say that the wealth of the Museum Library is so great that any private gift would merely be lost in it, and perhaps this feeling, more than anything else, is responsible for the fact that since the Grenville Library no collection, save Mr. Ashbee's Cervantes books, has been bequeathed to it. Yet at the present moment no need of the Library seems to me so urgent as that of another Grenville collection, formed on more modern lines, which should be used, as that is, only under restrictions, and should thus form a reserve library for the use of students of future generations.

THE BEST SELLING BOOKS OF 1904 IN AMERICA.

The January New York *Bookman* gives as the eight best *selling* books of 1904 in America the following list :—

"The Crossing" by Winston Churchill.
"The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" by John Fox, jun.
"Rebecca" by Kate Douglas Wiggin.
"The Deliverance" by Ellen Glasgow.
"Sir Mortimer" by Mary Johnston.
"In the Bishop's Carriage" by Miss Miriam Michelson.
"The Silent Places" by Stewart Edward White.
"My Friend Prospero" by Henry Harland.

In a note the *Bookman* adds that in January and February "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" held the first place, while "Rebecca" was second; in March "The Little Shepherd" was still at the head of the list, but "The Deliverance" came up to supplant "Rebecca"; in April and May "The Deliverance" was first, "My Friend Prospero" second, "The Little Shepherd" third, and "Rebecca" fourth; "Sir Mortimer" took the lead in June; in July "The Silent Places" occupied the first place; in August "The Crossing" began to show its great sale, "The Silent Places" and "In the Bishop's Carriage" filling the second and third places; in September and October "The Crossing" continued to lead, but in November it dropped to the third place, and in December failed to show at all.

In the January issue of the *Craftsman* the opening article is an interesting description, by Mr. F. S. Lamb, of the Roswell P. Flower Memorial Library, presented to Watertown, New York State, by Mrs. Emma Flower Taylor. The building is beautifully decorated.

THE MARRIAGE LAWS OF UTOPIA.

By Mr. H. G. Wells.

In the *Fortnightly Review* Mr. Wells continues his fascinating description of the Utopia of his well-trained scientific imagination. This time he discourses of the railway trains that go at a rate of 200 miles an hour without any vibration of motion, of the London of the future, and, most important of all, of the marriage laws of Utopia.

(1) WHO SHALL BE PERMITTED TO MARRY.

In Utopia, says Mr. Wells, there will be no attempt made by the State to improve the human breed by selection of pairs. But—

The State is justified in saying, before you may add children to the community for the community to educate and in part to support, you must be above a certain minimum of personal efficiency, and this you must show by holding a position of solvency and independence in the world; you must be above a certain age, and a certain minimum of physical development, and free of any transmissible disease. You must not be a criminal unless you have expiated your offence. Failing these simple qualifications, if you and some person conspire and add to the population of the State, we will, for the sake of humanity, take over the innocent victim of your passions, but we shall insist that you are under a debt to the State of a peculiarly urgent sort, and one you will certainly pay, even if it is necessary to use restraint to get the payment out of you; it is a debt that has in the last resort your liberty as a security, and, moreover, if this thing happens a second time, or if it is disease or imbecility you have multiplied, we will take an absolutely effectual guarantee that neither you nor your partner offend again in this matter.

(2) STATE RECOGNITION OF MOTHERHOOD.

In order to remove the natural handicap which dooms woman to a position of inferiority to man, Mr. Wells suggests:—

Utopia will hold that sound childbearing and rearing is a service done, not to a particular man, but to the whole community, and all its legal arrangements for motherhood will be based on that conception. Suppose the State secures to every woman who is, under legitimate sanctions, becoming, or likely to become, a mother, that is to say, who is duly married, a certain wage from her husband to secure her against the need of toil and anxiety; suppose it pays her a certain gratuity upon the birth of a child, and continues to pay at regular intervals sums sufficient to keep her and her child in independent freedom, so long as the child keeps up to the minimum standard of health, and physical and mental development. Suppose it pays more upon the child when it rises markedly above certain minimum qualifications, physical or mental, and, in fact, does its best to make thoroughly efficient motherhood a profession worth following. And suppose in correlation with this it forbids the industrial employment of married women and of mothers who have children needing care, unless they are in a position to employ qualified efficient substitutes to take care of their offspring. What differences from terrestrial conditions will ensue?

This extent of intervention will at least abolish two or three salient hardships and evils of the civilised life. In Utopia a career of wholesome motherhood would be, under such conditions as I have suggested, the normal and remunerative calling for a woman, and a capable woman who has borne, bred, and begun the education of eight or nine well-built, intelligent, and successful sons and daughters would be an extremely prosperous woman, quite irrespective of the economic fortunes of the man she has married.

(3) THE MARRIAGE CONTRACT AND ITS DISSOLUTION.

No woman should be allowed to marry before twenty-one; no man before twenty-six years of age. Not more than one child should die in every hundred births. Infidelity on the part of the woman would lead to divorce enforced by the State as against a public offender. But on the part of the man, divorce would only follow on the plaint of the woman. Childless marriages would expire at the end of three, four, or five unfruitful years—re-marriage, however, being permitted. In cases of children born out of wedlock—

It would be only reasonable to make the parents chargeable with every duty, with maintenance, education, and so forth, that in the normal course of things would fall to the State. It would be necessary to impose a life assurance payment upon these parents, and to exact effectual guarantees against every possible evasion of the responsibility they had incurred.

(4) NO MARRIAGE SETTLEMENTS.

Mr. Wells maintains that although private morality is outside the sphere of the State—

The affections and endearments most certainly must not be regarded as negotiable commodities. The State, therefore, will absolutely ignore the distribution of these favours unless children, or at least the possibility of children, is involved. It follows that it will refuse to recognise any debts or transfers of property that are based on such considerations. It will be only consistent, therefore, to refuse recognition in the marriage contract to any financial obligation between husband and wife, or any settlements qualifying that contract, except when they are in the nature of accessory provision for the prospective children.

The whole speculation in Mr. Wells's Utopia is interesting and suggestive, and much more conservative than might have been anticipated by those familiar with the author's daring imaginative generalisations.

SCHILLER'S "BRIDE OF MESSINA."

There is an article on Schiller's drama, "The Bride of Messina" and its scene of action, in the January number of the *Deutsche Rundschau*. Robert Rohlrausch tells us that he read the drama in the ancient theatre at Taormina, and the surroundings helped him materially to a proper understanding of it. Yet Schiller had never been in Sicily. In a letter to Goethe in 1797, we find Schiller saying he was in search of material for a tragedy resembling "Œdipus Rex," and when he decided in favour of "The Bride of Messina" he rejoiced that he had got a subject which, though born of ancient tragedy, would not be a vague imitation of it, and it would be a work in which ancient and modern philosophy, ancient religion, and modern forms of belief, should be mingled together. At first there seemed to be no suitable scene of action for his new drama. At last, however, he bethought himself of Sicily, and at once a home for the *dramatis personæ* was found. Schiller says:—

I have combined the Christian religion and the Greek mythology, and have even added some Moorish superstition. But the scene of action is Messina, where these three religions, either in monuments or as living forces, still exist and appeal to the senses

SIR OLIVER LODGE ON HAECKEL.

It is an edifying spectacle to behold Sir Oliver Lodge in the *Hibbert Journal*, metaphorically speaking, take Professor Haeckel across his knee and soundly spank him. His criticism is all the more severe, in that it is so good-humouredly contemptuous. Haeckel's "Monism" is described as materialistic and premature. Haeckel's main propositions are two—(1), the inorganic origin of life, will and consciousness, which Sir Oliver describes as equivalent to a developed kind of spontaneous generation, a hypothesis unsupported by the facts of science; and (2), persistence as a test of real existence, on which Sir Oliver remarks that it is singular that even during Haeckel's lifetime the atom shows signs of breaking up into stuff which is not ordinary matter.

LEFT HIGH AND DRY.

Sir Oliver proceeds :—

Although he has been borne forward on the advancing wave of monistic philosophy, he has, in its specification, attempted such precison of materialistic detail, and subjected it to so narrow and limited a view of the totality of experience, that the progress of thought has left him, as well as his great English exemplar, Herbert Spencer, somewhat high and dry, belated and stranded by the tide of opinion which has now begun to flow in another direction. He is, as it were, a surviving voice from the middle of the nineteenth century; he represents, in clear and eloquent fashion, opinions which then were prevalent among many leaders of thought—opinions which they themselves in many cases, and their successors still more, lived to outgrow; so that by this time Professor Haeckel's voice is as the voice of one crying in the wilderness, not as the pioneer or vanguard of an advancing army, but as the despairing shout of a standard-bearer, still bold and unflinching, but abandoned by the retreating ranks of his comrades as they march to new orders in a fresh direction.

MIND AND BRAIN.

Passing to consider the relations of mind and matter, Sir Oliver remarks, "Mind may be incorporate or incarnate in matter, but it may also transcend it." Brain is truly the organ of mind and consciousness, as a certain instrument is the organ of music; but music has a reality apart from its instrument. If Haeckel or others maintain that no transcendence is possible for mind, and limit God to the operation of a known voluntary force, then "such philosophers must be content with an audience of uneducated persons," or expect to be opposed by other men of science. Sir Oliver advances another trenchant argument when he says :—

The essence of mind is design and purpose. There are some who deny that there is any design or purpose in the universe at all; but how can that be maintained when humanity itself possesses these attributes? Is it not more reasonable to say that, just as we are conscious of the power of guidance in ourselves, so guidance and intelligent control may be an element running through the Universe, and may be incorporated even in material things?

Sir Oliver proceeds to expound the meaning of the Fall. He says the truth embedded in that old Genesis legend is deep. It was the origin of man's awakening from merely animal life to consciousness of good and evil. It was the introduction of the sense of conscience. "A Fall it might seem, just as a vicious man sometimes seems degraded below the beasts, but in promise and potency a rise it really was."

"THIS IS MY CREED"!

Sir Oliver concludes by avowing his own conviction :—

The oneness between ourselves and Nature is not a thing to be deplored; it is a thing to rejoice at, when properly conceived. No one can be satisfied with conceptions below the highest which to him are possible; I will not believe that it is given to man to think out a clear and consistent system higher and nobler than the real truth. Our highest thoughts are likely to be nearest to reality: they must be stages in the direction of truth, else they could not have come to us and been recognised as highest. So also with our longings and aspirations towards ultimate perfection, those desires which we recognise as our noblest and best: surely they must have some correspondence with the facts of existence, else had they been unattainable by us. Reality is not to be surpassed, except locally and temporarily, by the ideals of knowledge and goodness invented by a fraction of itself; and if we could grasp the entire scheme of things, so far from wishing to "shatter it to bits and then remould it nearer to the heart's desire," we should hail it as better and more satisfying than any of our random imaginings. The universe is in no way limited to our conceptions: it has a reality apart from them; nevertheless they themselves constitute a part of it, and can only take a clear and consistent character in so far as they correspond with something true and real. Whatever we can clearly and consistently conceive, that is *ipso facto* in a sense already existent in the universe as a whole; and that, or something better, we shall find to be a dim foreshadowing of a higher reality.

That is my creed, and, optimistic though it be, it seems to me the only rational creed for a man of science who, undeterred by any accusation of dualism, realises strongly that our entire selves—our thoughts, conceptions, desires, as well as our perceptions and our acts—are all

"but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

THE CHASSIDIM.

In the January number of *Nord und Süd* Salomon Schechter gives an account of the Chassidim, or Pietists, a Jewish sect founded by Israel Baal Shem in the early part of the eighteenth century. In its beginnings the sect was a revolutionary one against the extreme casuistry of the Rabbis; it was, in fact, a new revelation of the desire of the human heart for the divine and its perpetual longing for closer union with God. It was the protest of an impulsive but ignorant people against the one-sided and formal conception of Judaism which they could not understand, and which prevented the free play of the feelings and almost robbed them of religion altogether.

To the Chassidim, Baal Shem is not a man who set up a theory or founded a system. He is himself the actual embodiment of a theory, and his whole life the revelation of a system. He was born about 1700, in Roumania, and a good deal of legend is mixed up with his early life and training. An angel announced his birth, and foretold to his parents that their son would enlighten Israel. When he was old enough to receive instruction in the Jewish doctrines he fled to the woods; he would have nothing to do with written wisdom, but would wait for God to instruct him. He sought religion in the emotional and the mystical, and he had many followers.

THE SECRET OF THE TRIUMPH OF THE CROSS.

A Lame Explanation.

It is often said that the greatest and most convincing miracle of Christianity is the existence of Christianity itself. Mr. Frederic Harrison, in the *Positivist Review* for February, attempts to explain this miracle, the marvel of which evidently puzzles him. Reviewing Dill's Roman History, Mr. Harrison says:—

THE RIVALS OF CHRISTIANITY.

One of the points most new to English readers perhaps will be the picture of the variety and energy of the spiritual reformers with whom the empire fermented from Britain to Mesopotamia. In this first century the Christians and the Jews were amongst the most obscure and the least cultivated. There were Stoics, Epicureans, Cynics, Puritans, followers of Isis and Serapis, of Mithra, and other forms of Asiatic mysticism. It is surprising to learn that in fervent devotion, in self-sacrifice, in universal charity, in spiritual exaltation, not a few of these reformers of the morality and religion of their age, surpassed the Christians of their own time. A very important and difficult problem has yet to be solved. Why did the Gospel ultimately succeed against rivals far superior in intellect, in social spirit, in good sense, and at least its equal in fervour and spiritual gift?

THE ST. FRANCIS OF CYNIC PHILOSOPHY.

The story of Peregrinas is one of the most wonderful of all. The Philosopher gives up to the public his great hereditary wealth, travels over the Eastern world in search of the higher life; becomes a Christian in Palestine, and rises to influence in the nascent Church, and is persecuted as such; later he betakes himself to various Egyptian and Asian mysticisms; preaches purity of life, self-sacrifice, and spiritual religion; he beards the Emperor in Rome like another John or Paul; he withdraws to Greece; there founds a Puritanical sect of enthusiasts, having a regular cult and ministers; he is worshipped as a saint, and followed from door to door by adoring women and children; finally, he makes a public immolation of himself; and, to show how the new life can overcome the flesh, he builds a funeral pyre, kindles it, and is burnt to ashes in a public ceremony. Such is the St. Francis of the Cynic Philosophy.

WHY THE SURVIVAL OF THE FEEBLEST?

How it came about that, out of a multitude of reformations and new religions, that of the Gospel—at first one of the feeblest and narrowest—came to the front, is one of the most subtle problems in history. I cannot pretend to undertake such a task, nor is this the place to attempt it. But I will just note two points which seem to have decided the issue. (1) The Gospel rested on the long history for centuries of the Jewish people, the Hebrew Scriptures, and the whole Mosaic ritual and organisation. Early Christian antiquities prove how deeply Jewish was the Church for, at least, three centuries and more. Now none of the ethical and spiritual reforms had behind it any such historic religion, ritual, and scripture. (2) The Gospel was the only new religion which had the type of woman almost co-equal with that of its Divine Head. No other religion claimed to have been founded and taught by God in person—and by God who had a human mother, a semi-divine Woman. It was the Madonna together with the Hebrew inheritance which gave the Gospel its ultimate triumph. Dr. Dill has shown us in two great works how slow was this triumph. Schemes of religion far more intellectual and more spiritual than that of the Sermon on the Mount did not venture to propound such hysterical assumptions as those by which the Gospel captured the women, the slaves, and the sentimental, and gradually organised a great social and administrative Church.

For my part I have too great a regard for Humanity—the only deity Mr. Harrison recognises—to admit that It was so fallible and foolish as to select Christianity for survival from all its competitors, because it propounded hysterical assumptions fit only for women, slaves, and sentimentalists.

BUT THE SURVIVAL OF THE BEST.

In Dr. J. H. Bridges' paper on "Modern Christianity" in the same Review there is a much more rational theory—and one much more creditable to Humanity—put forward as to the secret of the triumph of Christianity.

Speaking of the work of St. Paul, who "combined the inspiration of a prophet with the energy and organising genius of a Cæsar," Dr. Bridges says:—

In city after city of the Eastern Mediterranean, a fortress of the new faith was built; and when his life was prematurely cut short, the Catholic Church was founded. A society existed outside the sphere of political life, whose direct object, in view of the speedy coming of the Messiah, was the purification of the soul, the education of the heart, the restraint of baser passions, the systematic culture, impressed on young and old, on rich and poor, on bond and free, of the instincts of reverence and love. Stable enough to survive the fading hopes of the immediate advent of the Christ, this society permeated and leavened the mass of the Roman world, acted on, and was in turn moulded by, feudal customs, and stood out at last in the Papacy of Hildebrand and Innocent III. as the moral arbiter of European states.

In brief, Dr. Bridges sees that the triumph of Christianity was a case of the survival of the fittest, which in this case was also the best. When Positivist pundits disagree the humble people must decide, and they will acquit Humanity of the charge laid at its door by its most eloquent prophet.

CHRISTIANISING COMMERCE.

The Rev. Elvet Lewis writes in the *Sunday Magazine* on Applied Christianity in the Pacific. He remarks on the Uganda Company of the C.M.S., the Scottish Mission Industries of the United Free Church, and the Papuan Company, supported, but not financed, by the L.M.S. He urges the wisdom of training the natives to work and trade on Christian principles. He says: "It may affect more than New Guinea before the century is out." The Papuan Company is thus outlined:—

Those who take shares in this enterprise are warned beforehand that should it yield at any time a dividend of more than 5 per cent. (and during the initial five or even ten years no return is definitely promised), the yield above that is to fall back into the common fund for extending the industries. Further, apart from the directors, there is a Trust appointed, no member of which is allowed to have any financial interest in the enterprise; and this Trust will be empowered to keep the Company's proposals, as revised by the directors from time to time, true to the original purpose and scheme.

The mainstay of the industry will be the cocoanut.

With the January number the New York *Critic* has taken over the *Literary World* of Boston, a fortnightly publication founded some thirty years ago by Mr. Samuel Crocker, while the *Critic* was founded as a fortnightly just twenty-four years ago. The *Critic*, it may be noted, though it gives its chief measure of attention to literature, does not overlook art, the drama, and music.

THE KAISER AS APOSTLE OF THE THEATRE.

In his impressions of the German Emperor by Mr. Andrew D. White, quoted elsewhere from the *Century Magazine*, there occurs a most interesting passage describing the Kaiser's view of the high mission of the theatre. Mr. White remarks at the outset, with dry humour, that:—

As a result of observation and reflection during a long life touching public men and measures in wide variety, I would desire for my country three things above all others to supplement American civilisation; from Great Britain her administration of criminal justice; from Germany her theatre; and from any or every European country save Russia, Spain and Turkey, its government of cities.

He is convinced by his ten years' experience of Germany that her theatre, next after her religion, gives the best stimulus and sustenance to the better aspirations of her people:—

Through it, and above all by Schiller, the Kantian ethics have been brought into the thinking of the average man and woman; and not only Schiller, but Lessing, Goethe, Gutzkow, and a long line of others, have given an atmosphere in which ennobling ideals bloom for the German youth, during season after season, as if in the regular course of nature. The dramatic presentation, even in the smallest towns, is, as a rule, good; the theatre and its surroundings are entirely free from the abuses and miseries of the stage in English-speaking lands, and above all, from that all-pervading lubricity and pornographic stench which have made the French theatre of the last half of the nineteenth century a main cause in the decadence of the French people. In any German town of importance one finds the drama a part of the daily life of its citizens, ennobling in its higher ranges, and in all its influence clean and wholesome. It may be added that in no city of any English-speaking country is Shakespeare presented so fully, so well, and to such large and appreciative audiences as in Berlin. All this, and more, the Emperor knows, and he acts upon his knowledge.

Mr. White quotes from one of the Kaiser's talks with the actors in the Royal Theatre shortly after his arrival. The Kaiser said:—

"When I came into the Government, ten years ago, . . . I was convinced that this theatre, under the guidance of the monarch, should, like the school and university, have as its mission the development of the rising generation, the promotion of the highest intellectual good in our German fatherland, and the ennobling of our people in mind and character. . . . I beg of you that you continue to stand by me, each in his own way and place, serving the spirit of idealism and waging war against materialism and all un-German corruptions of the stage.

"The theatre should not only be an important factor in education, and in the promotion of morals, but it should also present incarnations of elegance, of beauty, of the highest conceptions of art; it should not discourage us with sad pictures of the past, with bitter awakenings from illusions, but be purified, elevated, strengthened for presenting the ideal. . . . Our ordinary life gives us every day the most mournful realities, and the modern authors whose pleasure it is to bring these before us upon the stage have accepted an unhealthy mission, and accomplish a discouraging work."

In his desire to see the theatre aid in developing German ideals, and in enriching German life, he has promoted presentations of the great episodes and personages in German history.

How long, one wonders, will it take the British democracy to view the theatre as does this constitutional autocrat at Berlin?

TOTTENHAM STREET AND ITS OLD THEATRE.

Writing in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for February Mr. R. O. Sherrington tells us that the Prince of Wales's Theatre, in Tottenham Street, demolished in 1903, was at the end of 1903 the only theatre remaining in London which could date back to the eighteenth century. Drury Lane goes back to 1812, and the Haymarket on its present site has existed since 1821. The Lyceum as a theatre dates back to 1790, but as it has undergone a great transformation it scarcely counts.

Tottenham Street, we learn, has been intimately associated with artistic developments, for the King's Concert Rooms, where the first recognised public performances of English music took place, were here. Richard Wilson, the landscape-painter, who is represented by no fewer than eleven masterpieces in the National Gallery, lived and worked in this street.

With the accession of William IV. in 1830, the theatre was re-named the Queen's. Previous names had been the Regency Theatre, the Tottenham Street Theatre, and the West London Theatre. A few years later the Queen's became the home of burlesque, and was called the Fitzroy. Finally it was christened the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and was associated with Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft and Robertsonian drama.

MUSICAL PRECOCITY.

Much has been written of musical prodigies in the virtuoso sense, but an article on the prodigy-composer, by Wilhelm Kleefeld, which appears in the January *Velhagen*, shows us what some of the most eminent musicians, while yet at a tender age, have been able to achieve in the way of musical composition. The most renowned of the child-composers is Mozart, who is said to have composed several pieces when he was but five years old, and at the age of seven he dedicated two sonatas for piano and violin to Princess Victoire of France. He was only eight when he wrote his first symphony.

At the age of twelve, Mendelssohn composed three operas, six symphonies, and a number of smaller works. Rossini composed an opera while yet a boy of twelve, and Cherubini included in the collected edition of his works a mass, composed at the age of thirteen. Curiously enough, we find Cherubini refusing to admit the twelve-year-old Liszt to the Conservatoire on the ground that he did not approve of child-wonders.

It is not generally known that Beethoven, accompanied by his mother, made a tour in Holland, as a pianist, at the age of ten. To the same year belongs a set of variations, and the year following he composed three sonatas, but in his case the monumental greatness of his genius was not suspected in his childhood. Liszt produced an opera, "Don Sancho," in Paris at thirteen.

ON RADIUM AND THE AGE OF THE EARTH.

By Professor Ernest Rutherford.

Professor Ernest Rutherford, the young New Zealander of thirty-two, now Professor of Physics at Montreal (McGill University), contributes to *Harper's Magazine* for February one of the best articles that has yet appeared upon radium. He refers to the controversy which has continued for half a century and more as to the duration of life on the earth, which Lord Kelvin put at probably not more than one hundred million years, basing his conclusions on arguments as to the duration of the heat of the sun and earth, and on the action of tides in altering the period of the earth's rotation. On the whole, one hundred million years is the estimate generally accepted :—

Helmholtz, says Professor Rutherford, calculated that the heat generated in the sun through its contraction would be enough for the sun to shine with his present brightness for a period of about forty million years. The calculation is uncertain within limits, for we do not know how the density of the sun varies from the centre outwards. Kelvin came to a very similar conclusion, and stated that "it seems, therefore, on the whole most probable that the sun has not illuminated the earth for one hundred million years, and almost certain that he has not done so for five hundred million years. As for the future, we may say, with equal certainty, that inhabitants of the earth cannot continue to enjoy the light and heat essential to their life for many million years longer, *unless sources now unknown to us are prepared in the great storehouse of creation.*"

This last remark, says the writer, seems almost prophetic in the light of the discovery of a body like radium, which emits an enormous quantity of energy .—

The emanations of radium and of other radioactive substances are present everywhere in the atmosphere. These radioactive gases possess the property of being transformed into a non-volatile kind of matter, which is deposited on the surface of bodies and can be collected on a wire charged with negative electricity. Every falling raindrop and snowflake carries some of this radioactive matter to the earth, while every leaf and blade of grass is covered with an invisible film of radioactive material.

These emanations are not produced in the air itself, but are exhaled from the earth's crust, which is impregnated with radioactive matter. As a means of detection of radioactive matter, the gold-leaf electroscope far transcends in delicacy even the spectroscope ; for with only a gram of matter, the presence of radium to the extent of only one part in one hundred thousand million can readily be detected.

As to whether the amount of radioactive matter in the earth is enough to heat it appreciably, Professor Rutherford says that, even with our present knowledge, this question must be answered in the affirmative. That is to say, a source, formerly unknown to us, was all the time prepared in the great storehouse of creation :—

If radioactive matter is distributed throughout the whole earth to the extent that experiment indicates, the heat evolved by the radioactive matter would compensate for the heat lost by the earth by conduction to the surface. According to this view, the present internal heat of the earth tends to be maintained by the constant evolution of heat by the radioactive matter contained in it. The calculations of the age of the earth made by Lord Kelvin, which were based on the theory that the earth was a simple cooling body in which there was no further generation of heat, cannot apply, for the present temperature gradient of the earth may have been nearly the same for a long interval of time.

On this theory of the maintenance of the internal heat no definite limit can be set for the age of the earth, but some deductions can be made of the probable variation of the internal heat with time. If an immense store of atomic energy is really available in the air, as is supposed, it would suffice to keep up the present output of energy from the sun for about 5,000 million years . . . while the duration of the sun's heat in the future may possibly be extended for a hundred times the estimate made by Kelvin.

Nevertheless, there is no escape from the conclusion of Kelvin and Helmholtz, "that the sun must ultimately grow cold, and this earth must become a dead planet, moving through the intense cold of empty space."

THE ELECTRIFICATION OF THE UNDERGROUND.

In a lively article in the *Pall Mall Magazine* on this subject Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes tells how, in 1897, the District and Metropolitan Railways sent a contingent of experts to America to find out how best to adapt electric traction to the underground railways of London ; but the experts reported that there was no practical or economical way of doing this. A practical way has, however, been found. Whether it is economical or not, time will prove. The site, building, and equipment of the great power station in Lot's Road, Chelsea, has cost £1,300,000. From this power station the electricity is conveyed through between sixty and seventy cables in a large chamber under a street to Earl's Court, and from Earl's Court it radiates in all directions.

The difference between the old and the new systems is succinctly put thus :—

In the old system each train carried its own fire with it ; in the new all the furnaces and boilers are concentrated in one centre, the force of heat and steam is turned by subtle machinery into the energy known as electricity, and is conveyed over the districts already named.

The power station has its own dock, into which barges bring the coal. Huge grabbers—everything here is huge—pick up a ton or more of coal, which is hoisted on to the roof, where 15,000 tons of coal can be stored. Imagine the strength of a building which can support this weight. There are eighty-four monster boilers, all on upstair floors. The furnaces consume about 5,000 tons of coal a week, and the turbines supplied by the boilers in the engine-rooms are the largest in the world. The power-house is certainly the largest in Europe, possibly in the world. This power-house does not, however, as is generally supposed, belong to the District or Metropolitan Railway, but to the Underground Electric Railways Company of London, Limited.

Many of our readers will be glad to learn that Messrs. Cassell and Co. have just issued Part I. of their "History of England" (Empire Edition). It has, as frontispiece, a reproduction of Lord Leighton's "Phœnicians bartering with the Ancient Britons," and is otherwise copiously illustrated. The book is to be issued in sixpenny weekly parts.

VENTILATION OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Mr. Henry W. Lucy writes an entertaining article in *Cornhill* on "The Lungs of the House of Commons." He says :—

That the House of Commons is the chamber with the best acoustical properties among its compeers is indisputable. Personally, with an experience exceeding that of most members, I hold it to be also the best ventilated.

Mr. Ayrton and John Bright used, however, to quarrel over this question, Mr. Ayrton objecting to draughts, and Mr. Bright loving fresh air. The normal temperature of the House of Commons is kept at the level of 62, except in sultry weather, when it is raised to 65 degrees. The air of cities is said to average four volumes of carbonic acid per 10,000. The House of Commons, with some 350 people breathing its atmosphere, rarely exceeds four volumes, equivalent to breathing the fresh air outside. The extent to which bacteria frequented the House was investigated two years ago, and it was found that the worst quarter of the House was the bench immediately behind that on which His Majesty's Ministers sit. The proportion there was eighty-seven per cent. The corresponding bench opposite showed only sixty-five per cent. The machinery of ventilation is subterraneous. The supply of air for the debating chambers is drawn from a vault under the octagon hall. "Through doors and windows the balmy breeze of the Thames is drawn into this chamber."

AN UNEXPECTED ODOUR.

Mr. Lucy tells an amusing story of what happened when Lord Rathmore was at the Board of Works :—

One sultry summer night, the House being exceptionally crowded in anticipation of a division, his private room was stormed by a mob of alarmed and angry members. Even as the door opened to admit them the First Commissioner was conscious of a pestilential smell. This evidence confirmed their complaint that the corridors, the reading-room, the dining-room, and, to a modified extent, the lobby were permeated by malodour. The conclusion was obvious. Something had gone wrong with the drains, and the health of honourable and right hon. members was in instant peril.

Mr Plunket hastily summoned to consultation the chief engineers and the heads of his staff. Hurried examination was made of the sanitary apparatus, without detecting a flaw. Even as the anxious work went forward the plague abated. The normal condition of the sedulously purified atmosphere was steadily, with increased rapidity, reasserting itself. The harried First Commissioner, going on to the Terrace with intent to cool his heated brow, came upon the heart of the mystery. Just passing the end of the Terrace, slowly making its way with the tide up the river, was a stately barge, with a high deckload of fresh manure meant for riverside gardens. Drifting at slow pace by the Terrace of the House of Commons, the evening breeze, blowing off the heap, had filled the ventilating bins with delectable air. Hence the scare.

In summer time the air used for ventilating the chamber passes through blocks of ice. In winter it is heated. In fog the outer air passes through layers of cottonwool six inches thick. During forty-eight hours of fog, the cottonwool on one occasion was as black as the back of a chimney. Thanks to these precautions, the House has been absolutely free from mist, and the atmosphere in normal condition, while a dense fog prevailed outside.

THE NEW YOUNG IRELANDERS.

In the January London *Bookman* Miss A. Macdonell has an article on the New Irish School in Literature. She describes how the movement, so far as it is propagandist, arose :—

The break-up of the Nationalist party and the death of Parnell let loose forces which had hitherto been absorbed by politics. Likewise they left a hungry gap in the popular heart that had to be filled.

Now came the chance of those who long had thought that the cry of "Ireland a Nation" had been too narrowly interpreted. Nationality, they said, is not merely a political fact, but a question of the heart and the soul. A Parliament on College Green will be a mockery, if we still look to England for our ideals, our songs, our books, and all that keeps the spirit alive. The people are hungry for their own food, and we have within our own borders wherewith to feed them.

And thence arose Irish Literary Societies, and Gaelic Leagues, and Irish Literary Theatres. The best means of deanglicisation was felt to be the revival of the Irish language where it was dead or dying, and the feeding of the popular imagination with the tales of the proud old days when Cuchulain ruled, and Finn led his mighty men to victory, and Oisin sang. . . . The people have responded to an appeal made in their own speech and out of their own past as they had never done before to an alien culture.

WHO WERE THE SAINTS?

Macmillan's publishes a paper entitled "From Tangier to Morocco," in which the writer says that among the Christians the saints' houses of the Mahommedans have a bad name, and quotes the following story as proof :—

Once upon a time a boy was travelling through the country, and, as night came on, he found himself near a whitewashed tomb. Knocking at the door of the shrine, he asked for a meal and a bed. When the next day dawned, he was about to continue his journey; but the keeper of the shrine besought him to remain, in order to help him keep the shrine and collect the offerings of the faithful.

The youth dutifully said that he must first consult his parents, and the elder man bade him take his ass and seek advice of his parents and return :—

The boy took the ass and rode away, but he had not accomplished half the journey before the ass fell sick and died. Then the boy knew not what to do nor where to turn, and his wits departed from him. But when he had considered the circumstances of his case, a brilliant idea flashed into his mind. Having dug a pit and cast the ass therein, he piled great stones over it, whitening them with lime, and set a white flag above, saying to all who passed by, "This is the tomb of Saint So-and-so." Then worshippers came from every side, alms were poured in, and offerings showered upon him.

The keeper of the former shrine lost his customers, and came to visit the new saint. He, when the crowd had gone, approached the young shrine-keeper :—

"I ask thee by Allah," said the old man, "who is this saint of thine, and what manner of thing is buried here?"

"I will not deceive thee, but will tell thee the truth," returned the youth. "My saint who is buried here is none other than thy beast, even the carcase of thine own ass. And now, pray, who is thy saint, and who in truth is buried in the shrine thou keepest?"

"I will not deceive thee, but will tell thee the truth," replied the old man; "my saint is the father of thy saint."

THE HIGHER CRITICISM BANKRUPT.

Upset by a Negro Legend!

Dr. Emil Reich gives his *Contemporary* article the truculent title of "The Bankruptcy of Higher Criticism." He laments, in the acceptance given to the conclusions of the higher critics, one of the latest results of the incubus foisted on us by the Renaissance, "the blind admiration of words." He exclaims: "How many of those bold philologists has the last century seen who have embarked in the nutshell of a word and set forth merrily to explore, like retrospective Columbuses, the ocean of the pre-historic past!" The discovery of "that unfortunate Rosetta stone" and the deciphering of the Assyrian and Babylonian tablets have, he says, transferred the raving of philologists from the harmless demolition of the classics to assaults on the foundations of our faith.

THE TYRANNY OF WORDS.

Dr. Reich thinks the world lacks a sense of humour in allowing itself to be lectured upon ancient history and the origin of religion by some little German philological pedant in some obscure German town. He asks:—

> Why, because by dint of plodding insistence he has succeeded in spelling out some obscure Himiaritic inscription and in fitting it with some hypothetical meaning, should he be considered a luminous exponent of ancient history? On the same grounds we might admit any little school-teacher of French or German as a capable historian of France or Germany.

His next remark is very pertinent:—

> The man who is incapable of appreciating contemporary history is not likely to make any startling discovery in ancient history.

THE INEXPERIENCED "EXPERT."

If we are, he says, to interpret the ancient records to any account:—

> We must first have studied men in the living generation, we must know something of actual politics and their motives, we must have rubbed shoulders with many nations, felt their ambitions and learned to know their men and women. There is certainly no single German professor of ancient history who can claim to have undergone such a training. But, necessary as it is to the advancement of truth, a preparation of the kind is not essential to his own advancement. Life in these dreamy University towns has little of the savour of reality. The professor is generally yet further isolated from reality. His training in ancient languages has cast his mind in a mould little suited to historical investigation.

The philologist who in all his days has never seen a personality, cannot bring himself, Dr. Reich says, to believe that institutions like the Spartan state are the making of a single man. But the purpose of the paper is to announce that, within the last few weeks, matter has been published which should finally turn the higher critics out of the position in which they have been so long comfortably entrenched.

A NEGRO STORY OF THE FALL.

Captain Merker has with the most scrupulous care taken down the legendary traditions of the Masai, a negro tribe in German East Africa. Dr. Reich gives a brief summary of the Masai myths. He confronts the reader with the astounding similarity between their and our own Biblical traditions:—

> In the beginning the earth was a waste and barren wilderness in which there dwelt a dragon alone. Then God came down from heaven, fought with the dragon and vanquished it. From the dragon's blood, which was water, the barren rocky wilderness was made fertile, and the spot where the struggle between God and the dragon took place became Paradise. Thereafter God created all things—sun, moon, stars, plants and beasts, and finally two human beings. The man was sent down from heaven and was called *Maitumbe*, and the woman *Naitergorob* sprang from the bosom of the earth. God led them into Paradise, where they lived an untroubled existence. Of all the fruits therein they might eat by God's permission; of one tree alone they might not taste: this was the *ol oilai*. Often God came down to see them, when he climbed down a ladder from heaven. But one day he was unable for a long time to find them, but finally he discovered them crouching among the bushes. On being asked the meaning of his conduct Maitumbe replied that they were ashamed because they had eaten of the forbidden fruit. "Naitergorob gave me of the fruit," he said, "and persuaded me to eat of it, after she had eaten of it herself." Naitergorob sought to excuse herself by saying: "The three-headed serpent came to me and said that by tasting the fruit we should become like unto thee and almighty." Then was 'Ngai (God) wrath, and banished the two first human beings from Paradise. He sent *Rilegen*, the Morning Star, to drive Man out of Paradise, and to keep watch thereover.

The Masai have also a story of the first murder, like that of Cain and Abel, of the Flood and a Noah, and of the Decalogue. The Masai could not, Dr. Reich maintains, have gleaned this from any Christian missionary, or have come into contact with Babylonian culture. The only explanation which Dr. Reich can find is the common origin of the Christian, Masai, and Babylonian legends in the legends of Arabia. Thousands of years before Christ, a stock of religious and other legends had grown up amongst them about the great riddles of the world. This, the writer says, they carried into their new countries, and thus the Babylonians, the Hebrews, the Masai, and probably many another now unknown tribe from Arabia preserved, and still preserves, the legends about the Creation, the Deluge, the Decalogue in their aboriginal form.

PERSONALITY THE CRUX.

A very strong point is made by Dr. Reich when he says:—

> The possession of certain legends does not prove much. A multitude of nations may have had legends similar to those of the Hebrews, or to those of the New Testament. What no nation other than the Hebrews ever had were Moses, David, the Prophets, Jesus. These personalities, in whom the greatest forces of history became focussed and intensified; these personalities, that really made Hebrew history, if on the basis of national tendencies and national opportunities; these personalities are *the* distinctive feature of Hebrew history. One may prove that this saying of Jesus is Buddhistic, and the other is taken from the Zendavesta. What can never be deduced is the transcendental personality of Jesus.

So he concludes that higher criticism is condemned from the outset, because it is based on a purely philological consideration in a matter that is almost exclusively founded on considerations "geo-political."

Women in Prison.—Women in Holloway Gaol form the subject of a vivid and sympathetic sketch by Mr. D. L. Woolmer in the *Quiver*. It is an object lesson in Charles Reade's apothegm that the gaol under the old system was a finishing school of felony, under the new a penal hospital for diseased and contagious souls.

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE AMERICAN REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

THIS *Review* continues to hold the first place in the serious Reviews of the New World. The history of the United States from month to month can be more easily and intelligently followed in Dr. Shaw's Progress of the World than in any other publication in the world. The range of its special articles is very wide, extending so far this month as to describe the newspapers of Scandinavia. The two leading features of the February issue are Street Railway Fares in the United States and the Panama Canal and its problems. The latter paper is written by Mr. John Barrett, the United States Minister to Panama. It is the clearest, most exhaustive, and luminous account of the present condition of the great isthmus-cutting enterprise yet published.

The article on Street Railway Fares is very interesting. The capital standing as invested in electric tramlines or surface railways in the United States is £360,000,000. The capitalisation per mile is £18,000 for electric street railways as against £7,000 per mile for steam railroads. All the street railways in towns over 500,000 could be built now, with all latest improvements, for £12,000 per mile. Their average capitalisation is £38,000 per mile! The writer calculates that a three cent fare would not pay. Four cent might. But he prefers to let the five cent stand for express cars, and ask for four cent for slow ordinary cars.

There is an appreciative sketch of Theodore Thomas, the great master of music, who was born in Germany, but who won his triumphs in Chicago. A striking paper is that on Jiu-jitsu, the Japanese method of self-defence. President Roosevelt, who has taken lessons, says it is worth more than all our athletic sports combined. It is now taught at the military academy at Annapolis, and it threatens to become a craze all over the land. And no wonder if, as the writer of this article says, it is the perfect art of self-defence in personal encounter. Boxing or wrestling, as we know them to-day, are vanquished by Jiu-jitsu as easily as the wind sends the chaff on about its unimportant business.

THE PALL MALL MAGAZINE.

THE February number contains no fewer than three character sketches: Lord Avebury, Mr. John Hare, and the Duke of Bedford. The first, says Mr. Herbert Vivian, will be remembered most for his investigations of certain insects; his notion of the people is almost as unsatisfactory as his list of the hundred best books.

Mr. Vivian's interview with Mr. John Hare deals solely with the drama; and the sketch of the Duke of Bedford is described as the appreciation of a friend. The Duke, it is stated, owns seven hundred and fifteen cottages in Bedfordshire and Buckinghamshire, and the families residing in them are housed at a loss of £1,420 per annum! Yet his knowledge of details in regard to estate management is such that he might obtain employment as an estate agent.

Mr. Charles Morley's second contribution to the series of articles entitled "London at Prayer" takes us to the Sabbath services in the Great Synagogue in Jewry. He s :—

"Here am I, then, saying my prayers in the Great Synagogue; Jesus has been dead for almost two thousand years; the ancient faith is as strong in this dark corner of London as in the days of Moses, and every man I see around me accepts as his canon the same old code of laws. . . . The ancient faith in the God of Israel remains unshaken, pulsating fiercely as ever through many a heart, despite of persecutions endless and well-nigh intolerable, despite of rack and screw and torture.

A fascinating article, by Professor C. Nispi-Landi, not only tells us of the marvellous treasures which have been unearthed from the bed of the Tiber, but describes many which still lie buried in it, among them being the sacred candlestick of Moses, with the two golden and the seven silver trumpets and the golden bottles and cups mentioned in the ancient chronicles. This treasure he believes to have lain in the Tiber since July, 546, when Totila, the Gothic King, appeared at the gates of Rome, and the Romans threw into the river every portable treasure and then withdrew from the city.

THE WORLD'S WORK AND PLAY.

THE issue for February is an automobile number. The Editor seems to think that in the spring a rich man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of new motors; and he has displayed a great variety of most interesting information concerning the motor in its various locomotive and stationary developments. He reports that the Paris Automobile Salon seems to cater for the very rich. He describes with pen and picture the 40-horse power De Dietrich touring and sleeping car, which is a triumph of luxury, rendering its occupants independent of hotels. The carriage of this sumptuous *voiture de route* becomes at will saloon or bed-room. It is fitted with folding tables, writing desks, cabinets, medicine chest, etc. There is besides a lavatory, linen-cupboard, ice-box, photographic cupboard, kitchen with spirit-stove, etc., etc.

Mr. Horsfield, of the Cycle Campers, writes on motor-cycle camping. He describes the various articles of the kit, with name and weight and price. The cycle tents are of very fine texture. A little straw, on the top of which is spread a rubber sheet, makes the camper able to defy the heaviest downpour of rain. Another development, which is as yet prohibited in this country by law, is the motor-train—a number of vehicles drawn by a motor car along the ordinary highway. Such a train was recently drawn from Paris to Berlin. Mr. Hooydonk reports that his tri-car, weighing less than 3 cwt., and capable of conveying under its own power two passengers and luggage from London to Edinburgh, travelled a distance of nearly 400 miles in twenty-two consecutive hours, at a total cost for fuel and lubricating oil of 4s. 6d.

"Home Counties" pursues his interesting description of the building of country houses. Pictures are given of an American rough-cast or stud-and-plaster house designed for a family of six with three servants, costing £700; of a cottage at Orpington costing £500; of a steel and plaster bungalow costing about £450; of a Wicklow summer residence, built in one piece in a great mass of concrete walling, costing £530; and of a Norwegian cottage of four rooms costing, in Norway, £92.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

The Kaiser's Fit of "Nerves."

After the extraordinary renewal of attack on the Tsar by his assailant of the *Quarterly Review*, perhaps the most striking paper is that by "Custos," headed, "The German Emperor's War Scare." In this we are informed that just before Christmas Germany was hurriedly preparing for war—and with Great Britain! The British Government was credited with the intention of swooping down on the German Fleet and wiping it out of existence before it grew any greater. The Emperor, it is said, was alarmed, first, by an article in *Vanity Fair* which was fancied to be "inspired"; secondly, by a suggestion in the *Army and Navy Gazette* that the German Navy should not be allowed to increase beyond "a reasonable point"; and thirdly, by Admiral Fisher's redistribution of the British Navy. This was taken to be the signal for an immediate descent by the British and the destruction of the Kaiser's Navy. Explicit assurances by the British Government, and a special journey of the German Ambassador from London to Berlin, allayed the panic, restored the Kaiser's nerves, and ended the scare on Christmas Eve. "Custos" wisely says: "Nobody had or has the remotest idea of attacking Germany. . . . To speak of war with Germany is midsummer madness." It is pleasant to read these sentences in the *National Review*. But any hope of their appearance indicating that the editor is repenting of his Germanophobia is dashed by his comment on the scare. He declares the Kaiser, a "prime mover in this panic," to have been actuated by the desire to accuse Great Britain of aggressiveness, just when he had laid himself open to a similar charge by the suspicious attitude assumed by his fleet during the North Sea incident. Then, says the editor, "apparently the British Government realised that Germany was a hostile Power, and would pounce on us if she had the chance." Measures taken accordingly were interpreted by the Kaiser as a menace, and by him turned to account as a reason for an immediate increase of the German Navy. The editor also credits the Kaiser with a desire to obtain, as a proof that there is "no ill-feeling," British support for his Bagdad railway scheme. "Custos" rejoices that "the German Government has exposed itself to everlasting ridicule." The editor seems, on the contrary, to think the Kaiser has made a very smart stroke. Both, however, agree that our naval precautions were seriously defective and should be sharpened.

Mr. F. Drummond Chaplin, joint manager at Johannesburg of the Consolidated Goldfields, argues that Chinese importation has "proved of great and real benefit both to the industry and to the community at large."

The situation in Morocco is reviewed by Mr. W. B. Harris, who thinks that "pacific domination" rather than "pacific penetration" is the phrase which should describe French policy. "Briefly, it means that France should police the coast towns and their environs with a sufficient number of Algerian troops, and leave the interior till later on."

The Australian correspondent reports that "the coming 'party' of Preferential Trade has not yet independently emerged or organised." He finds the "Colonial offer" so far back as 1887 in a letter to Lord Salisbury, in which Sir S. W. Griffith, then Premier of Queensland, pleaded for "a recognition of the principle that when any article is subjected to a duty on importation, a higher duty should be imposed on goods coming from foreign countries than on those imported from Her Majesty's dominions."

A review of the siege of Port Arthur, by Col. Beresford, ends with the remark that no man of honour will impute any blame to General Stoessel.

A poem is contributed by the Poet Laureate, which opposes the erection of a monument to Shakespeare in London.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

If anyone wants to gain a brief glimpse of the really beautiful side of the Russian character, he should read the translation of two popular short stories of the war in Mr. C. H. Wright's article "Russia's View of Her Mission." They are immeasurably more Christian than any of the short stories produced by our War in South Africa.

Baron Suyematsu, in a paper on moral teaching in Japan, describes how Japanese children are trained in morality. Moral notions, says the Baron, so taught without being in any way connected with any religious creed, seem "to become, *per se*, a kind of undefined but none the less potent and serviceable religion." A capital phrase that, not to be forgotten when the next Liberal Government has to deal with the religious difficulty in our schools.

Professor H. A. Giles, in his paper on Japan's debt to China, says that Japan owes to China religion, philosophy, laws, administration, written characters, arts, science, everything. But her chief debt is that the Chinese taught Japan ancestor-worship. Professor Giles thinks the sooner ancestor-worship is established in this country the better. To the Japanese, ancestor-worship—the constant presence and influence of the spirits of the dead—is the great essential fact of their lives. Somehow or other all roads seem to be leading us to spiritualism. Professor Vambéry describes a movement among the Moslem Tartars of Russia which would seem to indicate that, even among these neglected and ignored people, who still number three millions, the spirit of religious revival is stirring and leading on always to a craving after political reform.

Mr. Archibald S. Hurd comforts us with the assurance that never before has the British fleet been so overwhelmingly preponderant as at this moment. The Russian disasters in the Far East have raised our strength to the three-power standard. Lord Methuen describes the work done by the Church Lads' Brigade, and pleads for training every boy to use the rifle.

Mr. Carlile, the founder of the Church Army, explains the excellent work which that body is doing in reclaiming criminals. "So far as prisons are concerned," say the Prison Commissioners, "the Church Army has grown by steady and cautious development into one of the great reclaiming influences of the age."

Mr. W. Evans Gordon states the grounds which led him to the conclusion that the movement of aliens from Eastern Europe into Great Britain is economically detrimental rather than advantageous to the country. Lady Currie writes a charming descriptive paper on the Oriental scene to be witnessed from the poll bar of the Galata Bridge.

Dr. Jonathan Hutchinson expounds more in detail how he would provide all children in our parish schools with dinners, and also how he would convert the schoolroom into a museum. Mr. Lathbury reviews the Life and Letters of Canon Liddon. Sir George Arthur writes on the Bishops and the Reformation Settlement. The two chroniques, Liberal and Tory, Professor Westlake's article on "Compulsory Greek as a National Question," and Mr. Maitland's lament over the waning glory of the Madrigal, complete a number which, although containing no "star" article, is full of most readable papers covering a very wide range of interest.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW.

THERE is a variety of vigorous articles in the February number.

THE SECOND BALLOT.

Mr. J. Ramsay Macdonald, secretary to the Labour Representation Committee, discusses the second ballot in Party Government, and pronounces emphatically against it. He says it makes for incoherence, our present system for coherence, because the latter both tests the growth of new opinions and hastens the burying of old ones. The danger of the split vote he regards as evanescent. As an illustration he adduces the fact that 40 out of 46 of the Labour candidates "may fight at the next election without having to split votes."

EDUCATIONAL MENACE OF THE MILLIONAIRE.

Mr. J. A. Hobson writes in very serious and convincing vein on "Millionaire Endowments." The influence of actual and of prospective donors on the more living developments of social science in the Universities is a fact to be faced, both in America and England. Mr. Hobson says :—

The bolder thinkers in the forefront of the modern sciences which touch the conduct of man and of society are undermining, by newly-organised knowledge, many of the supports of the existing social system—religious, moral, political, and economic; and their analysis is being made the basis of strong attacks upon the fortresses of privilege. These forces seem to many to converge in a movement against those organisations of capital and business enterprise which are producing millionaires. The rich are everywhere becoming more conscious of the perils of a movement which represents itself to their eyes as an attack upon the institution of property. This danger they associate with others threatening the ecclesiastical, political, and social institutions with which they have formed an instinctive alliance for mutual defence. Is it likely that this class will finance colleges which are free to promote "revolutionary" doctrines under the name of science, philosophy, or literature? Nay! Is it not reasonable that they will use their financial powers to purchase the sort of intellectual support they need, endow colleges which shall teach a safe economics and a sound sociology, and expel the organic conception of society from ethics and philosophy?

If, he concludes, we will not yet pay for our colleges out of public funds, it is better to wait for them. "We really cannot get our intellectual efficiency by the grace of millionaires."

THE PARADOX OF PROGRESS.

Under the heading of "The Poetic Quality in Liberalism," Mr. G. K. Chesterton inveighs against opportunism as the death of progress. He describes the French Revolution, the fountain of European Liberalism, as in its nature a religious thing, as an appeal from Time to Eternity. He proceeds :—

Now the dark and extraordinary thing in the matter is this: that, so long as the French Revolution and the French Revolutionists demanded things in the name of this wild abstraction, they got them. They asked for Republics in the name of Rousseau and pure Reason; and they got them. They asked for victories in the cause of abstract ideality and the nature of things; and they got them. As long as they raged over Europe, denouncing things merely because they were wrong, demanding things merely because they were right, so long they bore the sword of God into battle, and no army on earth could look them in the face. So long as they despised success, they were successful. So long as they thought of other things than triumph they were triumphant. So long as they had for ruler or leader, even for bad ruler or for foolish leader, the Man of Justice, or the Man of Equality, or the Man of Patriotism, their hope and stir were abounding, and they filled the world with their awful hilarity. When they had the Man of Destiny he was broken to pieces.

The same fate which pursued them has pursued all their children, the Liberal Parties of Europe. So long as Liberalism demanded concessions to justice, as it did during the earlier nineteenth century, it wrung those concessions out of the grimmest armies and proudest oligarchies of the world. When it began to demand concessions to its own power, the armies and the oligarchies laughed in its face.

He insists that "democracy has for its whole meaning the flat refusal "to regard man from the standpoint of evolution." It takes the thing Man out of the order, and makes it sacred and separate, and puts around every man a transcendent circle of omnipotence which it calls "liberty."

OTHER ARTICLES.

The Rev. A. D. Taylor sees, in the contrasted extremes of land without people in the country and people without work in the towns, an obvious invitation to right matters by restoring the peasantry to the soil by means of land taxation and compulsory purchase, of which Mr. Logan's "Tax and Buy" Bill is a first step. The home market already takes three-fourths of our manufactures, a proportion which peasantry planted on the soil would greatly increase.

Mr. Sheridan Jones points out that the Crown lands of to-day are the one existing instalment of land nationalisation, and forecasts the success of the co-operative slate works now being started in the Crown lands of North Wales.

Mr. L. T. Hobhouse inveighs against Mr. Charles Booth's proposal of five per cent. tariff on foreign imports all round, and argues to prove that it would pave the way for full-blown Protection, would be a bad method of raising revenue, and would retard the revival of trade.

Father O'Donovan, writing on the religious difficulty, holds that the Church ought to reconsider her position, as she is injuring both herself and the State in all English-speaking countries.

Mr. G. G. Coulton casts some "Sidelights on the Franciscans." By way of protest against the growth amongst us of a Franciscan legend, he quotes from the later Franciscans much that savours of the narrowest and most unlovely features of Puritanism.

Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson appeals to the age "How long halt ye" between Christianity and Greek paganism? He finds the Christian ideal of life partly inadequate, partly false—false as comprising the element of asceticism, "inadequate because it has nothing to say about the desirable quality of life except that we should love one another." He thinks that this precept needs supplementing by the further counsel, that we must become a kind of people fit to love and to be loved. He finds for this purpose nothing better than the culture of ancient Greeks. The writer evidently does not know his New Testament.

IN the *Young Man* for February two replies are printed to the Rev. R. J. Campbell's recent article on "The Position of Roman Catholicism To-day in England"—one by the Rev. J. Broadhurst Nichols, the other by the Rev. Mgr. Dunn, secretary to the Archbishop of Westminster, both of which, most readers will consider, tend to make a stronger case for those who dread the growing influence of the Church of Rome, than Mr. Campbell's article did for those who minimise its growth. Here is one passage from Mgr. Dunn's article :—

There is no doubt that Catholicism in England has made great strides during the last fifty years. Some days ago the *Times* noticed the "Catholic Directory" for 1905, and remarked upon the increased number of Roman Catholic places of worship in England, which, for the first time since the Reformation, was now over 2,000.

THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

AMONG many articles of moment in the February number, the vivid and lurid descriptions of the siege of Port Arthur given by Mr. Richard Barry, the only American correspondent present with the besieging forces from the first, will probably stand out most clearly in the reader's recollection. Amongst many gruesome particulars, perhaps the most gruesome is the way the Russians reckoned on the stench of the unburied dead as one of their lethal weapons of defence.

SCIENCE "JUST BEGINNING."

Sir William Ramsay, under the heading, "What is an Element?" gives a valuable survey of ancient and scientific views of the element, dealing more especially with the later developments connected with the discovery of radium. He concludes by saying :—

All our progress since the time of Sir Isaac Newton has not falsified the saying of that great man—that we are but children, picking up here and there a pebble from the shore of knowledge, while a whole unknown ocean stretches before our eyes. Nothing can be more certain than this: that we are just beginning to learn something of the wonders of the world in which we live and move and have our being.

WHAT "THE RIGHT MAN" CAN DO.

Mr. Cope Cornford, writing on "The Wardship of Empire," describes the new scheme of naval organisation, whose provisions, he thinks, are so thorough and conducive to the real purpose of a fighting navy. This, as we all know, was largely the work of Admiral Sir John Fisher. The writer concludes :—

He took up his duties as First Sea Lord on October 21st, and by December 12th he had completely reorganised the Navy. So much can one man do if you get the right man. When we have an administrator of like intellect and vigour and fearlessness at the War Office, we shall be in view of that completeness and unity of Imperial Wardship of which we spoke anon. But not until then.

Mr. P. Batey, in a paper on Coal for Russia, maintains that we have a right to supply coal to belligerents, taking the risk of its capture as contraband of war. The legal interpretation of the Foreign Enlistment Act would only condemn the practice if the colliers supplying the fleet were under the command of the belligerent.

THE HUNGARIAN ELECTIONS.

Count Albert Apponyi, leader of the Hungarian Opposition, explains the present Hungarian crisis. He declares that the recent dissolution is held to be unconstitutional by nine-tenths of the nation. He allows that it is impossible for an Opposition to prevail against Government patronage. Nothing less, therefore, than an actual crushing of the Opposition would give Count Tisza a real victory. The writer urges that Count Tisza is blindly playing into the hands of Powers which are always striving to dwarf Hungary into an Austrian province.

AN ANCIENT IRISH GIBE AT "THE FALL."

Lady Gregory gives some interesting living legends of the Fianna. The arguments between Oisin and St. Patrick, who was bent on converting the Irish hero, are specially treasured in the popular memory. Here is one :—

And St. Patrick told him about Adam and Eve, and how they were turned out and lost for eating the forbidden fruit, an apple he called it. And Oisin said, "Although God has all my friends shut up in hell, if I knew fruit was so scarce with him, and he to think so much of it, I'd have sent him seven cartloads of it."

In the end St. Patrick secured his convert.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

PAPERS on the Russian Revolution, German railways, a Bankrupt Higher Criticism, and a Garden Suburb Scheme are noteworthy contents of the February number, and claim separate notice.

"THE RIGHT STAR" OF THE PATRIOT.

Mr. Augustine Birrell writes on Patriotism and Christianity. He says: "For my own part, wide as the British Empire is, I decline to be contained by it, for it does not yet contain Rome, Athens or Jerusalem." He concludes :—

If we are to talk of ideals and dream dreams as we are now often invited to do, let us "hitch our wagon" to the right star. The Brotherhood of Man is a long way off; it may never be reached; but as an ideal it is better worth having than that of half-a-dozen sullen Empires, trading only within their boundaries, shut up behind high tariff walls, over which they peer suspiciously, scanning one another's exports and imports with jealous eyes, and making from time to time fawning alliances with one rival, whilst cultivating enmity with another, maintaining millions of men under arms, and spending billions of pounds in armaments, and all the time waiting, waiting, waiting for an affrighted sun to rise upon the day of Armageddon.

If this were to be the destiny of the human race, far better would it be if the planet could be spun off its axis and allowed to disappear into the "illimitable inane." But nobler things lie before us, and a brighter dawn.

THE STATE AS FOSTER PARENT.

Dr. Macnamara, under the head of "In Corpore Sano," insists that the physical equipment of the people is a matter of communal concern. He grants that 80 per cent. of the working-class children were never so well off as they are to-day. To the other 20 per cent., however, the State must be the foster parent. He insists that no child should go hungry. Parents who can must feed them, or be punished with the utmost rigour of the law; and parents who cannot must be helped by the State to do so, without suspicion of pauperism. He suggests the adoption of the scheme which works so excellently in Paris. He also advocates continuous medical supervision, systematic physical training, and two years of compulsory evening drill for young men, including training in the use of the rifle. This, he thinks, is the one thing necessary to obviate anything in the nature of conscription. Free tramrides and free baths are other items in his programme.

NATIONAL INSURANCE OF TWO KINDS.

There are two financial papers, one by Mr. Thomas Lough, M.P., on the success of the Sugar Convention, another by Lord Welby on a decade of decadence in finance. Lord Welby asks the pertinent question concerning what is generally called National Insurance, namely, naval and military expenditure :—

Has not the cost of this insurance, rising in seven years from £41,000,000, including military works, to £75,000,000 or £76,000,000, crippled our means of insurance against ignorance, poverty, and disease at home, and thus retarded the progress of the well-being of the nation?

HUSBAND-BEATER AND WIFE-BEATER.

Miss M. Loane contributes an interesting transcript from reality, under the title of "Husband and Wife Among the Poor." She reports that the wife on whom all the blows and abuse fall is not the woman who has deserved them. It is the dull, patient, dumb, uncomplaining drudge who suffers. There are also husband-beaters, one of whom reported, "I chastises my husband like a child."

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

THE January number has many valuable papers, but none of conspicuous eminence. The most noteworthy is the definite repudiation of Mr. Chamberlain, and the exposure of his "fables," which, along with several other articles, has been noticed elsewhere.

THE TREND OF ENGLISH EDUCATION.

An optimistic survey of the direction and method of education summarises the changes of machinery effected by the enactments of 1899 to 1904. (1) The State Department for Education has been organised in all its branches, with Ministers of Education, permanent Secretaries and Staff, and Consultative Committee. (2) The Board of Education superintends education in general, and may inspect secondary schools. (3) Parliament makes no distinction in administration between elementary education and education other than elementary. (4) Local control of education has been municipalised. (5) The municipalities are responsible for elementary education, and may supply secondary and higher. (6) They control secular instruction in voluntary schools. The training college problem is described as the most urgent now before the Board of Education. The reviewer concludes thus :—

If we were asked to describe in one word the whole tendency of English education as manifested at the present time, we should speak of a humanistic renaissance. Pater, a type of modern humanism, declares that "the real business of education" is insight, "insight through culture into all that the present moment holds in trust for us, as we stand so briefly in its presence."

Between this definition of success and the ideal recommended to his son by the "Self-made Merchant" of Mr. Lorimer's clever "Letters"—"you've got to eat hog, think hog, dream hog, in short, go the whole hog, if you're going to win out in the pork-packing business"—there is the whole difference between humanism and materialism. English education, we believe, is working round to the humanistic ideal.

THREE GREAT INDUSTRIAL EXPERIMENTS.

In the reflective paper on Profit-sharing and Co-partnership, an interesting account is given of three successful experiments made respectively in England, France, and Ireland. The first is the case of the South Metropolitan Gas Works. £6,863 were credited by the Company to the men in 1889. This sum had grown in 1903 in £224,764 :—

Between two and three thousand of the company's employés owned stock of more than £5 and under £50 in value; 321 held between £50 and £100; 151 held between £100 and £200; 40 held between £200 and £300; 13 between £300 and £400; 10 between £400 and £500; and several held over £500. All these were workmen only, the holdings of the officers and overseers not being included.

The second is Godin's Works at Guise, one of the most successful co-operative establishments in existence :—

His plan included not only the participation by the workmen in the profits of the business, but provided for all their wants and wishes from the cradle to the grave. He erected large and commodious buildings, such as we should call workmen's dwellings, known at Guise as *familistères*.

The dwellings are let at a low rent, about 8s. a month for two rooms, they have ample air-space within, and are surrounded without by a charming park, kitchen and flower gardens, and recreation fields. They form, in fact, an early type of the "Garden City." The co-operative association at Guise not only provides dwellings for its members, but excellent schools, a theatre, a library, a savings bank, a swimming bath, baths and washhouses, shops for all kinds of necessaries, and a covered court for recreation, which is used on occasions as a ball-room

The third case is the well-known development of co-operative agriculture in Ireland, initiated by Sir Horace Plunkett.

LA REVUE.

IN *La Revue* of January 1st Baron Suyematsu asserts that the Russian prisoners and wounded are treated humanely by the Japanese; not only are the conditions laid down by the Geneva and the Hague Conventions strictly observed, but the Japanese military law, not to speak of the code of honour of Japanese chivalry, sufficed to ensure compassion towards a fallen enemy.

Scheurer Kestner, whose reminiscences appear in both January numbers of *La Revue*, was once Vice-President of the French Senate. His "Memoirs," when published, will be a valuable source of information on the history of France under the Second Empire and the Third Republic; the instalment published by *La Revue* is his early autobiography; the later events, the secret causes of which he has carefully recorded, are considered too recent to permit of immediate publication.

In the article on the Renaissance of the Metrical Drama in England, contributed by Henry D. Davray, Mr. Stephen Phillips's works are discussed at considerable length.

Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, who writes in the second number, is anxious to put an end to the Russo-Japanese War. Since Russia will not hear of a Peace Conference, or any method of intervention or mediation by the Powers, all the good intentions of the "Pacifistes" seem condemned to remain sterile. The difficulty is that in Russia foreign policy and home policy are so intimately connected, the one being dependent on the other. In continuing the war, the councillors of the Tsar do not only hope to conquer Japan, but what is more pressing, they desire to tide over the revolution threatening in Russia. The opponents of reforms who inspired the Tsar to issue the recent rescript need to continue the war; they must have battles and victories to efface the faults of the past attributed to bureaucratic absolutism. A national Conference would be the preface to peace. If only the Tsar had the energy to emancipate himself from the influences of the Court and the bureaucracy; if only he would dare to follow his ancestors when they convoked the Zemski Sobor; if only he would decide to share his responsibility with the nation, and address the people, Russia would respond to the call of the sovereign, and the war, which has never been in any sense national, would be put an end to.

Camille Mauclair writes on the nationalist reaction in art and the ignorance of men of letters, and Georges Pellissier takes for his subject the end of schools of literature. Both articles relate to French literature. Manuel Ugarte, who gives us a character sketch of the Spanish, says the Spanish good qualities are rather negative than otherwise. He concludes :—"The Spanish are polite, courteous, amiable, docile, and sincere; but such qualities are insufficient to assure the future of a nation. As fundamental qualities we find only sobriety and faithful attachment to the soil. The decadence of Spain is due to national lassitude and inconsistency."

The World and His Wife.

THIS bold experiment is persisted in. If "it's dogged that does it," Sir Alfred Harmsworth will pull off a success, but it will need a deal of dogged before he does it this time. The February number contains admirable reproductions of photographs of Mr. Chamberlain's favourite corners in Highbury Garden, and of the Duke of Marlborough's Palace and wife.

THE HIBBERT JOURNAL.

THE January number maintains the fond significance which this journal has won for itself in theology. Sir Oliver Lodge's crushing criticism of Haeckel's pseudo-scientific "Monism" has been noticed elsewhere. So have the two papers by Dr. John Watson and Mr. Taylor Innes on the Scottish Kirk crisis. W. A. Pickard, Cambridge, discusses the perennial problem of the Jesus of history and the Christ of faith, under the title of "The Christ of Dogma and the Christ of Experience." The writer commits himself to the somewhat strong statement that, "there is no evidence that our relation to the historic Jesus differs essentially from our relation to the other great teachers of the past. All alike are centres of spiritual life." Yet he grants that His personality was unique, but apparently protests against the translating of the unique relation of His mind to God into an absolute identity. The Rev. C. J. Shebbeare, writing on the inner meaning of Liberal theology, declares that "it is not in its religious estimate of Jesus, but rather in its metaphysical conception of God and the world that the new theology differs from the old." In a great painting the beauty is as real as the pigments. In the life of Christ, historical criticism may discern only the pigments, but the devout Christian discerns also the beauty which is the revelation of the inmost nature of God.

The Rev. G. W. Allen puts in a plea for mysticism, and urges that something like the energy should be put into the attempt at self-knowledge, which is the knowledge aimed at by the mystics, as has for centuries been put into intellectual study. In place of the idea "I have to find God that I may possess Him," he substitutes the idea "God has to possess me that I may find Him." Mr. Newman Howard has a very singular article, which recalls the Pythagorean belief in numbers as the ultimate truth of things. Speaking from the analogy of music, he argues that the perfect concords of three, four, and five lie at the root of all cosmic structure and of all rhythm and order in mind and matter.

Professor Keyser, dealing in a somewhat transcendent style with "The Universe and Beyond," develops mathematics as the science that draws correct conclusions, or which, when one or more facts are given, passes with absolute certainty to the correlative fact or facts.

Professor Lake, of Leyden, writing on the newly-found Sayings of Jesus, argues that the evidence points to a collection of sayings of Jesus from which both the Logia of St. Matthew and the Gospel of St. Mark have been derived.

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

THE chief paper in the January number is Principal Lindsay's on John Knox, which is noticed elsewhere. Professor Garvie reviews Ecke's survey of the religious condition of Germany in the last century, and reports therefrom a practical materialism dominating the nation far and wide, which has been deepened by rationalism and the "Christianity of custom." Ecke recognises, however, that at home and abroad, whatever is truest and best in the religious life of the Churches can be shown to be the fruit of religious revival. Dr. W. T. Davison sees in the new theory of matter fresh evidence to the existence and supremacy of One Infinite Mind who is the Author, Mover, Sustainer and Consummator. Professor Moulton pays a warm personal tribute to the memory of the late Professor of Sanscrit in Cambridge, E. B. Cowell. There is also a biographical review of the late Hugh Price Hughes.

A NEW CHURCH MAGAZINE.

THE new Church magazine, *The Interpreter* (6d. net, S. C. Brown, Langham and Co.), appeared for the first time on January 11th. The new venture is begun "in the settled conviction that ignorance, not knowledge, is the enemy of Christianity." Its promoters "seek the fullest light from every source to reveal the firm foundations of our faith." Characteristically, the first paper is by Canon Driver, and its subject is the permanent religious value of the Old Testament. The Rev. C. H. W. Johns, writing on Assyriology and Inspiration, anticipates that as the knowledge of Greek paved the way for the Reformation, the discoveries of the Mesopotamian language and literature will throw an even greater flood of light on the Bible. The actual source of many of the religious ideas of the Old Testament was originally Babylonian. His paper is followed by a brief description of the code of Hammurabi. Canon Kennett explains Jesus' reference to Jonah by taking the Son of Man to mean the Church; "as Jonah was three days and three nights in the body of the whale, so also must the Church in all ages be its three nights and three days in the heart of the earth"—that is, amid earthly limitations. Dr. Walter Lock estimates the value of the new Sayings of Jesus. Mr. Richard Brook discusses the possibility of miracles, and declares that they are not impossible. That the magazine is not to be exclusively theological is shown by the concluding article, "A Review of England's Housing Question in the Past," by the Rev. Henry Lewis, Rector of Bermondsey.

THE CHURCH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

THE *Church Quarterly Review* for January has in it much food for thought. The significant paper on the ecclesiastical crisis in Scotland claims separate mention. The science of pastoral theology is expounded as including Mr. Booth's and Mr. Mudie Smith's recent works on the religion of London, and the reviewer urges that the clergy should record and classify their local knowledge with a view to more scientifically conceived action than at present. A series of papers on missions to Hindus closes with emphasis on two facts—that the increase in the number of Christians during the last decade is 30 per cent., as against 7 or 8 per cent. increase of the gross population; and on the qualitative change observable in the displacement of the terrible melancholy of Hinduism by the brightness and cheerfulness of the Christian convert, and in the frank open-eyedness of the native Christian girl as contrasted with the bearing of a Hindu woman. The chief need is said to be the development of individual stamina, and sheltering in its earliest stages the weakness which caste leaves behind it. Dr. Illingworth's "Reason and Revelation" is described as "opening a new way in apologetic." More distinctively theological papers are those on the teaching of Jesus concerning the Christian society, and the recent literature on the synoptic Gospels. There is a helpful survey of recent books of devotion and a severe criticism of the education given at Eton.

McClure's Magazine.

McClure's Magazine for January is a good number. An article by Mr. S. H. Adams on Tuberculosis in America shows that New York is no better off than London as regards housing. Coal-bins rented by Italians fetch 8s. 6d. a week. Mr. Adams estimates that at least 8,000,000 out of 75,000,000 at present inhabiting the United States are destined to die of consumption.

THE FORUM.

THE January-March *Forum* is, as usual, made up almost altogether of chroniques.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

Mr. H. L. West implies that the recent great defeat of the Democrats is largely due to the fact that the Northern Democrats dictate the policy of the party :—

In both Houses of Congress it is the South which supplies the leadership for the minority ; it is the South which, in days of Democratic triumph, furnishes the experienced and dominant men for the chairmen of the important committees ; it is the South which, in national elections, is always to be relied upon to furnish at least 130 electoral votes—one-third of the entire number—no matter who may be selected as the candidate or whether the platform be Conservative or Radical. Notwithstanding all this, the South steps aside when the candidate is to be named, nor does it demand a platform in accordance with its own views. It surrenders everything to the dictation of Northern Democrats, occupying only a subordinate position when, in fact, it is the backbone of the organisation. If the Southern Democrats were men without the genius of leadership, and lacking in wise and statesmanlike views, the occultation of their section in a national convention might be explicable. On the contrary, there are hundreds of Southern men in public life whose capacities and characters are upon a high plane. It is strange that these men do not assert themselves.

A RAILWAY UP MONT BLANC.

In his review of "Applied Science," Mr. H. H. Suplee thus describes the projected railway to the summit of Mont Blanc :—

Already the French Government has approved of the plans for the first section of the railway, extending from Fayet and St. Gervais, in Haute Savoie, to the Aiguille du Gouter, 12,600 feet above sea level ; the remainder of the line to the summit, an altitude of 15,781 feet, being left as a later undertaking. This idea of a railway to the top of Mont Blanc has long been under consideration. Several plans have been proposed for its construction, one of these involving a horizontal tunnel into the mountain, with a vertical shaft of more than 6,500 feet vertical lift to the top. In view of the experience with hot springs in the heart of Monte Leone, it is well perhaps that this plan has been abandoned ; and, in any case, a railway mainly in the open will offer far greater attractions to the visitor than any such burrowing into the interior of the mountain. The construction of a railroad to this altitude need not present any insuperable difficulties ; for, although 2,000 feet higher than the summit of the Jungfrau, the top of Mont Blanc is only 135 feet above the level of the tunnel on the line of the Lima and Oroya Railway in the Peruvian Andes, where trains have been in operation for many years.

FREE MEALS FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN.

Mr. Thomas Burke, in a paper on "Physical Deterioration in England," refers to the Paris system of free meals for school children :—

Free meals are given to every child, whether the parents are on the books of the "Bureaux de Bienfaisance" or not. Meals are served on the presentation of a token which can be bought and given gratuitously to the child, a system which enables parents who are fairly well off to secure nutritious meals at a small cost. Secrecy is observed as to whether the token was bought or received free. In the year 1897 the municipality of Paris paid for 67·84 per cent. of the meals provided, which shows a fair average of payments by the parents. This method is practically that which a committee of the London School Board recommended in 1898, minus the all-important suggestion that when the board's officers report that the underfed condition of a child is due to the culpable neglect of a parent, the board should have power to prosecute.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

I DO not know what is the matter with the *Edinburgh* Reviewers this month, but a duller, less topical *Review* I have seldom read. The articles are all of a respectable mediocrity, but there is nothing in any of them, either for subjects or in their treatment, that calls for remark. The *Edinburgh* might this month almost be a buff and yellow edition of the *Historical Review*. Of the articles, three are historical and as many biographical. The first reviews the Cambridge History of the English Reformation. A second takes as its text the Cambridge History of the French Revolution, in order to tell the story of the Fall of the Directory. A third deals with Spenser in Ireland. Then there are three biographical papers, devoted to Bishop Creighton, Aubrey De Vere, and Sir P. Burne-Jones. The article on Sweden might have been written for the "Encyclopædia Britannica." The only other general articles are devoted to "Homer and his Commentators," "Typhoons and Cyclones."

There are two political papers—one on the Colour Question in the United States. The Reviewer insists that the regulation of the elective franchise should, so far as the negroes are concerned, be transferred from the State to the Federal authorities :—

To trench on State sovereignty is to a Southerner tantamount to touching the Ark of the Lord, but nothing short of this can secure justice to the coloured voters. The machinery of this educational franchise should be kept strictly in the hands of Federal officials, who should hold office for life, like English judges. One law on the negro franchise would then prevail in every State and Territory over which floats the Stars and Stripes.

The writer of the article on "The Great Consult" chuckles mildly over the fiasco of the Tariff Reform movement. He says :—

On the whole, it can hardly be asserted that Mr. Chamberlain has made much way in convincing Englishmen throughout the Empire of the practicability of his plans, whilst at home they feel a not unreasonable dislike to what looks like the injustice and impolicy of taxing the commonest food of the poorest of the people, in order to give a preference to the thriving industries of their very prosperous kinsmen across the seas.

CORNHILL.

THE *Cornhill* for February is a very readable number. Mr. Lucy's account of the lungs of the House of Commons, and Judge Prowse's memories of old-time Newfoundland, claim separate mention. Mr. Maurice Church recalls the astounding exploits of Suvóroff, "A Russian Napoleon," as he calls him. Mr. Frank T. Bullen gives a charming picture of Kingston, Jamaica. He bears witness to the growing feeling that in spite of the loyalty of these island populations to Great Britain, they are fated sooner or later to become an appanage of the United States. Mr. George Yard writes on "climbing the (joint-stock) tree," and says that the joint-stock system has broken down family party arrangements, and has given less advantage to connection and favouritism and more to talent and energy. General Maunsell contributes interesting recollections of active service in the Crimea. The pleasure he takes in recalling how his men, out of admiration for the courage of Russian officers, refrained from shooting them down even in the heat of battle, suggests that war then was much less grim than now, when it is the first duty of the soldier to pick off the enemy's officers. Mr. Shenstone discusses the processes of weighing atoms.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

THE *Westminster Review* for February contains no articles of first-rate importance. It opens with a paper on Socialism—not the only one in this month's magazines—the point of which is that Socialists are oftener condemned for what they are supposed to be and do than for what they actually are or do. Mr. Alfred MacCullagh begins a series of articles on education in the Transvaal, the opening paper being devoted to education under the old *régime*, the chief faults of which were, he thinks, the show of religion without the reality; failure to suppress the tell-tale spirit too common among Boer boys, and an absurd method of teaching geography, which allowed a girl of sixteen to remain in ignorance crass enough to ask whether London was as big as Johannesburg.

There is an alarming paper on the Progress of Insanity in Our Own Time, by Mr. W. J. Corbet, the point of which is the "cooking" of reports by the Lunacy Commissioners, so as to attempt to make a real increase in lunacy appear merely an apparent increase. Actually, in round numbers, lunatics (including idiots) have increased by 2,500 a year every year since 1862, the chief cause of the increase being heredity—not accumulation but propagation—propagation of insane tendencies by those discharged from asylums, who, however, must often re-enter them, and are in no case fit to become parents.

An amusing sketch, which might profitably be read by the man in the street, is on Chosen Peoples.

THE ECONOMIC REVIEW.

TWO of the January articles dealing with Mr. Chamberlain's proposals and with Labour Colonies have been dealt with elsewhere. Mr. Walter Ford announces the incipient bankruptcy in South Africa, and argues that white labour is too expensive to make South Africa pay as an Imperial investment. He urges that the merely temporary employment of the Chinese might tide over the transition. Mr. Aneurin Williams passes in review twenty years of co-partnership, on the whole in hopeful vein. Mr. Charles Hassard gives a very valuable diagnosis of the milk trade from within, and the extraordinary devices in dishonesty of dealers, distributors, inspectors, and domestic servants. It is a saddening chapter in what may be called social pathology. Miss Hutchins presents the economic views of Dr. Walther Lotz, who holds that the destiny of Germany to be a manufacturing country, with a great export trade, makes it necessary that she must have cheap food.

THE DUBLIN REVIEW.

THE *Dublin Review* for January will take the general reader's notice chiefly by its reproduction of a French contemporary account of the death of Charles I. The writer was Sieur F. de Marsys, teacher of the "Royal Martyr's" two sons. Miss Elizabeth Speakman finds the keynote of the outspokenness of satire in the Middle Ages in the satirist's loyalty to his Church—a pleasant way of sting extraction. The Rev. Hugh Pope discusses recent excavations of Biblical sites in Palestine, and concludes that orthodox Biblical criticism has nothing to fear from the witness of modern excavation. The Rev. A. B. Sharpe upholds the morality of the Creator in the presence of the existence of sin by the argument that evil is a necessary condition of the highest good of creation, which is the manifestation of the Divine nature. He concludes that "it is in the presence of the Divine victim, abiding perpetually on the altars of the Church, that the mystery of evil becomes tolerable, even if not entirely clear."

THE GRAND MAGAZINE.

I CONGRATULATE Sir George Newnes upon having dared to strike a blow against the tyranny of illustrations, which, nevertheless, it must be admitted, he did much to establish by the *Strand*. He is now seeking to dethrone that tyranny by the *Grand*, a fourpenny-halfpenny non-illustrated magazine, full of reading matter and never a picture in the whole 176 pages to enliven the text. The quality of the paper is hardly up to the mark, but the contents of the magazine are full of variety and interest. Mr. Bernard Shaw's article on "The Theatre of the Future" is noticed elsewhere. The paper on "Interesting People" gives a page of gossip concerning some people who are talked about. Fiction occupies half the number. There is no serial. The paper on "Real Experiences of the Supernatural" is thin and threadbare. The paper "How to Live Long, by Those Who have Done It," is noticed elsewhere. John Oliver Hobbes, discussing whether men or women have the best time, actually decides the question in favour of her own sex, whose immoral devotion to bridge is dwelt upon by another writer. A good original feature is "Plots of Plays," in which the plots of the leading new plays in London, Berlin, Paris and New York are told as short stories. On the whole a first-class monthly *Tit-Bits*, with all the best features of that pioneer weekly—minus prizes.

THE SCOTTISH HISTORICAL REVIEW.

THE *Scottish Historical Review* is noteworthy for its attack on two popular idols. Mr. Andrew Lang undertakes to make out that Knox was untruthful and dishonest in his work as historian. Mr. R. D. Murray Rose, writing on "Mary Queen of Scots and Her Brother," does not spare Lord James. "His hypocrisy stands revealed." His accomplices were found to be "the very men who lived in open adultery, yet were of the elect. . . . They sang psalms and cheerfully plunged their dagger into their neighbours. They were all pawns in the game of Lord James." "Then this saintly person did not hesitate to use the casket letters (which he well knew were forgeries, as can now be proved) to dishonour and disown his sister." Dr. D. Hay Fleming shows from contemporary documents the remarkable influence that Knox exercised in England as well as in Scotland. An interesting antiquarian find of six early charters is represented by photographic reproductions of the two earliest, dating from 1210.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

THE February, or mid-winter, number is full of interest. The most striking articles are those by Mr. White on the Kaiser, and by Mr. Foreman on the new Parks in Chicago. These, and the paper on Korea, by Mr. Sands, have been noted elsewhere. There is a coloured reproduction of a fresco representing the origin of Rome, recently discovered at Pompeii. It shows Mars descending through the sky towards the recumbent Rhea Sylvia; the unfortunate vestal being led to her death; and the wolf nursing Romulus and Remus. Italy is made to contribute lurid pages in C. K. Linson's illustrated article on Colour at Vesuvius. The coloured drawings of the crater by day and by night are very impressive. They were taken on the lip of the abyss, a ledge which a few days afterwards fell inward. D. B. Macgowan gives a summary survey of the conflict in Finland, which illustrates well the unconquerable tenacity of a law-abiding people.

THE REVUE DE PARIS.

THE number for January 1st of the *Revue de Paris* opens with the souvenirs of Brienne, by H. A. L. de Castres, who was a pupil at the school (1780—1784) at the same time as Napoleon. The reminiscences were written in 1815, and de Castres died in 1832.

In another article in the same number we have a discussion of the merits of cannon and ironclads in naval war; the ironclad is heavy and comparatively few improvements can be made for it, whereas with guns improvements and new ideas are of everyday occurrence.

The only political article in the number is that on "Reform in Tunis," by Eugène Bonhoure. It is proposed to convert the Protectorate into a French colony. Universal suffrage existed in Tunis before the French occupation; it continues still, but a flagrant vice of the system is that the suffrages have not all the same value.

Victor Bérard, in the second number, deals with France's interests in Persia. The opening article of the number is Georges de La Salle's graphic account of the battle of Cha-Kho. The most interesting is that on Pius X., the first instalment of which appeared in the *Revue* of December 15th. His early life seems to have been altogether full of hardships, which have left an impression on his features and his mode of life; and he has had the good taste to preserve the simplicity of his youth amid all the pontifical ceremonial which his present position of dignity imposes. Having been severe to himself, he does not hesitate to be exacting towards others in the service of the Church; he does not permit resistance or temporising. The second instalment describes his election.

THE NOUVELLE REVUE.

IN the number for January 1st there is no article calling for special notice. There is a curious article by E. Rodocanachi on the Dyeing of the Hair and the Use of Cosmetics and Paint practised in Italy. The Florentine ladies in 1360 are referred to as having recourse to a cosmetic to blacken, not only the eyes, but the teeth. The most extraordinary results were obtained from dyeing the hair in various parts of Italy. Fair hair was greatly prized, for was it not the colour of the hair of the beautiful heroines Beatrice and Laura? Ladies not fair by nature took every trouble to make themselves fair, and *L'Arte Biondeggiante* was brought to a wonderful state of perfection. Catherine Sforza was the author of a treatise, "Experimenti," in which she explained the most reputed methods of her day for beauty-treatment, including various means by which beards may be made black. It was at Venice where the art of making people fair flourished in particular.

In the number for January 15th there is first a learned article, by F. A. de La Rochefoucauld, on the Deciphering of the Gallic Inscriptions. An article of greater interest to the general reader is the account of Pierre Crozat, an art-collector and art-patron of the eighteenth century, contributed by Paul Bayle and A. Fauchier-Magnan. Crozat is described as an accomplished collector, that is to say, he loved beautiful things for their own sake, and for the pleasure of possessing them, apart from all spirit of vanity or snobbishness. There were three brothers; the youngest became the Abbé de Genlis; while Antoine and Pierre entered a bank, and eventually became great financiers.

About 1704 Pierre resolved to devote the rest of his life to the development of his taste for art, and he succeeded in making for himself a great name in the collector-world. He built a beautiful hôtel in the Rue de Richelieu, and took various artists under his protection —Watteau, La Fosse, Rosalba Carriera, and others. Every day additions were made to his collection, and in order to make them known engravings of them were distributed to the public. When he died in 1740 he was the fortunate possessor of many of the most beautiful productions of art, for his great wealth placed no limit to his ambitions. When the collection of 19,048 pictures was sold it realised only £36,213! It must have been a golden age for other collectors. The Crozat Collection, now at the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, was a part of Pierre Crozat's collection, which had passed into the hands of his nephews.

THE REVUE DES DEUX MONDES.

MONTALEMBERT, who is the subject of an article by Léon Lefébure in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of January 1st, it is interesting to learn, spent his early days in England with his grandfather, James Forbes, a Protestant. His mother, too, was a Protestant, but when the boy was twelve years of age she was converted to the Catholic faith. It is altogether a curious portrait which M. Lefébure gives us of Montalembert and his relations with the Church.

In an article entitled "Summer Impressions in London," Th. Bentzon (Madame Blanc) describes Mrs. Humphry Ward's Holiday School, Bank Holiday, the Parks and Gardens, Women's Clubs, etc. Camille Bellaigue, in the same number, adds to the many notices which have already appeared an interesting article on "Tristan and Isolda," recently produced at Paris.

The chief article in the second number is an exposition of the principles of income-tax in England and elsewhere, by Jules Roche. Income-tax as we know it in England is not a tax on revenue or income, but a tax on incomes, that is to say, every category of revenue considered separately; there is no unity about it such as should be the essential characteristic of a tax on revenue, argues M. Roche. He adds there is no such thing at all as a tax on revenue in Germany, but in Prussia, Saxony, and other German States privately considered there is a system of "Einkommensteuer." The systems of England, Prussia, and the United States are examined and compared, and M. Roche comes to the following conclusions:—

(1) There is no tax on revenue in England.

(2) A tax on revenue exists in Prussia, but political France is almost as far removed from aristocratic and monarchical Prussia as from Rome and Servius Tullus.

(3) Democratic and Republican France may be compared with the United States, but the tax on revenue has not been able to survive in the United States, and the highest moral authority of that great country, the supreme guardian of the principles and rights without which neither republic nor free citizenship are possible, has condemned it altogether. The tax would not live in France either.

Emile Michel contributes to the same number a long article on John Constable; René Doumic writes on Choderlos de Laclos, the author of "Liaisons Dangereuses," and T. de Wyzewa tells the story of the Marchioness Christina of Northumberland, whom he describes as an Italian adventuress of the seventeenth century.

THE ITALIAN REVIEWS.

THE *Civiltà Cattolica* which, evidently inspired from Vatican sources, has made a somewhat startling *volte-face* in regard to all its previously held opinions concerning the internal condition of Italy, now sees everything, both in the present and the future, *couleur de rose*. In a leading article (January 1st) it congratulates the Italian nation on the fact that it is "faithful to its Christian beliefs and its Catholic traditions" without a word concerning the Temporal Power. In its mid-January issue it continues its campaign in favour of a national and Catholic organisation for social-economic reform which should pave the way towards the creation of a political centre-party on German lines. Catholic social activity is to combat, nay, is already combating, the false ideals of Socialism, and the admirable social work already accomplished with such happy results at Bergamo is to be copied throughout the kingdom. The *Civiltà* believes that on a broad social basis Catholics of every shade will unite, even the extremists of both camps—Conservative and Democratic; but this is the crux of the whole situation, and other onlookers are far less optimistic.

A new and beautifully illustrated magazine, with articles in French and Italian, comes to us from Turin. *La Fotografia Artistica*, as its name indicates, is devoted to the art of photography. It should prove a distinct acquisition to photographic amateurs; it has correspondents in every country, practical articles, and a large number of photographic illustrations, some of which might serve for framing.

The *Nuova Antologia*, which, as a rule, is quite Anglophil in tone, publishes last month (January 1st) a long article by the well-known deputy, E. Gianturco, summarising recent events and controversies concerning the internal administration of the Congo, and declaring his conviction that the accusations brought mainly by Englishmen against the Belgian authorities are quite unproven. He specially denies that there has been any infringement of the Berlin Convention, scoffs at the idea of referring the question to the Hague Tribunal, and implies that commercial jealousy lies at the root of the accusations. Paola Lombroso contributes a sprightly plea for newspaper reading, inspired in her case by an instructive and unsatisfied curiosity concerning the life of the crowd in the streets; and the editor, Maggiorino Ferraris, continues his energetic crusade in favour of the reform of Italian railway administration, quoting many statistics to show how undeveloped railway travelling still is in Italy. With the new year there begins a new novel, "Nostalgia," a story of Roman life, by Grazzia Deledda, whose recent novel "Cenere" enjoyed so great a success.

The *Rivista d'Italia* publishes a long article denouncing the evils of the temporal power of the Popes throughout the Middle Ages, and a suggestive sketch of the clash of mediæval ideals in art with pagan ambitions, as exemplified by Bramante in the days of the Renaissance.

Emporium starts the new year with an exceptionally brilliant number. A beautifully illustrated article on ancient Greek coins deserves attention; mediæval art receives attention in the description of the frescoes in the Cathedral of Atri in the Abruzzi, and travel is treated in a fully illustrated article on Uganda, where Dr. Castellani has recently been studying the causes of that terrible scourge, the sleeping sickness.

THE DUTCH REVIEWS.

De Gids contains another contribution from the pen of Hugo de Vries, whose mutation theory has made him celebrated far beyond the limits of his own country. His stay in the United States has afforded him opportunities for writing interesting essays on various subjects, and this time he talks about the Yellowstone Park and its hot springs. There is nothing particularly new in the article, but it is pleasant reading. The Housing Question in Amsterdam, and the progress made during the last thirty years, is dealt with in an able fashion by Helene Mercier. Much has been done in the way of betterment, but the mass of figures produced in the article shows that the Dutch capital has still far too many dark spots. "Cellars let at 3s. per week" is the kind of statement which tells a disagreeable tale. The writer quotes Arnold Toynbee's words about setting up an ideal and then doing one's best to carry it into practice, and she sighs for more of that enthusiasm in Amsterdam. The article by Professor Hubrecht on Higher Education strikes the right note. There is much in the present system that tends to uniformity in people and to the destruction of individuality; the proper course is to ascertain whether a pupil is capable of assimilating higher knowledge and making good use of it when he has it, not to try to force a certain amount of knowledge into everyone. Let those who are possessed of the requisite aptitude have a chance of continuing their studies, even to the age of twenty-four years. Intellectuality must be watched, developed, and utilised.

In *Elsevier* we have two biographical articles, among others. Hugo de Vries receives appreciative treatment, and a portrait of the scientist is given on separate paper. The mutation of mineral to vegetable and vegetable to animal is a fascinating subject, and Hugo de Vries has taken it up enthusiastically. H. P. Berlage is an architect, and illustrations are given of some of his decorative work in the new Stock Exchange building in Amsterdam and elsewhere. A descriptive account, well illustrated, of Provence is very entertaining; it would not be complete without a portrait of Mistral, the Poet of Provence, who shared a Nobel Prize of £8,000 with the Spanish poet, Echegaray, a few weeks ago.

Vragen des Tijds contains another article on the position of medical men and medical affairs in the Dutch Indies, an essay on the erection of a statue to William III. of Holland, and a third on Fire Insurance by Municipalities. The idea appears to be that a local rate for fire insurance would be a good thing; everybody would be insured, and there would really be less paid for the purpose than is at present expended in premiums to insurance companies.

Onze Eeuw has a contribution on a thorny subject, that of the effect of certain laws, or suggested laws, on the industrial power of the working classes. The compulsory insurance against sickness and accidents in Germany, where the employer has to pay a part—does this handicap the manufacturer in competition in foreign markets? Do protective tariffs operate similarly? Is it worth while bolstering up the home trade at the expense of the exports? These questions will be answered by different countries in their own way; but there seems to be an impression in some protected countries that such a fiscal system is not so desirable as some of them have hitherto believed. "A Plea for More Spirituality" is the title of a thoughtful article dealing with the modern tendency to look at everything from the materialistic standpoint.

DAY BY DAY.

A CHRONOLOGICAL DIARY OF THE EVENTS OF THE WORLD.

February 8.—The barque "Mayfield" goes ashore on the Tasmanian coast. All hands are saved ... The Prussian Diet orders the construction of a number of canals at a cost of £16,750,000 ... Serious friction is reported between Turkey and France in connection with the financial claims of the latter upon the former ... It is reported that a draft agreement for the establishment of an Anglo-American parcels post has been arranged ... The Robinson South African Company resolves on voluntarily winding up, in order to form itself into a trust ... The Tsar is reported to has provisionally approved of proposals for reforms which will improve the lot of workmen ... A renewal of the strike at the Putiloff works, in Russia, is reported.

February 9.—H.M.S. "Plyades" goes aground at Thursday Island. She is expected to be got off without any difficulty ... Some friction has been induced between Sweden and Norway, owing to the illness of King Oscar II.

February 10.—A stringent system of cleansing is to be adopted in Brisbane with the view of staving off the plague.

February 11.—Mr. Justice O'Connor is chosen as the first President of the Federal Conciliation and Arbitration Court ... The "Plyades" is re-floated ... The death is announced at the age of 90, of Adolf Menzel, the famous German painter ... The Argentine gunboat, "Uraguay," returns to Buenos Ayres without discovering any signs of the "Francais" ... General Tcherkoff, Governor-General in Warsaw, dies of wounds received in one of the engagements with the strikers ... Colonel John Hay decides to return to China, at the close of the Russian-Japanese war, the sum of £4,400,000, the balance of the indemnity for American losses during the Boxer rising of 1900 ... The prosecution of one of the wheelers in connection with the Newcastle Coal Strike fails ... The French Government, under M. Rouvier, introduces bills providing for the disestablishment of the Church, and the separation of Church from State ... The social revolt in Poland increases ... King Frederick of Saxony orders the removal of his daughter from the guardianship of her mother, Princess Louise.

February 12.—The Prussian colliers' strike in the Rheinish provinces collapses ... By 333 votes to 189, the French Chamber of Deputies approves of the bills separating Church and State ... It is hoped that the French cruiser "Sully," on the rocks on the Tonquin coast, may yet be saved ... Mr. John Tebbutt, F.R.A.S., New South Wales, is awarded the Jackson-Gwilt bronze medal by the Royal Astronomical Society of England.

February 13.—M. de Witte is suspected of treason, and his house is searched.

February 14.—Mr. Franz Kossuth has an audience with the Emperor Francis Joseph with reference to the Hungarian crisis ... The friction between France and Morocco still continues ... The Chinese loan of one million in London is subscribed thirty times over ... A panic is caused by a fire at a theatre in New York; happily there are no fatalities ... A Rome paper reports that England cedes to Italy a strip of territory on the British Somali coast ... Dr. W. E. Jones arrives from England to take the position of Victorian Inspector-General of the Insane ... The United States Government grants compensation of £80 to Mr. Harper, a N.Z. bank clerk, who was deported from America last year ... A Japanese steamer entering Osaka during the fog collides with the harbour works; 94 persons are drowned ... M. Raure, a French aeronaut, makes a voyage from the Crystal Palace to a suburb of Paris, in a balloon, in 6 hours 15 minutes ... The British Parliament opens.

February 15.—The French Admiralty achieves a distinct advance in the method of sinking submarines ... President Roosevelt advocates a free hand and a fair field for negroes, with equality of opportunity and equality of treatment before the law ... The first meeting of the Federal Tariff Commission is held ... The German Minister for Marine affairs announces a programme for the construction of more battleships and torpedo boats ... The Rheinish coal strike collapses ... The Orient Steamship Company's steamer "Orizaba" goes ashore near Fremantle ... At a great meeting of leading Transvaal Boers, ex-General Beyers makes a speech in favour of responsible Government.

February 16.—An explosion, due to a leaking petrol tank on the British submarine torpedo boat No. 5, kills six of the crew and injures 11 ... The Grand Duke Sergins is assassinated by a bomb explosion in Moscow ... The Earl of Onslow accepts the position of Chairman of Committees in the House of Lords ... The Afghan Ameer's son returns home after his mission to Lord Curzon.

February 17.—The Senate of the French Legislature, by an overwhelming majority, reduces the term of compulsory active service in the French Army from three to two years.

February 18.—Terrible atrocities are reported from the French Congo. French Government has instituted prosecutions of the offenders ... An American syndicate has been formed, with twenty million pounds at its disposal, to organise a "corner" in wheat ... President Roosevelt orders an investigation into the Standard Oil Co., which has been attempting a boycott against Kansas Oil ... Captain Percy Scott, the gunnery expert, is promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral.

February 21.—Another great diamond, weighing 334 carats, is discovered in the Premier diamond mine, of Johannesburg ... Mr. Steyn, ex-President of the Orange Free State, returns to South Africa ... The German Reichstag votes the second readings of bills sanctioning the new commercial treaties by the Kaiser's Ministers with Russia and Austria-Hungary ... Lieutenant-Colonel Walter Savile, D.S.O., is nominated by the War Office for the post of Director of Ordnance on the Military Board of Administration of the Commonwealth forces ... The "Orizaba" wreck is practically abandoned ... Father Gapon is unfrocked by the Consistory of the Orthodox Russian Church ... Martial law is proclaimed at Tsarskoe, where the Tsar is residing.

February 22.—The Canadian Government decides to adhere to its intention to undertake the sole responsibility of its military defences, instead of paying part of the expenses of the Imperial troops garrisoned in the Dominion.

February 23.—In the German Reichstag, the third reading of the Commercial treaties is concluded ... The New South Wales Government agrees to repeal differential railway rates ... A London butcher is charged with supplying two public asylums with Australian frozen lamb bearing New Zealand labels ... A sensation is caused in the French Chamber of De-

puties by M. Bos' declaration that the ammunition and coal supplies to the French Mediterranean squadron are disgracefully insufficient.

February 24.—The French Chamber of Deputies accepts the programme of naval construction proposed by the Minister of Marine to enable the French Government to keep pace with that of Germany. ... The great Simplon Tunnel is completed ... The funeral ceremonial of the Grand Duke Sergius takes place indoors at Moscow.

February 25.—It transpires that Prince Andronikoff was stabbed to death by strikers. It was thought that he had committed suicide ... The Marine Court finds that Captain Archer, of the "Orizaba," committed an error of judgment in attempting to take the vessel over the Five Fathom Bank instead of anchoring, and censures him, but orders his certificate to be returned to him ... The official report of the Dogger Bank incident is published.

February 27.—The details of the Boer Franchise ideals are published ... Mr. Chas. Edwards is appointed examiner in Australia for the Trinity College of Music examinations ... The peasants in Central Russia are sending a large deputation to St. Petersburg, asking the Tsar to redistribute the land in the interests of the people ... The death is announced of the Earl of Morley, at the age of 61 years; that of Sir Martin Gosselin, in his 57th year; and that of Sir Thomas Wemyss Reid, in his 63rd year ... It is announced that the Prince and Princess of Wales will visit India in November next ... By a terrible fire in Arkansas, U.S.A., 2000 people are rendered homeless.

February 28.—The betrothal of the eldest daughter of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught to the eldest son of the Crown Prince of Norway and Sweden, is announced, and that of the Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

March 1.—The death is announced of Guy Boothby, aged 37 years ... A heavy slump occurs in the American wheat market ... The widow of the late Grand Duke Sergius orders that 45,000 of the poor of Moscow shall be given free dinners, at her expense, for forty days ... Viscount Milner resigns his position of High Commissioner of South Africa.

March 2.—One of the astronomical observers at the Lick Observatory discovers a seventh satellite of the planet Jupiter ... The Naval Appropriation Bill of the U.S.A., providing for an appropriation of £20,014,000, is approved by the Senate ... Shocking outrages are reported in connection with an anti-Semitic outbreak at Theodosia, in the Crimea ... Mr. Jenkins, Premier of South Australia, tenders his resignation. Mr. R. Butler forms a new Ministry ... The Earl of Selbourne is appointed as Lord Milner's successor ... Colonel John Hay announces that the U.S.A. Government has no intention of annexing Hayti or San Domingo.

March 4.—The British Naval estimates, amounting to £33,389,000, are a reduction on last year's ... Mrs. Jane L. Stanford, an American millionaire philanthropist, dies suddenly at Honolulu. There are indications of poisoning ... A new tender supplied to the Commonwealth Government for the carriage of mails, is rejected ... It is announced that Mr. George Wyndham, Chief Secretary for Ireland, tendered his resignation, which the Government refuses to accept ... The majority of Mr. Balfour's Government is being greatly reduced during the debates on supply.

March 5.—It is said that St. Petersburg is isolated by strikes taking place on the southern railways.

March 6.—The Ministers of the Tsar are alleged to have tendered their resignations in consequence of the issue of a manifesto by the Tsar without consulting them, and that the Tsar thereupon issued a rescript.

March 7.—A partial eclipse of the sun takes place ... Earl Cawdor is appointed First Lord of the Admiralty in succession to the Earl of Selbourne ... The International Postal Union Congress, fixed for April, has been again postponed.

THE WAR.

February 8.—General Oku advances his left wing across the Hun River, and is reported to be pressing the Russians hard.

February 9.—Three thousand Polish reservists break out into riot at Wolvolsk ... General Gripenburg accuses General Kuropatkin of incapacity.

February 10.—The strike of employés on the trans-Siberian railway blocks 150 car loads of war supplies ... It is reported that Japan has purchased the Chilian warship "Captain Pratt" ... Japan orders the construction in England of four battleships and £500,000 worth of naval guns.

February 13.—The Japanese build light lines along their entrenchments to enable quick transport of troops ... The fort of Vladivostock is declared to be in a state of siege ... General Gripenburg is relieved of his command, and is succeeded by General Kaulbars ... The Japanese expenditure in connection with the war to date is reported to amount to £50,000,000.

February 15.—Admiral Togo sails from Kure ... The Dutch East India authorities refuse to assist the Baltic Fleet on its way to the East.

February 16.—The Russian cavalry make a flank attack on Marshal Oyama's extreme right.

February 17.—The cavalry attack by the Russians fails ... General Gripenburg returns to St. Petersburg ... The Third Squadron of the Baltic Fleet sails from Libau.

February 20.—Part of the Russian army passes through Chinese territory to get at the Japanese line of communications to the south.

February 22.—The Siberian railway is reported to be breaking down under the heavy traffic ... The Japanese warships conducting the blockade of Vladivostock show much vigilance in capturing steamers with contraband goods.

February 23.—Chunchuses are reported to be attacking Russian convoys to the north-west of Mukden ... Twenty Japanese torpedo boats are reported to be off the coast of Formosa.

February 24.—Preparations are being made by Japan to attack Vladivostock ... A fifth Japanese army is concentrating in the north of Korea for the Vladivostock campaign ... General Nogi's troops from Port Arthur are strengthening the extreme left of Marshal Oyama's army ... The Japanese right wing captures the Tzin-ze-li-te Pass.

February 27.—A large Japanese naval force proceeds to Vladivostock ... The Russo-Chinese Bank at Mukden is ordered to prepare to close ... The Russian Government charters 10 more Hamburg-American liners for use as colliers for the Baltic Fleet.

March 2.—The artillery fighting along the front of the opposing armies extends for eighty miles ... The Vladivostock garrison is reported to number 40,000 officers and men.

March 3.—General Stoessel is entertained by the Tsar with the Imperial family, and subsequently a decoration of honour is conferred upon him ... General Stoessel urges the appointment of a special tribunal to investigate the surrender of Port Arthur ... General Linevitch is reported to be in retreat, and to be taking refuge with the centre army.

March 5.—Japan raises another internal loan of £10,000,000 ... A terrible battle is in progress near Mukden.

March 7.—The battle is reported to be going strongly in favour of the Japanese ... Two Russian divisions are routed.

CURRENT HISTORY IN CARICATURE.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as ithers see us."—BURNS.

In the foreign cartoons which we have selected this month the War is naturally most prominent. The American humourist finds the secret of Russia's defeat in the fact that she is fighting only for extension and Japan for existence. The German hits off the cool composure of the Japanese navy and the horror of the Baltic Fleet in the contemplation of what both regard as the inevitable result of their meeting. The Russian pictures the disillusion which he would like England to experience when Japan grows "yellow perilous." The birthday of the Prince of Peace occurring during war and heightened preparations for war has suggested to *Simplicissimus* a gibe so bitter, yet so well deserved, as to atone for its seeming irreverence. *Judge's* conception of the American President as the world's policeman has in it a very considerable spice of truth as well as of humour. The popular conception of the relative importance of personages at the Hobart Conference is depicted by *Melbourne Punch*, but, as a matter of fact, Mr. Bent was very little in evidence, Mr. Carruthers playing the leading part. The silly action of the Sydney Customs Department refusing to allow Maoris to land is hit off nicely in the cartoon from the *Free Lance*, where the illiterate J.P. arranges to squeeze through the test. The *Bulletin* makes half comic and half tragic reference to the unenviable notoriety our shores are gaining for shipwrecks.

Judge.] **Reading the Future.** [New York.

Kladderadatsch.] [Jan. 15.

Watching Rostdestvensky's Progress with much interest.

Le Grelot.]

Reforms in Russia!

Making a beginning in Moscow.

Melbourne Punch.]

THE INEBRIATED STATE PARLIAMENT: "Look here—(hic)—Boy! 'ow d'ye expeck to pay my debts? You eat too much, and—(hic)—drink too much; and if y' grow another inch—(hic)—I'll break your head."

Oskolki.] [St. Petersburg.

A Russian View of England and Japan.

OLD MISS ALBION: "I sheltered and petted this mongrel pariah, and now he turns upon me and shows his teeth."

Melbourne Punch.]

Not a Blot, but a Blessing.

(All the State Premiers are eager to have the Braddon clause—the Bladdon Blot—extended for a great many years. Some wish to have it established in perpetuity.)

THE COMMONWEALTH: "It was you christened it the Blot, George. See how mistaken you were—it is my shield and safeguard."

Simplicissimus.] [Jan. 9.

The Festival of the Three Kings.

If they were to come again their offerings to the Christ-child would probably be guns, battleships, and ammunition.

Free Lance.]

Rough on Jay Pees.

L. LITRATE, ESQ., J.P.: "Looky 'ere, young feller, me lad, Hi wants to go to Sydney for a holiday, and if you jest write me out fifty words o' Hinglish Hi will put me cross to it. Never let it be said as 'ow a magistrate is a prohibited himigrant."

Judge,] **Roosevelt as the World's Constable.** [New York

Minneapolis Journal.]

Looking a Gift Horse in the Mouth.

Minneapolis Journal.]

Why He was Whipped.

THE BEAR: "Well, you see, I was just fighting for a dinner, while he was fighting for his life."

Minneapolis Journal.]

Roosevelt and the Trusts.

They are already beginning to "eat out of his hands."

Bumbledom Pranks
HOW I CUM TO OWE £190 000
History of S. Melbourne
South Melb Municipality (which owes £190,000) proposes to "jubilate" to the extent of a fountain & a "History of S. Melb" "to cost £500"
A case of Selling his history, & giving himself away
"Just so"
Bill:— Wot the deuce are you worrying about the English Mail Service for — you ain't got no faked invoices to intercept!"
Cap'n Mate — Whats that port over there? Some Australian port, cos there's a wrecked mailboat at the entrance.
Postal Navigation as she is
They'll be unfrocking us next!"
Howling indignation of the Wimmen's League at the "Unfrocking of Father Gapon"
"A Bad Sign"
Argus:— Says "It is gratifying that a reaction has taken place in Australian Stocks & that Confidence has not been lost by the British Investor" — All the same the boy had better keep an eye on his clothes"
COHEN
AUS

Bulletin.] [*Alf. Vincent.*

Ohio State Journal.]

An American Singer who is making a Great Success in Europe.

South African Review.]

John Bull's Load!

[N.B.—Cost of Navy £36,000,000 a year. Colonies contribute, towards this sum, only a beggarly £384,000.]

The scant respect which is felt by certain sections of South African opinion for the chief military and the chief political personages of the late war reveals itself somewhat savagely in the cartoon of the *South African News*. But was the fiasco of the war, its high pretentions and its sordid outcome, ever better shown in its utter ludicrousness than by the *Sydney Bulletin*?

South African News.]

Delusions.

FIRST VICTIM (LORD ROBERTS, addressing Visitor to Asylum): "I say, take a peep through my telescope and you'll see a lot of disloyal Dutch parsons—in the air."
SECOND VICTIM (MR. CHAMBERLAIN): "Oh, don't mind him, he's mad. I'm the head of this establishment. If you want to know anything about the Empire you must consult me."

Sydney Bulletin.]

"Dear Old Blitish Flag—He Fightee for Me!"

Bulletin.]

Public Opinion Ltd.

The Press Trust of the Future.

The Actual Premiers' Conference.

PREMIER BENT: "It comes to this, George. Fat is force, and we've got the fat; consequently, we can just talk over matters between us, and then rope in these little fellows to agree when everything's settled."

Westminster Gazette.] [Jan. 21.

A Possible Clue.

MR. LYTTELTON: "Stop thief! he's running away with my 'Quiet of the Soul'!"

[People who pass by the Colonial Secretary's residence will probably have noticed a handbill offering a reward of 10s. for the recovery of a lost book, "The Quiet of the Soul."]

Westminster Gazette.] [Jan. 21.

Who am I?

MR. BALFOUR: "Am I Don Quixote or Sancho Panza? I wish I knew!"

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

HOW MANY PERSONS AM I? A NEW THEORY OF MULTIPLE PERSONALITY.*

THE occasional occurrence of the strange phenomena of two and even of three apparently distinct personalities within one human being has long been one of the standing puzzles of the scientist. It has been reserved for the two American psychologists of Harvard and Yale to proclaim, as one of the most momentous discoveries of the new century, that so far from these rare and exceptional cases of double or multiple personality being mere freaks or monstrosities of consciousness, they are the necessary manifestations of the very constitution of mental life. They sum up their discovery in the following sentence :—

> Multiple consciousness is not the exception, but the law. For mind is synthesis of many systems of moment-consciousness.—(P. 364.)

This thesis they support by an examination of the most recent and best known instances of double, multiple, or alternating personality. I have called it a discovery because the authors regard it in that light. Most of their readers, myself included, will be inclined to regard it as a mare's nest. Certainly the evidence which they bring forward is very far from affording conclusive testimony as to the truth of their theory that our Ego is but a conglomerate of mental impressions, out of which new egos can be created by merely rearranging the ingredients. But although they have not proved their case, they have undoubtedly produced a most interesting and almost appallingly suggestive book. As a discussion of the ever-absorbing problem, Who am I? What am I? I know no other recent work which approaches it in originality and in audacity. It is a difficult book to read. The nomenclature of psychological science is not easy to be understood by the general public, and when it is spoken with a strong American accent it is almost intolerable. But if once you get a grip of the book, the book gets a grip of you which it is not easy to shake off. In this article I will first of all summarise the experiments and experiences which display the phenomena of multiple personality. I shall then endeavour to state their discovery in non-scientific terminology, and, finally, I shall endeavour to frame an estimate as to the value of their discovery, and as to its bearing on human life and the moral responsibility of man.

* "Multiple Personality. An Experimental Investigation into the Nature of Human Individuality." By Boris Sidis, M.A., Ph.D. (Harvard) and Simon P. Goodhart (Yale). (London: Sidney Appleton. 10s. 6d. 462 pp.).

I.—CASES OF MULTIPLE PERSONALITY.

By far the most important case recorded is the strange true story of the Rev. Mr. Hanna. It is important not only because of the phenomena which it exhibits, but because the subject was from first to last under the continuous observation of trained psychologists, who carefully noted from day to day every feature that was developed by the patient. The case is quite recent. The period covered by the phenomenon was brief. The previous history of the patient was well known. He is still living, as are all the leading witnesses, to attest the truth of the narrative. In short, the Hanna case is an almost ideal case for the purposes of the scientific student, as it possesses every element most to be desired in such a case, and it lacks all the undesirable features which so often accompany abnormal manifestations of personality. It is a clearly-cut, careful record of the recent experience of a man of education and of good standing. The facts, which may be regarded as beyond dispute, are as follows.

THE REV. THOMAS C. HANNA.

When driving home on the evening of April 15th, 1897, the Rev. Thomas Carson Hanna, a Baptist minister of twenty-six years of age, was thrown from his carriage on his head. He was a man of exceptional capacity—pious, learned, eloquent, and devoted to his pastoral duties. His previous record had been faultless; his family history excellent. Originally of Scotch-Irish extraction, he was descended on his mother's side from a surgeon who served under Nelson at Trafalgar, while on the other line he could claim descent from the early founders of New England. When a student of Yale he acquired a knowledge of Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. He was also familiar with German. He was ordained to the ministry at the age of twenty-three. Up till the moment of his fall from his carriage he was in all respects a man of well-balanced and normal mental constitution, without the least trace of disposition to any abnormal nervous maladies. He slept dreamlessly, and, in short, was quite an ideal type of the best kind of man who possesses *mens sana in corpore sano*.

THE EFFECT OF THE ACCIDENT.

After Mr. Hanna fell on his head he was picked up senseless. But that he breathed very faintly, life seemed extinct. For two hours he remained unconscious. Three doctors believed that he was dying,

and as a heroic remedy they injected, hypodermically, large doses of strychnine. Suddenly Mr. Hanna opened his eyes, sat up, and reaching towards one of the doctors, attempted to push him. The doctors, fearing delirium, attempted to push him back on the bed. Hanna, who seemed to have herculean strength, fought the three of them; but at last he was strapped down to the bed. When he became quiet the straps were removed. Hanna looked about him in a curious, inquisitive way, but he did not speak, nor did he seem to understand anything spoken to him. It was then discovered that the personality of Hanna, who had fallen on his head, had vanished, and in its place there was another personality as ignorant as a new-born babe. He not only had lost completely all memory of his previous existence, he had lost all power to recognise objects, words, and persons. He could feel, he could not understand. He knew neither how to walk or speak. He had no perception of distance, of weight, or form. He did not even know how to swallow, nor did he know how to control any of his limbs. The former Mr. Hanna had apparently vanished completely. In his place was a new-born babe in the body of a man.

THE BABE-MAN.

Although the personality which now inhabited the body of Mr. Hanna was as mentally blind and as totally ignorant as a new-born babe, although he remembered nothing and knew nothing, he was in possession of a keen intelligence and of an acute reasoning faculty which differentiated him from the normal new-born. This being was in disposition and temperament the same as the vanished Mr. Hanna. He had also a phenomenal memory, and a great imitative gift. The account which he afterwards gave of his rapid acquisition of knowledge is, from the point of view of child study, one of the most interesting records to be found in the domain of psychological science. When he first opened his eyes, he saw everything in the room as if it were one picture close against his eyes, as if, indeed, it was part of himself. He saw colours, but no distance or thickness. Only darkness, lightness, and colours. "It was all one thing close to my eyes, like a painting." He began to move his eyes, then to turn his head, then he threw out his hand, and the doctor moved, but he thought the doctor's movement was the result of the action of his hand. Then, to his surprise, the doctor moved when his own hand was still. The idea began to dawn upon him that there was something apart from himself capable of independent action. This rapidly deepened into a conviction when another doctor jumped on him. "Then I was sure there was something against me. Before that I thought it was myself, some part that I didn't know." But even then he thought that all the doctors were parts of one thing that was against him. He could not separate them one from the other. He thought if he got one of them down he would stop everything. But as he did not know at all how to use his arms and legs, they overpowered him, and he lay still, very much disappointed.

FIRST LESSONS.

As he lay he heard the doctors—although he did not know who they were, or what they were, except as integral parts of a picture which had suddenly become alive before his eyes—making strange noises in succession. He saw they understood each other, and he determined to try and make similar noises. He repeated the sounds of their words, not knowing what they meant. They laughed at him, and on the second day he gave it up after having repeated some thirty or forty sentences. On the third day he learned to say apple from his nurse, who showed him an apple, and holding it before him said "apple" three times. He learned rapidly, inferring meaning from gesture and expression. Next day, after he learned the word apple, he was taught the name of the watch, and he was also initiated into the difference between mine and thine. He did not know how to chew or to swallow until milk toast was thrust down his throat. He was very hungry, but could not ask for food. His one word "apple" he repeated, but he was disgusted when they brought him apples and not food. He devoured the whole apple, core and all, which led his nurse to teach him the difference between good and bad. He first learned about distance by trying to touch a picture on the other side of the room which appeared to him to be close at hand. When he saw himself in the looking-glass he tried to feel his face, and was surprised to find it quite smooth. He turned it round; there was nothing behind it. He thought it was some kind of picture that could move.

PEOPLE AS PICTURES.

The babe-man was indeed living in space of one dimension. Everything was a flat surface to him. There were no people. Everybody was only part of a picture. It was some time before he discovered that people existed as independent persons like himself. He thought he was different because they had clothes on and he was in bed. He never understood anything about sex. Afterwards he noticed that men were larger, stronger, and not so gentle, with larger hands and feet than women, but that was the only difference of which he was conscious. He was just as ready to kiss, caress, or embrace a man as a woman, but he was absolutely devoid of any sex feeling. When he first saw a baby he was much amused. "I thought everyone became alive as a large man, and I thought I was only a few days old." He had no special feeling of love for his mother, and he first learned that the relations between parents and children differed from that between other people by seeing a clucking hen with her brood of chickens.

A RAPID LEARNER.

The babe-man acquired a knowledge of words with almost miraculous speed. In a week he could read a little. But every word had to be

learned afresh. He never used a word that had not been taught him since his accident. He knew nothing of religion. He had never heard of God or Christ. He did not recognise his father, but from the respect paid him he inferred that "papa was someone that I ought to think a great deal about."

He learned to write on May 15th, exactly one month after his accident. He made no errors in pronunciation or in grammar, although he had great difficulty in acquiring the use of adjectives and abstract nouns. "A word once heard seemed to be indelibly impressed on his mind, he never forgot it." His curiosity for acquiring knowledge was keener than ever, and the use he made of his acquisitions was truly astonishing. His faculty of judgment, his power of reasoning were as sound and vigorous as ever. His first conception of life was that it was motion. Hence he believed that trees and their branches were alive. When he first saw a man on a cycle he thought man and wheel were parts of one whole. He made the same mistake about horses and wagons. He learned to play the banjo and the piano with great ease. In this way he passed some six weeks, during which there had grown up a new personality, intelligent, capable, energetic, with friends, associations, obligations, and memory of its own—all dating from April 15th, 1897. But this new creature, although possessing very much the same kind of fundamental characteristics, was in memory, ideas, etc., absolutely distinct from the Mr. Hanna who fell on his head in April.

FISHING FOR THE LOST PERSONALITY.

Where, then, had the original No. 1 Mr. Hanna departed? Was No. 2 Mr. Hanna really a fresh personality, which had come to inhabit the body of Mr. Hanna No. 1, but with no more relationship to his predecessor than a new boarder in a lodging-house has to the man who previously occupied his room? The first thing which disproved this absolute distinction between the two was that Mr. Hanna No. 2 began to dream. When he told his dreams, his father immediately recognised the dreams as reproductions of incidents in his son's youth. In his dreams he saw "horses with long ears and tails like cows," which he afterwards recognised with delight when he saw his first donkey. He spelled out the names of places seen in dreams with no notion that they were places which he had previously visited. After many such dream-resurrections of buried memories, they began to fish for the lost personality. No. 2 Hanna knew no Hebrew. No. 1 was a good Hebrew scholar. They asked No. 2 to keep his mind passive and note whatever impression came to him. Then they read in Hebrew the first half of the first verse in Genesis. He suddenly exclaimed, "I remember," and began at the beginning and ran through the entire paragraph which had not been read to him. He instantly forgot everything. When asked what had happened, he said, "It frightened me. It seemed as if another being was speaking through me." He did not understand the meaning of the words he used. It was to him mere gibberish. Then they sang to him a hymn which he used to know, and asked him what came into his mind during the singing. He gave two names, not knowing what they meant. They were the names of two ladies whom he had met in his choir three years before, and who had probably sung that hymn. It was evident the personality of Mr. Hanna No. 1 was not dead but only sleeping.

RESURRECTION OF NO. 1.

Mr. Hanna was taken to New York. He was now quite well. Six weeks had passed since his accident. It was determined to confront him with experiences calculated to stimulate into activity the sleeping primary personality, and to await results. He was taken to a brilliantly-lighted, popular restaurant, with gay music. He was kept three hours under the pressure of a mass of psychic stimuli. Then he went to bed. Three hours later he woke up and asked his brother where he was. Mr. Hanna No. 2 had disappeared, and Mr. Hanna No. 1 was in possession. He could not understand where he was, or how he came to be in New York. He remembered nothing since he fell out of the car six weeks before. He was living, he believed, on April 15th, when in reality it was June 8th. He absolutely refused to believe that he had been sick, or that he had lost his memory by his fall. He talked of the scenes he had described in dream as what they really were, incidents in his early history. He was surprised at the taste of tobacco in his mouth. He had smoked the previous evening as No. 2. No. 1 had not smoked for years. He was still stiff, he said, from the effect of the fall the previous day. For nearly three-quarters of an hour he was his old self, as absolutely oblivious of the existence of No. 2, or of anything that happened since April 15th, as No. 2 was oblivious of everything that happened before that date. At the end of three-quarters of an hour he fell asleep. When he awoke No. 1 had disappeared. No. 2 was again in possession.

THE CONFLICT BETWEEN NO. 1 AND 2.

It was a strange metamorphosis. For three-quarters of an hour Mr. Hanna's body had been occupied by a personality learned in languages, with a memory of twenty-six years of life. When he woke up the occupant knew none but his own language, and his only stock of memories, associations, and acquaintances had been accumulated within the last six weeks. His doctors set to work more systematically than ever to recall the buried No. 1. They employed (1) the Method of Recognition, stimulating in each individual experience a sense of recognition and of localisation in the past; and (2) the Method of Psychic Infusion, by rapidly confronting him with new impressions which were as closely as possible akin to impressions with which No. 1 had previously been familiar. They also used drugs. After administering two grains of cannabis indica Mr. Hanna slept the whole night, and when he woke in

the morning No. 1 had come back. He remained for some time. Then, despite the desperate efforts of his doctors to keep him awake, Mr. Hanna went into a deep hypnoleptic sleep for about one minute, then promptly emerged as No. 2. They took him to the theatre, plied him with beer, and brought him home. Next morning he woke as No. 1. As No. 1 he continued until they were taking him to church, when he went to sleep in the car for a moment and then woke up as No. 2. Next morning No. 2 had gone and No. 1 was once more in possession. So it went on for some days. Mr. Hanna, of course, was told in each state what he had been doing in the other, and he became more and more aware of his dual nature. At last he fell into a condition of mental stupor, in which he suffered intensely. It was the crisis of his life.

THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE.

What happened must be told in quotation from the authors' narrative :—

Mr. Hanna told us that while lying upon the lounge he had engaged in one of the most intense struggles he had ever experienced. The two personalities, that of the primary and that of the secondary state, arose simultaneously and confronted each other. Two different individualities claimed his personal self. It was a struggle for life between two individualities formed in a single mind. Each one endeavoured to gain ascendency and to suppress, to crush the other ; and still neither could be suppressed, because each was part and parcel of the other. The situation was tragic and painful.—(P. 193). The struggle was very severe and the mental agony great.

Mr. Hanna's own version (summarised) is as follows :—

What agitated me most was the problem which of the two lives I had been living should be continued, which experiences I should accept as my own and make continuous. The two memories appeared to me as two different persons. Yet there was also an unexplainable feeling that both were mine. It was a struggle for me to decide which to choose. I had to leave one because it was impossible for me to take both, it seemed too great a strain to take both. I was willing to take either. The struggle was not so much to choose one as to forget the other. It seemed impossible to forget one ; both tried to persist in consciousness. It seemed as if each memory were stronger than my will.—(P. 196).

THE ULTIMATE SOLUTION.

The problem was one of great difficulty. No. 1 distrusted men whom No. 2 trusted. No. 2 made a confidante of a young lady whom he barely knew as No. 1. No. 2 had entered into obligations No. 1 knew nothing of, and would not have undertaken if he had been in possession. No. 1 and No. 2 were like two partners of a firm, each with his own personal and business connections, each carrying on business on the common account of the firm, but without any communication with each other. Was he to kill No. 1? or to banish No. 2? It seemed at first almost impossible to fit them into each other. Mr. Hanna says :—

The lives were constantly becoming more and more personal, until at last, by a deliberate voluntary act, the two were seized, and have both remained, though for some time after the recovery it was difficult to dovetail together the detached portions of each life so as to present a continuous history.

The authors add :—

Mr. Hanna has fully recovered, the detached portions have become dovetailed, the two sharply defined personalities have been fused into one healthy normal person.

THE CASE OF ANSEL BOURNE

The case of the Rev. Ansel Bourne, of Rhode Island, differs from that of the Rev. Mr. Hanna in that the secondary personality was not merged in the primary, but remains submerged in the sub-consciousness, where, however, it can still be heard from by hypnotic methods. On January 17th, 1887, the Rev. Ansel Bourne drew 551 dollars from a bank in Providence, intending to pay for a plot of land. After paying some bills he got into a horse-car, and from that moment until March 14th no one, least of all himself, knew what had become of him. For it appears that on sitting down in the horse-car the personality of Ansel Bourne was superseded by another personality calling itself A. J. Brown, who conveyed the body of Ansel Bourne to Norristown, in Pennsylvania, and used the money in his pockets to take and stock a candy store, which the body of Ansel Bourne carried on under the name of A. J. Brown. On the morning of March 14th the body of Ansel Bourne woke up to find that the intruder, A. J. Brown, had disappeared, and that it was once more in possession of its original and rightful occupant. Ansel Bourne knew nothing of how he had come to Norristown ; it seemed to him that he was still living in January, and had just come from the bank with his money. He knew nothing about the candy business. He had lost 20lbs. of flesh while A. J. Brown had been using his body. At first men thought him mad, but afterwards he was restored to his own people. Three years later he was hypnotised. Ansel Bourne disappeared, and "A. J. Brown" came back. He said he knew nothing of Ansel Bourne, had never seen Mrs. Bourne. He neither remembered what had preceded his getting into the horse-car, nor how it was he had ever left the candy store. "I'm all hedged in," he said, "I can't get out at either end." So it remained to the end of the chapter. Mr. Ansel Bourne knows nothing of Mr. A. J. Brown, and the latter, although never able to occupy the ground floor, continues to cling to the cellar, from which, by the friendly aid of a hypnotist, he can now and again emerge.

DR. OSBORNE'S TINSMITH.

Dr. Osborne reported in the *Medico-Legal Journal* of 1894 a somewhat similar case. A middle-aged well-to-do plumber and tinsmith went out one Sunday afternoon in November for a little fresh air. He disappeared mysteriously, and for two years no trace was to be found of his existence. After two years in a far Southern State a workman in a tinshop suddenly dropped his tools, and woke up to discover that he was in a strange place, working under a strange name, and that he was none other than the missing plumber who had vanished two years ago. No one knows what intelligence controlled his movements these two years.

Whatever personality it was that suddenly took possession of his body, ejecting the rightful occupant, remains undiscovered. His memory for these two years is a blank. Nor does there seem to have been any attempt to fish for the intruding personality by the aid of hypnotism.

DR. DANA'S MR. S.

In the *Psychological Review* for 1894 Dr. Dana tells the story of a patient of his own, Mr. S., aged twenty-four, who was nearly asphyxiated by an escape of gas. When he recovered he had lost his memory, and was almost as much of a babe-man as Mr. Hanna. He knew no one, and understood nothing. But he had a prodigious memory. It took him two months to learn to read imperfectly. The only sentiment surviving was a liking for his *fiancée*, although, like Mr. Hanna, he was oblivious to sex. He was cleverer with his hands than he had been before his accident. He was exactly like a new person, with an active brain, set down in a new world with everything to learn. At last, after three months, he went to see his *fiancée*. She cried, thinking he would never get well. That night he felt as if his head was prickly and numb. He fell asleep and woke all right. The babe-man which had occupied his body for three months disappeared, carrying with it all memory of his experiences during that period. In his case, as in that of Mr. Hanna, although the amount of knowledge possessed by the secondary personality was much less than that of the primary personality, the character of the man appears to have been essentially the same.

"NAUGHTY SALLY."

This, however, was very far from being so in another case cited by Dr. Morton Prince, of Boston. His patient is a neurasthenic New England young lady, highly cultured, very reserved, and most conscientious. When Dr. Prince hypnotised her she passed into a somnambulistic state. When in this condition she constantly rubbed her eyes, saying she wanted to get them open. At last she succeeded, and when she opened her eyes, her body appears to have passed under the control of an entirely new personality, which called itself Sally, and which always dated its existence from the time she got her eyes open.

This new personality is as different from Miss B.'s primary personality as chalk from cheese. Miss B. is religious, reserved, morbidly conscientious, studious, and an invalid. Sally, when she takes possession of Miss B.'s body, is perfectly well. She is never fatigued and never suffers pain. Sally is irreligious, full of fun and mischief. She hates books, and, what is more startling, she detests Miss B., whose body she occupies. Yet for a whole year, whenever Miss B. was fatigued or upset, Sally would take possession. Sometimes she would only remain a few minutes; afterwards she would sometimes stay for days. Miss B. knew nothing about Sally; Sally knew everything about Miss B. Sally took a mischievous delight in playing all manner of pranks upon poor Miss B. She would write letters to her, using her own hand, for the purpose of pointing out all her defects and saying all manner of disagreeable things. She would make her sit on a chair with her feet on the mantelpiece. She would make her tell lies, would steal her postage-stamps, fill her pockets with spiders and snakes, and carry her six miles out into the country, and then leave her penniless to make her way back. Sometimes Sally would go too far and get frightened, and then she would send for Dr. Prince:—

> Sally not only is conscious of Miss B.'s thoughts at the moment they arise, but she is capable of controlling her thoughts and her arms and legs and tongue to a certain extent. Sally can produce positive and negative hallucinations in Miss B., and frequently does so for a practical joke.—(P. 64.)

"TWOEY" AND "THE BOY."

Dr. Osgood Mason, in the *Journal of Nervous and Mental Diseases*, September, 1893, reports a somewhat similar case, in which the primary personality differs entirely from the secondary and tertiary personalities which displace it from time to time. Alma Z. is another American young woman who has overstudied at college. She is literary and athletic. But after her eighteenth year she broke down, and became a weak and suffering invalid. Then a secondary personality, calling itself Twoey, appeared. The educated, thoughtful, dignified, womanly personality, worn with illness and pain, was succeeded by a bright, sprightly, childlike personality, speaking an Indian dialect, who was in perfect health. This was Twoey. Twoey had the power of coming and going at will. She would leave messages for Miss Z., who soon became much attached to her secondary self. After a time Miss Z. recovered and Twoey vanished, only returning when Miss Z. was knocked up. After Miss Z. married, Twoey began to come more frequently: but one night she announced she would go, but that another would take her place. The lady fell into a syncope. When she came out her body was found to be in the possession of a personality calling itself The Boy. The Boy said that it had come in the place of Twoey for the special aid of the lady whose body they occupied, and for several weeks, whenever this third personality was present, all its behaviour was entirely consistent with that announcement. Gradually, however, he, she, or it became accustomed and reconciled to her new *rôle* and new surroundings, and adapted herself with most astonishing grace to the duties of wife, mother, and mistress.—(P. 423.)

Neither Twoey nor The Boy stayed longer than was necessary to restore No. 1 to health. On one occasion, when The Boy was in possession, No. 1 was taken to a concert in the Opera House. Beethoven's concerto in C major was being performed when suddenly The Boy vanished and No. 1 looked and spoke in her normal voice. A few minutes later The Boy was once more in possession:—

> She turned and said, "So No. 1 came to hear her favourite concerto?" I replied, "Yes; how did you know it?"

"Oh, I was here, and listened to it, too!" "Where were you?" I asked. "I sat in the front of the box. I saw you speaking to her. How greatly she enjoyed the music."—(P. 425.)

There are other cases given, notably one of a soldier who alternated between three personalities in such bewildering fashion that he twice joined the Army in different personalities, and was arrested as a deserter, because he left the Army in a new personality which knew nothing of the fact that he had enlisted under another control. But enough has been quoted to show the kind of phenomena on which the authors base their great "discovery."

II.—OUR AUTHORS' EXPLANATION.

The discovery, if I may call it so, for they do not so describe it, is this. The mind of man is not, in their opinion, an entity, as we have been accustomed to speak or think of it. It is not a soul or an Ego. It is simply the sum of its own sensations, the produce of the co-ordination of its own complex combinations of cells.

They do not, in so many terms, deny the existence of the soul. But the whole drift of their argument is that, in their own phrase, "Mind is synthesis of many systems of moment-consciousness." It is an aggregate of innumerable impressions, the totality of which, properly co-ordinated, is what we call our personality. But this personality is no more a fixed or individual unit than is the crowd in the market-place. The crowd which buys and sells fish at eight o'clock may be buying and selling vegetables at ten; every single individual in the first crowd may have been replaced by another individual, but still the market is going on. So our personality goes on, although all its constituents change. We have an individuality, just as the Human Race possesses an individuality. No more and no less.

Regarded alike from the physiological and the psychological standpoint, the course of evolution is very much the same. Our personality is the creation of functions through nerve cells, which are grouped together in companies of continually increasing complexity. The nerve cell is the original physiological unit:—

> Nerve cells with concomitant psychic moment-content come in contact with other nerve cells, accompanied by psychic content, by means of their fine terminal processes. The association of cells forms a group whose physiological protection has a concomitant mental activity. . . By means of association fibres the groups are organised into systems, the systems into communities, the communities into clusters, the clusters into constellations, and each of the higher more complex aggregates is manifestly organised by less stable association fibres.—(P. 53.)

Note here the phrase moment-content, which will be unintelligible to the general reader. The phrase is used by the authors to describe the content of our consciousness at any given moment. This content of moment-consciousness is grouped round the central figure. As, for instance, when we watch a play on the stage, the scene, with the actors grouped round the central figure, forms, if we are sufficiently intent to concentrate our attention on that, and that alone, the content of our moment-consciousness. Every moment of our lives our consciousness is aware of what is immediately before the senses. Our memory takes a more or less indelible negative of what we see and hear, taste, touch, or smell. It is a kind of miraculous cinematograph and phonograph perpetually taking living pictures of all we see, preserving phonographic cylinders of all we hear. This process begins with birth, and goes on till death. As the chalky floor of the ocean depths is formed by the ceaseless descent of tiny shells of once living animalculæ, so the mind stuff of man is made up of a constant accumulation of the photographic negatives and phonographic cylinders, wherein are impressed indelibly the content of our moment-consciousness. In the obscure regions of the subliminal consciousness lie stored up all the materials for the Day of Judgment. There is nothing hidden there, no secret sin, no buried crime which may not at any moment be jerked out into the full glare of day. All these moment-consciousnesses are linked on to nerve-cells in one or other of their many combinations, and they are capable of being revived, intensified, or destroyed.

The simplest illustration of what Human personality is, according to this theory, is to compare the personality of the individual to the personality of the nation. Our Ego is like the Ego of the French Republic. The nerve-cells correspond to the individual man and woman, the primal unit of the State. As cells are gathered together in groups, so individuals are associated into families. As groups of nerve-cells are organised into systems, so families are organised into communes. As systems are arranged in communities, so communes are united into departments; and as communities are formed into clusters, so departments form parts of provinces; and as the Personality includes and sums up all the subordinate aggregates, so the Republic includes every lower aggregate from the family to the Province.

This brings us at once to the discovery of the secret of multiple personality—if discovery it be. So long as the Republic is strong and respected France is a unit. In the same way, so long as the normal reason or consciousness of man is supreme, the Personality is a unit. But either by violence, drug, hypnotism, or any other method paralyse the central authority, and at once multiple personalities will spring into being. Paris, Lyons and Marseilles will proclaim the Commune. Brittany will declare for the King, and each of the various sections of France will set up in business as an independent State, arrogating to itself, as far as it dares to speak, in the name and with the authority of the whole of France. Just so, according to our authors, is it with the personality of man. Dethrone by violence or consent the central consciousness, and at once the aggregates of moment-consciousnesses will rush forward to seize the vacant seat. First one

and then another of the subordinate aggregates of moment-consciousnesses will aspire to control the body which corresponds to the territory of France. They are weak and unstable. They break up and re-form; they burst like bubbles after having masqueraded for a time with all manner of dramatic deceit. But, although often ephemeral, they are in some cases capable of persisting in existence, and of ultimately ousting the original consciousness altogether. The suggestion is that the personality of man is very much like a polype in its capacity to multiply itself by cutting in two. Underneath or behind the threshold of sub-consciousness lie infinite numbers of nascent personalities, each of them capable, in case the threshold was lowered or the frontier levelled, of developing into a new personality, just as every limb of a polype is capable of becoming a polype by simple process of amputation. Now, if this be so, the whole question of the moral responsibility of man—nay, the very existence of any entity worthy to be called a soul—will come up for grave consideration.

Apart from these grave issues, it is impossible not to see that there is a great deal of very illuminating truth in this contention. Who is there who has not met—sometimes more than once—in his own lifetime some fellow human being who, without absolutely losing all memory of their former selves, becomes at times almost metamorphosed into a new creature? This is most frequently to be observed in those who are given to brooding over their real or fancied grievances. In normally healthy, happy dispositioned people, the records of their grievances, disappointments, and injuries are stowed away in moment-consciousnesses—stored in memory chambers, the threshold of which is raised so high that it is almost impossible to get the depressing records out, even for purposes of reference. But there are some who keep the records of their grudges in chambers whose threshold is worn flat by the continual footfall of Reminiscence brooding over the past. Hence, instead of being safely buried deeper than e'er plummet sounded in the all but unfathomable depths of sub-consciousness, they lie ever ready to spring into life whenever any incident or perversity should give the signal. When the corridors of the memory are filled with the images of bygone strife or the clamour of former disputes, the real genuine personality of the owner seems to disappear. All sense of perspective is lost. All the joys of life and the privileges of existence are as if they were not. In place of a happy, contented, useful citizen, you have a more or less crazy, hysterical hypochondriac, who sees the sun black at mid-day, and is firmly convinced that he is the most ill-used man in the world. So it continues as long as the fit lasts, when, hey presto! something touches a spring, and the whole scene is changed. The moment-consciousnesses of grievances and injury retreat once more behind the well-worn threshold, the sound of the jarring cylinders of reproach and contumely dies away and the patient realises that, after all, life is worth living, and that his particular share of it is even better worth having than that of most of his neighbours.

The possibility that by brooding on fixed ideas they may become a positive obsession has always been recognised. The authors of this fascinating but rather appalling book indicate how the work is accomplished.

III.—WHAT IS THE TRUTH?

The question now arises how far this theory of the multiple personality of man is true. There is some truth in it, but its authors push it a great deal too far. It is the fashion of American psychologists. The late Mr. Hudson was convinced—properly enough—of the truth of telepathy, and nothing would serve him but to insist that telepathy, and telepathy alone, was the explanation of all the mysteries of Borderland. Our authors are falling into just the same mistake in attempting to solve every mystery by the theory of Multiple Personality.

Even as an explanation of the curious phenomena of alternating personality, their explanation is inadequate. Take, for instance, the leading case of Hanna. There is no evidence there of double personality. What his case seems to prove—and it is the same in the case of Dr. Dana's Mr. S.—that it is possible for the soul to be deprived at a stroke of its memory, and to begin again as a little child to build up its perceptions of the world. The soul of Hanna No. 1 was to all intents and purposes the soul of Hanna No. 2. A sponge had been passed over its memory; but its essential character remained the same.

If their hypothesis does not account for Mr. Hanna and Mr. S., still less does it account for two other cases: those of Miss B. and naughty Sally, and Miss Z. and Twoey and the Boy. The only explanation that will account for the phenomena, which the authors record is the familiar doctrine of spirit control. We are willing to go a long way with our authors in admitting the marvellous potentiality latent in the sub-consciousness. But, when it comes to pretending that one section, or aggregate of sections, of our multiple personality can sit outside of us—as in the case of Miss Z. and The Boy, and watch the primary personality resuming possession of the body—it is too much. There is a limit to the capacity to swallow marvels, even when the demand is made in the name of science.

The sum of the whole matter is that while telepathy—especially telepathy from the sub-conscious mind—can account for much, and while multiple personality explains many obscure and startling phenomena, after both have done their utmost there remains a vast expanse which neither telepathy nor multiple personality can span. Spirit-return may or may not be true. But it is at least a conceivable working hypothesis; whereas all others break down hopelessly in attempting to account for phenomena the reality of which is beyond dispute.

The Review's Bookshop.

THE most piquant contribution to the literature of the month did not appear between the covers of a book but in the columns of a newspaper. The *Times* has recently acquired the monopoly of the literary remains of Lord Beaconsfield, and as a first fruit it gave to the public last month, in the form of a brief serial, ten chapters of an unnamed and unfinished novel by Disraeli. (January 20th, 21st, 23rd. 9d.) It is a mere fragment, ending abruptly with the opening sentences of the tenth chapter. But there is sufficient to arouse curiosity and to excite speculation, although not enough to satisfy either. When Disraeli proved victorious in the General Election of 1874, Mr. Gladstone, according to his diary, began to read "Vivian Grey," the first novel of his rival, coming to the conclusion that the first quarter was extremely clever, "the rest trash." When the tables were so decisively turned in 1880, Disraeli apparently found consolation in the projection of another brilliant political novel, in which Mr. Gladstone himself, under the name of Joseph Toplady Falconet, should figure as the hero. This alone would make the fragment noteworthy, and those who have acquired a taste for Disraelian epigrams will find them strewn with a lavish hand throughout these few opening chapters of what promised to be the most characteristic of Disraeli's political romances.

A MONTH'S READING.

Fiction.

Disraeli's Unnamed Novel.
Divorce. By Paul Bourget.
The Secret Woman. By Eden Phillpotts.

Travel.

The Other Side of the Lantern. By Sir F. Treves.
The Unveiling of Lhasa. By E. Candler.
The Land of the Blessed Virgin. By W. S. Maughan.

History.

The Wars of Religion. Cambridge Modern History.
Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius. By Dr. Dill.

Garden Books.

A Gardener's Year. By H. Rider Haggard.
The Country Day by Day. By E. Kay Robinson.

Miscellaneous.

French Profiles. By Edmund Gosse.
A Secret Agent in Port Arthur. By W. Greener.
Old Gorgon Graham. By G. H. Lorimer.
The Unemployed. By Percy Alden.

A POWERFUL PROBLEM NOVEL.

Two novels published during the month dealt with the Catholic attitude towards marriage. Both, in their different ways, are striking in conception, and searching in their analysis of character. There is no more powerful and illuminating presentation of the French Catholic view of marriage than that given in M. Paul Bourget's latest and strongest novel, "Divorce" (Nutt. 6s. 414 pp.). It has now been translated into English, and will doubtless find many readers. It is a novel of very unusual power and dignity, and it does not contain a passage that would justify the most prudish in applying to it the epithet "unclean." M. Bourget does not believe in divorce, still less in the re-marriage of divorced persons, and he sees in the increase of the practice one of those sure signs of moral degradation that follows a departure from the old religious standards. The conflict between the ideal of the Church and the practice of the civil authority is M. Bourget's theme. The problem in all its tragic agony of mind is illustrated by the life of Gabrielle Darras, the divorced wife of M. de Chambault, a worthless *roué*, married to Albert Darras, a high-minded Freethinker. In the eyes of the Church this second union is illegal and of no binding force. Madame Darras, after some years of happy life, becomes uneasy, and is torn between her religious and human duties. "Is it possible," she exclaims to the priest whom she consults in her doubt and perplexity, "that God has ordained that I must abandon my home, must break the heart of the man whom I love and who loves me, must separate myself from my daughter (for my husband will not give her to me, and he would have the law on his side), or else be denied a religious life, be forbidden absolutely from kneeling side by side with my dear child in the same religious service during a momentous hour of her girlhood, and be cut off from pardon too? Is it possible, I ask you again, Father, that the law of man is more just, more charitable than that of God?" Therein lies the whole tragedy, and in the working out of it nothing is more striking than M. Bourget's absolute impartiality. The characters with whose point of view he disagrees are no whit less sympathetically drawn than those who command all his sympathies. Indeed, the non-Catholic reader will be attracted rather to Darras himself than to the wife clinging helplessly, unreasonably, pathetically to the Church. Mr. E. Temple Thurston's "The Apple of Eden" (Chapman. 6s. 322 pp.) is on a somewhat lower plane. He is concerned not with the question of divorce, but with that of celibacy enforced on the Catholic priesthood. He describes the temptation, mental fall, and final triumph of a young Irish priest who had taken his vows at twenty-one, when still totally ignorant of the world. The characters are few in number, the novel being essentially the record of the emotions and feelings of one man. There is nothing very heroic about Mr. Thurston's priest, and for that reason, perhaps, his temptations will arouse discussion rather than sympathy.

THE LEGACY OF SIN.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts' "The Secret Woman" (Methuen. 6s. 356 pp.) is another novel that deals with the compelling force of a religious idea in determining the actions of men and women when brought face to face with the tragedy of human existence. Mr. Phillpotts, with a profound insight into the workings of the human mind and the emotions, describes the hopeless and terrible tangle that results from the breaking of the marriage vow. In this case the sin of the father is visited with relentless cruelty upon the children. Discovery leads to

unpremeditated murder of the husband by the wife, a murder of which her two sons are the witnesses. The religious faith of the family consists of a firm belief in the eternity of future punishment. The mother wishes to clear her conscience and save her soul by confession and the acceptance of the penalty. One of her sons, who regards the deed as a just retribution, declares his determination of killing himself and his brother should she do so. Compelled to choose between the destruction of her own soul and that of her son's, she will not "win her own forgiveness through the way of confession and punishment, since that meant Michael's suicide—the death of him here and hereafter." This is the tragedy that Mr. Phillpotts works out to its sombre and terrible ending, describing with an unflinching hand the ultimate results of this legacy of sin. It is undoubtedly the soundest and best piece of fiction that he has yet produced. The scene is Dartmoor, and the book is filled with charming sketches of the varying moods of nature in that region.

IMPRESSIONS OF INDIA AND JAPAN.

One of the most interesting of all the books published during the month was Sir Frederick Treves' admirable account of his recent journey round the world, to which he has given the title "The Other Side of the Lantern" (Cassell. 12s. net). Sir Frederick is no ordinary globe-trotter who, merely because he has circumnavigated the planet, considers it his duty to inform his fellow-beings of the fact in a bulky volume. His impressions, though they are of the beaten track, are wonderfully fresh, entertaining, and picturesque. The descriptions of India and Japan are more especially striking and noteworthy. India seems to have left on his mind a strong impression of sadness and poverty. He speaks of it as the "peninsula of the pessimist." India to him "looked homeless." "Poverty is always piteous," he says. "It is the most piteous when the broken-hearted man is unable to buy wood enough for the burning of his dead." He was especially struck by three things—the teeming life, the intense colour, and the sadness that hangs over land and people. His impressions of Japan are more cheering, though at first he confesses he was disappointed. He pays a high tribute to Japanese surgery and medical organisation. As a result, during six months of fighting and exposure in a foreign country, there was only a fraction of one per cent. of loss from preventable disease. He gives some rather grim instances of the absence of "nerves" in the Japanese, and although he saw the country in war time, rejoices that the crowd "has not yet learnt the savage cult of Mafficking."

LESSONS IN MASSACRE.

Mr. Edmund Candler's "The Unveiling of Lhasa" (Arnold. 15s. net. 304 pp.) would have been more appropriately named had it borne the title "Lessons in Massacre," as exemplified by the recent Tibet Expedition. It is a record that every patriotic Englishman will read with a sense of burning shame. It is a sickening story of massacre upon which we may well pause to ponder a moment before casting a stone at our Russian brethren. "Here," says Mr. Candler, "was all the brutality of war and none of the glory and incentive." There was certainly plenty of brutality, according to the unbiassed account of this eye-witness. He describes slaughter after slaughter of the "brave and simple" peasantry, who, he confesses, "thought our advance an act of unprovoked aggression," and who were only defending their homes. Here are a few entries from this humiliating record of a crime:—"There was no more fighting, only the slaughter of helpless men." "The furious Ghurkas rushed in upon them and killed them all." "Their fate was only a question of time and ammunition. The mounted men returned at night having killed over three hundred men." "Our troops emptied their magazines into the mob. Within a minute all the fifty were either dead or mortally wounded." And so on, with horrible monotonous iteration.

PORT ARTHUR BEFORE THE SIEGE.

We have yet to wait for a full account of the siege of Port Arthur from the inside, but in the meantime Mr. W. Greener's interesting description of the town during the first days of the war is well worth reading. He calls his book "A Secret Agent in Port Arthur" (Constable. 316 pp. 6s.). though in reality he was a newspaper correspondent. At the outbreak of the war this was, as he remarks, almost a distinction without a difference, the terms being interchangeable. Mr. Greener was soon requested to leave Port Arthur, but he had the opportunity of witnessing the bewilderment that followed the first Japanese attack on the warships and the recovery of the population from the first shock of surprise. The forts were unfinished, the garrison unprepared, and the town would easily have fallen had the Japanese pushed home the attack. The Russians, when they had recovered their spirits, he says, stood the test of war well, and went about their duties manfully, and without complaining. Mr. Greener gives us some glimpses of General Stoessel as commandant, and altogether his chapters describing his days in Port Arthur are vivid and picturesque. The rest of the book is occupied by a more or less detailed account of the siege up to the final days that preceded the surrender.

EUROPE AFTER THE REFORMATION.

A new volume of the Cambridge Modern History (Cambridge University Press. 914 pp. 16s. net.) is always welcome. This series, planned by the late Lord Acton, is rendering admirable service to the right understanding of history by presenting it in its broader and wider aspects. The new volume is devoted to the wars of religion at the end of the sixteenth century. Each chapter is entrusted to a competent authority, who treats it with special knowledge of the subject. The whole of Europe, with the exception of Russia, comes within the scope of the volume, which describes more particularly the wars of religion in France, the Empire and Poland, the revolt of the Netherlands against Spanish despotism, the Ottoman power at its height, England under Elizabeth, and Spain under Philip II. and Philip III. Special chapters deal with political thought in the sixteenth century, literature in the Elizabethan age, the end of the Italian renaissance, and French humanism. It is a huge canvas on which is vividly depicted the events of a troubled and unsettled age, when Europe was still in the throes of the Reformation and the counter-Reformation. The Cambridge Modern History is one of those series of volumes without which any library would be incomplete.

LIFE IN IMPERIAL ROME.

Dr. Dill's "Roman Society, from Nero to Marcus Aurelius" (Macmillan. 639 pp. 15s.), is an exceptionally able book which deserves careful study. It is a brilliant presentation of the life of a bygone time, not without its lessons for our own age. In it we have not merely a sketch, but a finished picture of the life of every rank of society in Imperial Rome, from the Emperor down to the meanest slave. Dr. Dill, of course, tells once more the familiar story of the terror and the

corruption of the capital; but the really valuable instructive, and illuminating portions of his book are those devoted to a description of Roman life in the provinces. Our attention has been too much concentrated upon the capital; Dr. Dill enables us to look at the empire as a whole.

I would also call your attention to the greatly improved and more convenient form in which it is now possible to obtain Sir George Trevelyan's elaborate, but most readable, history of "The American Revolution" (Longmans. 3 vols. 1,103 pp. 15s. net). The first part has been rearranged and partially rewritten, and now forms Volume I. of this new edition.

THE PROBLEM OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

Mr. Percy Alden's "The Unemployed; a National Question" (King. 1s. and 1s. 6d. net. 199 pp.) is a small volume on a large subject. It does not pretend to be an exhaustive discussion of the problem, but it gives, in a compact and accessible form, a summary of practical remedies for a chronic evil based on the experience of this country and of foreign governments. It has another advantage, and an important one, that of cheapness, a point too frequently overlooked by social reformers. In a concluding chapter, after a review of the various classes of the unemployed, Mr. Alden brings together his main conclusions as to possible remedies. They are many and detailed, but they almost all involve the intervention of the State, whose first duty it is, Mr. Alden contends, to set on foot such constructive reforms as will check the wholesale demoralisation of large sections of the working classes and restore to the people the assurance so long denied, that honest work will carry with it a sure and certain reward.

THE WOMEN OF AMERICA.

No one is more discussed, few are more misunderstood than the American woman. The method that appears to find most favour with her critics is to select one or two instances that happen to attract their attention, assume that they are typical, and then calmly proceed to the most extravagant generalisation. It is the besetting sin of critics, but they rarely make themselves more ridiculous than when they are discoursing upon this favourite topic. If you really wish to know what the average American woman is like, not merely the woman of the cities but of the villages and the prairies, you cannot do better than read Mrs. McCracken's excellent volume of life sketches, "The Women of America" (Macmillan. 397 pp. 6s.). She possesses the gift of keen observation, has an eye for the essentials, and a broad and understanding sympathy which enables her to interpret the lives of others placed in different conditions and circumstances than herself. Mrs. McCracken visited all parts of the Union, and you will find described in her book the women of the East, West, North and South, and indeed the American women in all ranks and under every condition of life. The only chapter in which she is hardly as impartial as she might be is that in which she describes Woman's Suffrage in Colorado. Otherwise the book is one for which I have nothing but praise.

A BUDGET OF READABLE NOVELS.

From the large number of novels published during the month I pick out a few worth reading. You should certainly look at Mr. Knight Adkin's clever and convincing picture of the West of England in prehistoric times, when lake-dweller warred on earth-dweller and primitive man maintained a precarious existence in the midst of marshes, swamps and tangled undergrowth. I was much struck with the articles when they first appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and elsewhere, and am glad to see them reprinted in volume form under the title of "The Women Stealers" (Isbister. 213 pp. 3s. 6d.). If you like the atmosphere of a small country town, you may read Mr. E. F. Benson's "An Act in a Backwater" (Heinemann. 276 pp. 6s.), a love story of a more common order than Mr. Benson usually gives us; and if you are especially interested in the Potteries, there is Mr. Arnold Bennett's "Tales of the Five Towns" (Chatto and Windus. 321 pp. 6s.). A good historical story, laid in the exciting times of the Napoleonic Empire, is A. Godric Campbell's "Fleur-de-Camp, a Daughter of France" (Chatto and Windus. 368 pp. 6s.), with its descriptions of Austerlitz, Eylau, and Waterloo. There is also Amelia E. Barr's "The Song of a Single Note" (Unwin. 328 pp. 6s.), a love story of the American Revolution. If you wish for novels dealing with Russia and Russian life, you may take your choice of three. Mr. G. Ystridde's "Three Dukes" (Unwin. 407 pp. 6s.) is a simple story of life among the lower nobility, told by an English governess, and will give you a glimpse of Russian country life. Mr. Fred Wishaw's "The Informer" (Long. 317 pp. 6s.) tells of the adventures of an Englishman in the Russian secret service; and Mr. Guy Boothby has selected Russia and Siberia as the scene of his latest tale of daring and adventure, 'In Spite of the Tsar" (Long. 271 pp. 5s.), incorrectly spelled Czar on the title-page. If you enjoy Mr Le Queux's tales of mysteries and terror, there is "The Mask" (Long. 317 pp. 6s.).

MEMORIES OF OTHER LANDS.

You will find Mr. W. S. Maughan's "The Land of the Blessed Virgin" (Heinemann. 228 pp. 6s. net) a veritable fairy wishing carpet, that will carry you away, in imagination at least, to the sunny land of Andalusia. The life of the people and the scenes amid which they pass their life are sketched with a light and graceful touch in brief chapters full of literary charm. The impression left on the mind will not soon be forgotten. Lady Broome's "Colonial Memories" (Smith, Elder. 6s. net) is a pleasingly and lightly written volume of recollections of various sojourns in different British colonies, beginning with the year 1865. The portion of the book devoted to New Zealand is in some ways the most interesting. It is the New Zealand of the past that she describes, and not of the present. As her experience of the colony seems to have been limited to a South Island run, it is only a very limited idea of the colony which the reader will gather from her interesting pages. Whether writing of New Zealand, Western Australia, Natal, or Trinidad, Lady Broome's chapters are delightfully free from that spirit of carping and often most unjust and pointless criticism which has marred so many books about British colonies. She is always a kindly, and never, I think, an unjust critic. Incidentally it may be noted her book contains some interesting reminiscences of General Gordon in Mauritius, and an amusing final chapter on "Girls—Old and New," which the *laudatores temporis acti* would do well to ponder.

OF VARIED INTEREST.

It is impossible to more than merely mention a dozen volumes that will doubtless be welcomed by many of my readers. For those who take an interest in literature and verse, there is the new edition in two handsome volumes of the "Diary and Letters of Madame d'Arblay" (Macmillan. Illus. 21s. net) edited by Mr. Alfred Dobson.

the fifteenth edition of the works of Sir Lewis Morris (Kegan Paul. 815 pp. 7s. 6d.), containing his hitherto unpublished drama "Leo the Armenian"; a new edition of a remarkable and deeply thoughtful poem in blank verse, "The Descent" (David Nutt. 244 pp.), and "The Mask of Apollo," quaint, mystical, allegorical stories by the writer known as A. E. (Macmillan. 2s. 6d.) Those interested in astromony will find the new and completely revised and rewritten edition of Sir Robert Ball's "Popular Guide to the Heavens" (G. Philip. 15s. net), with its large number of excellent plates and photographs of the moon and stars, an indispensable addition to their collection of books. For collectors of reproductions of a great painter's masterpieces there is the new volume in Newnes' Art Library devoted to G. F. Watts, with its sixty-four beautiful reproductions of his principal paintings. (8s. 6d. net.) A unique volume which will appeal strongly to the sportsman and those interested in a popular game is "Great Lawn Tennis Players" (Macmillan. 402 pp. 12s. 6d.), illustrated by 229 action photographs of all the leading players. The sociologist will turn with interest to the volume of Sociological Papers (Macmillan. 292 pp. 10s. 6d.), containing some half-dozen lectures delivered before the Sociological Society, including among others an introductory address by Mr. Bryce, a paper on Eugenics by Mr. Galton, and one on Civics by Professor Geddes. And to conclude with two volumes that are of interest to the general public rather than the specialist, there is Mrs. Maybrick's own story of her prison life, entitled "My Fifteen Lost Years" (Funk and Wagnalls. 394 pp. 6s.). 224 pages are devoted to an account of her trial and prison experiences, the remainder of the volume being occupied by an analysis of the case. "The Youth of Washington" (Unwin. 290 pp. 6s.) is an attempt, and a very successful attempt, by Mr. S. Weir Mitchell to tell the story of the great American early days in the form of an autobiography. Mr. Weir Mitchell has opened up a new field to the ingenious novelist, who hitherto has been usually content to allow the great men of history to adorn his pages, but not to tell their own story in their own words.

MORE REFERENCE BOOKS.

If you require a well-arranged, carefully selected, and amply indexed book of prose quotations, I can recommend you to buy Anna L. Ward's "A Dictionary of Quotations in Prose" (Dean. 701 pp. 2s. 6d. net). It contains more than six thousand quotations from five hundred and fifty-three authors. I have found it a very satisfactory book of reference. I can only mention by name the more important reference books that were published during January. First, there is "Hazell's Annual for 1905" (Hazell. 756 pp. 3s. 6d. net), an invaluable encyclopædic record of all topics of the times. For all interested in the numberless charities of London "The Royal Guide to the Charities of London" is a most conveniently arranged volume that will save many hours of tedious search (Chatto and Windus. 293 pp. 2s. 6d. net). "The Schoolmaster's Year-book and Directory" (Sonnenschein. 1,115 pp. 5s. net), besides all the usual features of a directory, contains a valuable and carefully compiled record of the educational year, which many will find of practical service, to whom the directory itself may not be indispensable. For Catholics there is "The Catholic Directory" (Burns and Oates. 620 pp. 1s. 6d.), and for musicians "The Musical Directory" (Rudall. 437 pp. 3s.).

BOOKS FOR A POOR MAN'S LIBRARY.

So many readers ask me to recommend them cheap and tasteful editions of standard works that I take this opportunity of mentioning the latest additions to the various excellent series of cheap reprints that are now being published. It is quite possible with a little trouble to obtain almost all the best books of the world at prices varying from one shilling to two shillings and sixpence. Routledge's Universal Library is being re-issued and extended (1s. net), and will be published monthly throughout the year. When completed it will contain most of the best known books in English literature, in a very convenient size. Mr. George Allen continues the publication of the new pocket edition of Ruskin's works, and has now added "Modern Painters" in six illustrated volumes. This work, for which it has hitherto been necessary to pay £1 12s. or £4 4s., can now be obtained for 18s. net, bound in cloth, and 24s. bound in leather. Two more volumes have been added to the Golden Treasury Series—the poems of Christina Rossetti, selected by her brother (with a beautiful frontispiece portrait), and Mr. F. Locker Lampson's "London Lyrics" (Macmillan. 2s. 6d. net). Coleridge's "Poems" and "The Life and Voyages of Captain Cook" have been issued in Newnes' Thin Paper Classics (3s. net, cloth; 3s. 6d. net, lambskin). Messrs. Hutchinson have added to their attractive edition of Classic Novels "The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle," in two volumes; "The Adventures of Joseph Andrews" and "Humphrey Clinker," each in one (1s. 6d. net, cloth; 2s. 6d. net, leather). One of the cheapest, and at the same time most admirably produced series of reprints is Messrs. Macmillan's Illustrated Pocket Classics for the Young. The volumes are bound in blue cloth or limp leather (2s. and 3s.), with gilt tops, the paper is good, the type clear, and each volume contains some forty illustrations. This series now includes Lewis Carroll's Alice books, Captain Marryat's and Fenimore Cooper's most popular stories, "Water Babies," "Westward Ho!" and "Tom Brown's School Days." But it is possible to obtain still cheaper novels bound in cloth. Messrs. Methuen have begun the publication of a Shilling Library, which is to consist of novels of the size and shape of those published at 6s. The first two volumes are Baring-Gould's "Mrs. Curgenven of Curgenven," and Jane Barlow's "From the East unto the West." The Handy Illustrated Pocket Novels published by the Clear Type Press are issued at the same price, but in a smaller size. They contain eight illustrations, and already include all the better known novels in the language. They may be had either in cloth or leather binding (1s. and 2s. net.). Two more of the Brontë novels have been added to Messrs. Nelson's New Century Library (2s. net, cloth). An excellent edition in every respect of "Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare" has now been included in the Hampstead Library (Finch. 8vo., 2s. net.). For the reader interested in science there is Jack's Scientific Series, published at 1s. net, bound in cloth. They are helpful little volumes, giving a popular explanation of various scientific subjects, such as Radium, Balloons, Motors—the titles of the first three volumes in the series. Other cheap handbooks you may wish to include in your library are "Simple Decorative Lathe Work" and "Suburban Homes: their Accessories and Embellishment" (Guilbert Pitman. 2s. net each); "How a Steam Engine Works" and "How to Read a Workshop Drawing" (Dawbarn and Ward. 6d. net each).

INSURANCE NOTES.

A war of fire insurance rates is going on in New Zealand, owing to the advent there of the Government Fire Insurance Department, which opened for business on January 4 last. As stated in our last issue, the Insurance companies had met the Government competition by substantially reducing the tariff rates then existing. This has since been followed by the State department reducing its rates to a similar figure. The matter has attracted attention in Great Britain. The *Times* recently stated that in its opinion the New Zealand taxpayers were likely to have to meet a long bill if they allow the State to undertake fire insurance business. At the annual meeting of the New Zealand Fire Co. last month, held at Auckland, the chairman stated the shareholders could rest assured that the directors were keeping a close watch on the operations of the State department, and did not intend to allow the company's colonial business, built up during the last 50 years, to be filched from them.

One of the most important movements in the Life Assurance world for many years past has taken place during the last month. The management of the great American institution, the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, has decided to place the company on a mutual basis, giving policy-holders a voice in the management of the Society. Full details are not yet to hand, but the popularity—already a great one—of this colossal society, will be still further increased by this decision.

Three disastrous fires are reported during the month from London and America. On the 22nd ult. the carriage builders' quarter at Longacre, London, was damaged to the extent of £250,000. On the 26th ult. the docks at the terminus of the Illinois Central Railroad, New Orleans, was the scene of a great fire, destroying several grain elevators, 1,000,000 bushels of wheat and 20,000 bales of cotton. The loss is put down at £1,000,000 sterling. On the same day a fire in the State of Arkansas did damage to the extent of £300,000.

The Victorian Cabinet is preparing a bill to be submitted next session, providing that the Insurance companies shall be chargeable with one half the annual cost of the Metropolitan Fire Brigades' Board, while the Government and the municipalities find one quarter each. At the present time the cost is divided among the above in equal proportions.

The life-policy holders of the Australian Alliance Assurance Co., who were interested in bringing the recent lawsuit against the company, have decided to defend the appeal which the company intends to make against the decision of the Chief Justice in the recent action. The policy-holders were asked to contribute 10s. per £100 of the value of their policies towards the fund for defending the appeal.

The Orient mail steamer "Orizaba," which went ashore on the Five Fathom Bank, near Fremantle, West Australia, on the 16th ult., has since become a total wreck. The Court of Marine Inquiry, at Perth, which investigated the circumstances of the disaster, found that the master committed an error of judgment in attempting to take the vessel off the Five Fathoms Bank instead of anchoring and obtaining assistance to extricate the vessel from a dangerous position. The Court censured the master, but handed him back his certificate. Salvage operations were immediately taken in hand on behalf of the underwriters. About 1000 tons of dry cargo were lightered and despatched to Adelaide, Melbourne and Sydney. The general average deposit required from consignees before getting delivery of their goods was fixed at 50 per cent. on the invoice value, plus 10 per cent. The vessel was built in 1887, and cost about £180,000 to its owners, the Pacific Steam Navigation Co. The hull, as she lies, was submitted to public auction at Perth, on the 6th inst., and was sold to Messrs. Charles Moore and Co., drapers, of Perth, for £3750. The same firm bought the cargo remaining in the vessel for £500.

The Citizens' Life Assurance Co. have completed upwards of £1,000,000 of new business in the ordinary branch during the year 1904, and thus have kept up their record of £1,000,000 new assurances for a number of years past. The expenses of the ordinary branch were under 16 per cent., and of the industrial branch under 50 per cent., being a reduction in the past two years of 11 per cent. in the latter branch, a very satisfactory showing. The total funds now exceed £1,340,000, and every year shows a substantial increase in this direction, a result which the management may be congratulated upon.

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WM. L. JACK,
MANAGER.

INDIGESTION.

(By "Chyle.")

The torments endured by a person who suffers from Indigestion are, unfortunately, so well known to most of us that it is not necessary that the symptoms of that modern scourge should be described. What sufferers want to know is how to become permanently cured.

There are several kinds of indigestion: Gastric Catarrh, in which the food becomes covered with mucous, and consequently withstands the action of the digestive juices; Gastric Flatulency, the development of wind or gas; Gastric Diarrhœa, caused by the food being hurried through the digestive organs too fast; and Constipation, which is a very prevalent and obstinate cause, and must be removed, or digestion cannot be expected to proceed.

Food must be digested, and be converted into blood. Nature makes this one of her most imperative laws of life. During the process of digestion, food is entirely changed in composition by the action of juices of the internal organs through which it passes. In the mouth it is thoroughly mixed with the saliva. Then it is swallowed, and enters the stomach, where it is acted upon by the gastric juices, and becomes partly liquefied. From the stomach it passes to the smaller intestine—which is about 18 feet in length—and there certain portions of the food are liquefied by the bile and other juices. The food thus made fluid is in a condition to be absorbed into and become a constituent part of the blood. The indigestible portion of the food is discharged into the larger intestine, whence it is in turn expelled from the body together with other refuse matter.

Just as certainly as that it is necessary to life that food must be absorbed, so, likewise, it is essential that the blood must be in a condition to absorb the food. Torpidity of the liver is the chief cause of nearly every case of indigestion, and when the liver is torpid, the kidneys are always sympathetically affected to a greater or lesser extent.

The blood, which should be transformed, cleansed, and filtered by the kidneys and liver, then contains urinary and biliary poisons, and is therefore a feeble absorbent of nutriment. This condition of the blood reacts upon the nervous system of the digestive organs, and prevents the flow, and alters the quality, of the digestive juices.

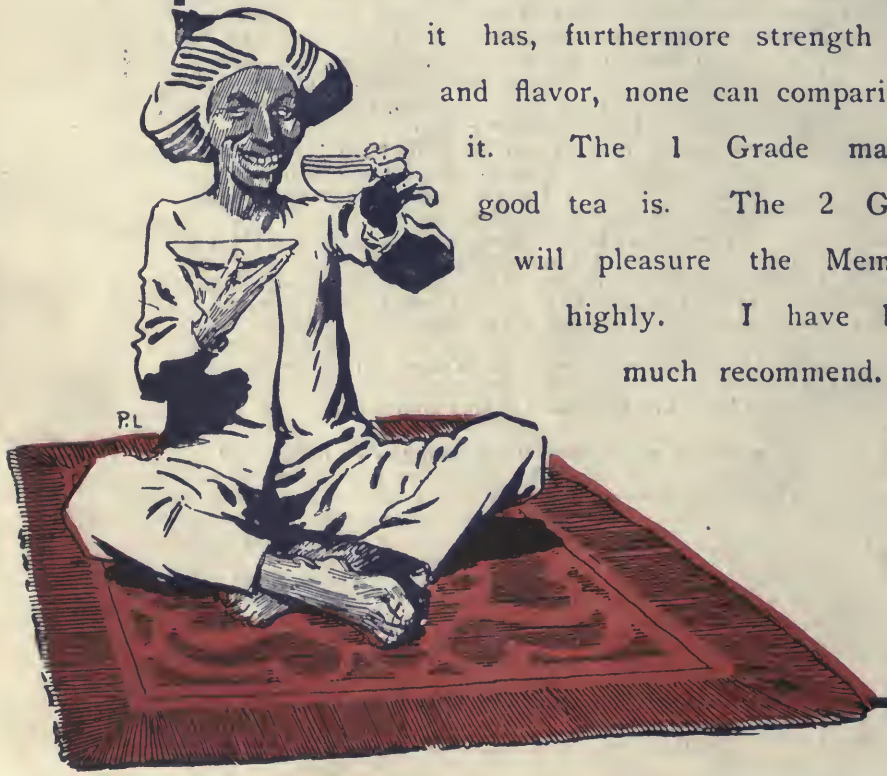
The entire nerve energy of a person suffering from indigestion is weakened owing to this contaminated condition of the blood, and the general feeling of mental and physical depression, which is experienced during an attack of dyspepsia, is due to this cause.

Whilst the liver is usually at fault in cases of indigestion, the kidneys have such an important share of the work of the purification of the blood, that it is often found that disease or disorder of the kidneys is the real primary cause of the trouble. In treating cases of indigestion, therefore, it is always advisable to employ a curative agent which will act equally upon the liver and upon the kidneys, the object being to restore both those organs to health and activity, when they will naturally eliminate from the system the biliary and urinary poisons, the presence of which devitalises the blood and prevents the free absorption of food which nature demands.

A remarkable medicine, now known throughout the civilised world as Warner's Safe Cure, cures indigestion by the power it possesses to act specifically upon both the liver and kidneys in such a manner as to restore them to health and vigorous activity. A healthy and vigorous action of the liver and kidneys being established—and Warner's Safe Cure does establish it—health follows as a matter of course. The blood is made pure, and when the blood is pure nourishment is readily absorbed, and it is impossible for anyone to suffer from indigestion or from any disorder caused by the retention of urinary and biliary poisons. Amongst such disorders are Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica, most Blood Disorders, Anæmia, Biliousness, Jaundice, Gravel, Stone, Bladder Troubles, Sick Headache, and General Debility. Warner's Safe Cure cures all these disorders speedily and permanently by enabling the kidneys and liver to rid the system of the causative poisons. In other words, the cure is scientific, as the natural action of the organ is stimulated and restored.

ROBUR

IN India is grow great lot of Tea. Many large ship take to Europ' for drink the white Sahib, but, believe by me when I make speech eloquent of "Robur" it is much most perfect better For the purity it has, furthermore strength likewise and flavor, none can comparison with it. The 1 Grade magnificent good tea is. The 2 Grade, it will pleasure the Mem Sahib highly. I have honor to much recommend.



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